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TWO VIEWS OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION

I

BROTHERHOODS AND EFFICIENCY

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RECENT articles on the causes of train-accidents and the problems of discipline have done much to stimulate discussion and create a demand for further information on these important subjects. Whether the result of certain suggestive analyses, or of the reaction due to dissent from opinions expressed as to both causes and remedies, there are signs of an increased interest, both on the part of the general public and in railroad circles. The need is the greater, therefore, for a plain statement of the case as it appears to one railroad official.

The views which I shall express are, I believe, those of a large number of railroad operating officials, and my illustrations are drawn from a personal railroad experience of more than sixteen years, the greater part in the operating or transportation department of four representative railroads, in close touch with grievance-committee procedure, the making of wage-schedules, the disposition of appealed cases of discipline, and the formulation of rules and regulations pertaining to train, yard, and station service. The nature of this experience has afforded an exceptional opportunity to become familiar with the inside workings between railroad managements and their employees.

We have been given to understand that
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labor-organization influence is the one reason, above all others, for the deplorable casualty record of American railways. It has been suggested that this influence has honeycombed discipline, has reduced the manager to a mere cipher, and has placed the traveling public at the mercy of a secret schedule. It has been suggested further that the labor organizations are unconcerned about the number and frequency of accidents, and are apathetic on the whole subject of safety and efficiency of train-service. It is true that certain indications may lend color to these views, and, indeed, isolated specific instances apparently afford support to such suggestions; yet a careful study of average conditions, as they obtain generally throughout the United States and Canada, will, I am convinced, show that railroad managers still have it within their power to control the safety and efficiency of train-service, and that neither the public nor the railroad managements have cause for apprehension on account of the influence of the railroad brotherhoods.

The scope of this article will not include a consideration of labor unions in general, but will necessarily be confined to the limits indicated by the title. The brotherhoods of employees in train-service are four in number, and include engineers, conductors, firemen, trainmen,

and switchmen in the yards. These brotherhoods stand highest in the ranks of organized labor, and should not be classed with many trade unions with less defensible policies. Other employees in railroad work, such as switchmen, station agents, telegraph operators, baggagemen, freight handlers, shopmen, car inspectors and trackmen, have their organizations, varying in strength in different sections of the country and on different roads.¹

I

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers dates from 1863, was the pioneer organization, and is first in influence. Upon it fell the brunt of the early struggles for recognition of the right to organize, and for the grant of seniority and right of appeal. Yet, notwithstanding the early aggressiveness of the locomotive engineers, their policy in recent years, under better conditions, has been marked by conservatism. Their cool-headed counsel and disinclination to be drawn into sympathetic strikes frequently have prevented belligerent action by the younger organizations.

The membership of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is said to be about 64,000, or between 80 and 85 per cent of all the engineers in locomotive service. The policy of the brotherhood — and the same may be said of the other train-service brotherhoods — is to *invite* eligible men to join; but no coercive means are used to bring them into the organization ranks. Union and non-union men work side by side on all roads. Chief Engineer Stone, of the locomotive engineers, is on record as regarding any attempt to coerce a man into joining the brotherhood as an unwarranted interference with his liberties as a citizen. He believes in showing the non-union man the benefits to be derived from membership, but states that it is never intimated to him that he *must* join, or that other men will refuse to work with him if he does not join. An engineer who joins be-

cause he feels obliged to do so is regarded as a poor member — a hindrance rather than a help.

Mr. Stone's statement doubtless reflects the *official* attitude of the railroad brotherhoods. They emphasize their policy to have membership regarded as a *privilege* rather than a requirement. Yet it is idle to overlook the strong social pressure which operates on the young trainmen and firemen, and causes them to feel uncomfortable if they continue to remain outside the pale.

The "closed-shop" policy is, however, not characteristic of the railroad organizations. In addition to the considerations mentioned by Mr. Stone, there are other reasons which would make such a policy unworkable. So many young men take up railroading because it seems so interesting and romantic, and drop it after a month or two because they find the ratio of hard work to romance so high, that the brotherhoods of trainmen and firemen require actual service of six to nine months before the "student" may be accepted as a member. A closed-shop policy would prevent any period of probation as a condition precedent to membership. The brotherhoods differ also from the trade unions in that one organization is not limited strictly to the men in one class or occupation. For instance, a trainman when promoted to be a conductor may, if he chooses, retain his membership in the trainmen's organization; or a conductor who has been set back to his former position as a trainman (a frequent occurrence when the volume of business suffers a material reduction) may continue his membership in the conductors' order. Likewise, a fireman when promoted to be an engineer may elect, for sentimental reasons or because of the outlook for better insurance rates, to remain in the younger organization.

The Order of Railway Conductors is next to the engineers' brotherhood in age and influence. It was organized in 1868, and now embraces a membership of 43,370, or approximately 90 per cent of all

train conductors in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Train conductors only are eligible; yard conductors belong to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen or the Switchmen's Union.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is the strongest numerically of the train-service organizations, and also the youngest. It was organized in 1893, and has a membership of over 102,000. It includes passenger and freight trainmen (or brakemen, as they are popularly known), as well as yard conductors, yard brakemen or switchmen, and switchtenders. It also continues to hold many of the young conductors who have not transferred their membership to the Order of Railway Conductors. By reason of the variety of occupations embraced in its membership, and the lack of statistics in the Interstate Commerce Commission report classifying the different grades of men in yard-service, it is impracticable to ascertain what percentage of the potential membership is now within the ranks.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen (until recently the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen) was organized in 1873, and is said to embrace a membership of more than 64,000. As I have already indicated, it includes within its ranks a goodly number of young engineers who choose to remain with the firemen rather than relinquish the insurance rights of the younger organization, to enter the engineers' brotherhood.

It would be well at this point to consider some of the causes which led the employees to organize. As already indicated, the scope of this article does not embrace a consideration of the forces underlying the trades-union movement in general, or the history of the earlier struggles of all classes of labor for higher wages and better working conditions. Our attention will be directed to one phase of the general subject which had a powerful influence on railroad workmen in stirring these underlying forces into activity.

In the earlier days of railroading the superintendent and master mechanic were vested with autocratic powers. Employees were not generally conceded the right to appeal from a decision, however unfair. The very nature of this supreme authority over employees tended to make subordinate officials inconsiderate. In the promotion of men, merit was ostensibly the standard; but while it was observed in the great majority of cases, the service was permeated by the evils of favoritism. In many cases subordinate officials were swayed by family, political, religious, or other considerations. In frequent changes of officials it was not uncommon for the new official to bring with him a number of engineers, conductors, or other employees, who, he believed, would be of special service to him, but who seldom were any better workmen than those displaced. In many instances, too, discipline was meted out according to varying standards, the "favorite" being more leniently dealt with than the employee with a personal standing relatively lower.

I knew of a case where an engineer was suspended for permitting a stock-drover to ride on his engine. The drover was entitled to free transportation while caring for the shipment of cattle, but his place while the train was in motion was in the caboose. He paid no heed to the protest of the engineer, who hesitated to attempt to use force on a man very much his superior physically. The master mechanic, in suspending the engineer, told him he should have used a red-hot poker on the drover. A few days later, another engineer was detected in the act of carrying three or four acquaintances (not employees) on his engine while hauling a passenger train, but no action whatever was taken in his case. The second engineer was widely known as a "favorite," was an enthusiastic fisherman, and kept the master mechanic and other subordinate officials well supplied with brook trout. He was wont to make much of his "pull" with those in authority. The

effect on discipline is not hard to imagine.

It frequently happened that the personal equation was given too much weight in selecting men for promotion. Before the right of appeal became effective generally, the official had not quite the same incentive to be absolutely fair in estimating the qualities essential to promotion. I knew of a freight conductor of exceptional ability as such, a man possessed of good judgment and a clear record, who was denied promotion to be passenger conductor because the train-master considered his penmanship too poor. The superintendent heard of the case some time later, and on investigation overruled the train-master. But there were so many similar instances where the outcome was not so fortunate, that a deep-seated resentment grew in the minds of employees against anything that bordered on favoritism. It is possible that this factor is exaggerated in its bearing on the development of railroad labor unions, but seven or eight out of ten men, if asked the principal functions of their organization, would answer, "To prevent favoritism, and secure higher wages and shorter hours." Favoritism is given equal weight with low wages and long hours as a prime reason for organizing.

I do not wish to convey the impression that all superintendents or their lieutenants, or even a majority of them, hired, disciplined, or discharged men unfairly or without due regard for merit and efficiency. But the cases of inconsiderate treatment were sufficient to drive the men to create the protective machinery of the labor organization. The engineers banded together for the principle of equal rights and fair treatment to all, as well as for higher wages and a shorter working day. The growth of the organization was gradual, but its effective influence increased with the successful termination of one fight after another for fair play and better conditions. To be sure, they sometimes made mistakes and met defeat, particularly in struggles for higher wages; but the fight against favoritism

progressed steadily and successfully, until it has now practically ceased to exist. This brings us to the question of promotion by seniority, but before taking it up, let us first look at the usual agreement or schedule defining rates and working conditions.

II

The so-called "schedule" is a scale of wages and a set of rules defining working conditions, a form of agreement between the general superintendent or the general manager, representing the company, and a committee, representing one or more classes of employees. In the greater number of printed schedules but one signature appears, that of the general superintendent or general manager; in other schedules, the signature of the chairman or chairmen of the committees appears as well, but as representing *employees*; in a few cases, the signatures of the committeemen appear as representing the *organization*. The railroads generally insist upon recognizing the committees as representing employees, not organizations, but the distinction is one with a very small element of difference. It is well known that the members of the committee are elected in the lodge-room, and represent employees by virtue of the power conferred upon them by the lodge.

When the original copy of the schedule has been executed, it is printed, usually by the company but sometimes by the organization, and distributed to all officers and employees affected. The various railroads exchange their schedules, so that each knows the conditions which govern the others in respect to rates of pay and working rules. The associations of operating officers frequently compile comparative summaries, and the brotherhoods publish and sell a book which gives the rates and working agreements of all the principal roads on the North American continent. In a word, the information is widely disseminated. No attempt is made to keep it secret, and I have never heard

of any secret supplements which amplify or modify any of its provisions.

The first sections of the schedule usually deal with rates of pay, hours of duty, allowance for overtime, etc. Then come the rules governing promotion, assignment of runs, reduction of force, the right of appeal, and miscellaneous local regulations. As the seniority rule and the right of appeal have attracted considerable attention, each will be considered separately.

Seniority means the relative standing of an employee in length of service in the class of work in which he is employed. The rule usually reads something like this:—

“Seniority will be the rule for promotion or advancement in train-service when merited by faithful discharge of duty, and when, in the judgment of the superintendent, the employee has shown capacity for increased responsibility.”

In appearance, the rule subordinates personality and ability to length of service. It places the ambitious workman on the same plane with the man of mediocre ability. It tends to make “average” men instead of developing individuality. But it was the direct result of favoritism of years ago when the older, more experienced, and more competent men were held back for the younger and more favored. If discriminations of the kind had always been based upon merit, the deep-rooted objection might not have developed. Unfortunately, however, promotions and appointments were often dictated by other motives, and caused such resentment that the whole strength of the organizations was focused on the eradication of favoritism and the recognition of the seniority principle. Their efforts were successful, and now the oldest man has the choice of runs, *provided always* that the superintendent considers him competent.

The saving clause which makes the superintendent judge as to qualifications is carefully observed. The prerogative

of denying a man promotion, when the superintendent is convinced that he is unsuited, is frequently exercised. Let me quote the statement of an executive officer of an important eastern trunk line, a man who successively was a train-master, superintendent, general superintendent, and general manager:—

“With reference to the seniority rule. In general, the seniority clauses provide that where merit and ability are equal, seniority shall apply. I never hesitated to exercise this exception where conditions required it. It is a very serious proposition, however, to deprive a man of what he may have worked hard to obtain, and unless there is clear and unmistakable reason for it, seniority should govern. The instances in which it should not govern are infinitesimal. The employee should always be given the benefit of any doubt, if such doubt does not involve the safety in handling business. *This question can and should be largely affected by the selection of men for employment.* Where judicious selection is practiced in employing men, the seniority rule can be applied in practically every case. I have had to set aside seniority a few times, but I have never done so without a most careful and serious investigation and consideration of the matter, on account of the grave consequences involved, *not from the fear as to what any organization might do.*”

The need for promotion of men does not, as a rule, come all at once. The train-masters and superintendents know months in advance when it will be necessary to make new conductors or engineers, and the candidates for promotion are under close surveillance. A careful record is kept of every man's service from the time he enters the employment of the company. Every mishap is noted on his record; a minute is made also of instances of meritorious service. This record is always consulted when the time for promotion draws near. As a further precaution, the candidate is carefully examined on train-rules. This examination is given

by an expert and covers the best part of one day. The knowledge of the candidate as to the other duties of his position and the physical characteristics of the road are tested, as well as his acuity of vision, hearing, and color-perception; and sometimes a thorough physical examination is required. The firemen are subjected to exhaustive examinations on the mechanical features of the locomotive, and what they should do in break-downs and other emergencies. The usual mechanical examinations contain more than six hundred questions, and it is reasonable to suppose that a fireman who can answer them satisfactorily, pass the examination on train-rules, and measure up to the physical standard, is not an incompetent. In these and in other ways the officials have abundant evidence upon which to judge of the man's qualifications, and it is within their power absolutely to deny promotion when the senior man is not qualified. On every road with which I have been connected, and on many others of which I have personal knowledge, train-men and firemen who could not meet the requirements have been refused promotion, and the fairness of such decisions has not been questioned. One official has set the proportion of men who fail as approximately two in every one hundred examined.

That the seniority principle is open to serious criticism, is not for a moment to be denied. In an address to employees at Hartford in April, 1904, dealing frankly with the good and the bad features of labor unions, President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, characterized seniority as most discouraging to men of ability; repressive and oppressive; putting men of little wit and less ability into positions for which they are not fitted, and keeping out those who are better qualified, more competent, and far more deserving. Yet despite the weight of this objection, I am convinced from the views expressed in conversation and in correspondence with many prominent operating officials, and from close observ-

ation in my own experience, that, *all things considered*, the seniority rule is preferable to the danger of the misrule possible under former conditions. Seniority prevents favoritism on the part of the subordinate officials. It guarantees to the employee that every year of faithful service is an investment which will bring him sure returns. The employee's stock-in-trade is his experience, his years of service, and his record; and according to these he can command a good, fair, or poor run. It is plain that employees as a body will give better and more loyal service and place a greater value on their positions, when assured of fair treatment, than when disheartened or embittered by personal discriminations. The great desideratum in train-service is a contented and loyal body of men, and the seniority rule contributes materially to that end. Its objectionable features are susceptible of such measure of control, by effective supervision and by care in selecting new men, that conservative operating officers have become convinced that in the seniority rule the good outweighs the evil. The case is put clearly by the vice-president and general manager of an important railroad system in the middle west. He writes:—

"Seniority is recognized in the army, in the navy, and generally in the civil service. It is not a new idea, it is a growth; and with all its imperfection it probably represents the best system developed up to the present time. Railroad officers are prone to complain of the objections to the seniority system, and they sometimes, if not always, fail to give due consideration to the only alternative. With seniority, we must know that it has happened, and will happen on the railroads as well as in the army, that at times incompetent men, because of their age in the service, will find themselves in positions for which they are not properly fitted. On the other hand, if the practice of seniority could be absolutely eliminated, we would then find in its place the system of favoritism, and the effect upon the character of the

whole service would, in my opinion, be much worse under the rule of favoritism than under the rule of seniority, with all its known defects."

III

We will now pass from the question of seniority to the consideration of the right of appeal, or the privilege of an employee or committee of appealing to the general superintendent or general manager, or even to the president, when the decision of a superintendent in a case of discipline is considered unjust or unduly severe. This right is now recognized by practically every railroad in the country. No fair-minded officer objects to it. Mr. Aaron M. Burt, division superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railway, in a lecture delivered a short time ago before the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, expressed himself as in sympathy with the principle. He laid no claim to infallibility, and thought that no superintendent should feel such absolute confidence in the justice of his decisions as to deny an aggrieved employee the opportunity to have his case reviewed. In his opinion, the man should always have the benefit of the doubt; and since it very frequently happens that the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States differ among themselves in their verdict, it is just as possible that there should be an honest difference of opinion among railroad officials in difficult cases of discipline. When such differences occur, there should be no hesitation in affording the employee the chance to reopen the case and have another trial. Mr. Burt's experience with grievance committees had led him to consider them reasonable in their attitude, and they have caused him no embarrassment.

When Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission spoke before the same body of students in March last, he was asked if his experience on the conciliation board of the Interstate Com-

merce Commission and Bureau of Labor had led him to think that the right of appeal has had a demoralizing effect on discipline. He replied quite positively that, taking the country as a whole, he believed that the right of appeal has not been taken advantage of to an extent that has been subversive of discipline. He stated further that a combination of a weak management and a very strong organization in all classes of service might result in poor discipline. Such cases, however, are rare.

The majority opinion of operating officials is that they do not object to an employee or a committee exercising the right of appeal. It is not embarrassing to them, nor has it an adverse effect on discipline. It is much more embarrassing to have to punish a man at all. The possibility of appeal does not deter the superintendent from imposing discipline when such is deserved, but it has the effect of making him more judicial, and certainly prevents him from showing prejudice, should he be so inclined. A few superintendents, by their very nature, are poor disciplinarians, and it will be found frequently that they have the most to say about the alleged demoralizing effect of labor unions. A superintendent possessing the qualities essential to the successful handling of men seldom complains about committees or unions.

As an indication of the consideration which the railroad men's organizations give to grievances before they are taken up with the officials of the company, I will sketch briefly the rules of the order under which they are handled. It should first be noted that a committee or an officer of the organization cannot originate a complaint. Every complaint or grievance or request for ruling, no matter how trivial, must be made by the employee in writing, addressed to the lodge, and considered at the regular monthly or semi-monthly meeting. Each case is discussed in the open lodge, and must have the support of a formal vote of two-thirds of the members present before it may be re-

ferred to the local grievance committee for adjustment with the local officers of the railroad company. If the local committee fails to reach a satisfactory conclusion with the railroad company, the case is reported back to the lodge and a vote taken as to whether it shall be dropped or referred to the general grievance committee.

The general grievance committee is made up of the officers of all the local lodges of that order on that particular railroad, and meets once or twice a year, or when something extraordinary demands a special session. The general committee, when it meets, will have all the grievances from all the lodges on that road or system. Each case is reviewed and voted upon, and a two-thirds vote of the general committee is necessary to have any case included in the docket. The general committee, having made an appointment with the general officer of the railroad, will endeavor to adjust each case. If the results are not satisfactory, and the general committee considers it worth while to make further effort, it may call in an official of the brotherhood to assist. When this stage is reached, the committee usually requests the general manager to meet them, with the brotherhood official, and the points in dispute are reviewed. The brotherhood official, with his long experience and skill in such matters, is able to present more effectively the arguments in support of the employees' contention, and usually secures some concessions.

If no concessions are offered, and the general committee and the official of the brotherhood consider it justified, a poll of the membership may be taken, to ascertain whether two-thirds will vote to sustain the committee and the brotherhood official in aggressive measures, even to the extent of suspending work. If two-thirds of all the members vote in the affirmative, the brotherhood official is empowered to order a strike, but he cannot take such action without the formal authority of two-thirds of the membership.

Neither can the general committee, even with the support of the entire membership, order a strike without the sanction of an executive officer of the brotherhood. It will be seen, therefore, that under the rules of their organization it is impossible to take injudicious steps on the spur of the moment. Each move must be made deliberately and concurrently as between the employees, the committee, and the officers of the organization.

As a matter of fact, grievances are carefully considered by the local lodge, and more than half of them never reach the local grievance committee. Sometimes grievances will be presented as a matter of form, or to register a protest, but without any hope of favorable consideration. For instance, on roads running long freight trains with two engines, known as double-headers, every time the general committee waits on the general manager a request will be made to discontinue running such trains or to pay higher rates to the conductors and trainmen. The committee knows that the request will not be granted, but they go on record every year as protesting against the practice of "double-heading." Their objection is based on the extra work incident to handling the longer trains, and on the fact that by running two trains in one the railroad company saves the wages of a conductor and one or two trainmen.

The appeals from discipline when important rules are disobeyed, and where the guilt of the employee is plainly apparent, are comparatively few. When such cases are appealed, they usually are put on a basis of sympathy, — a request for leniency for a man in "hard luck." Stress is laid upon his previous good record, if it happens to be good; or sickness at home, if the man is so unfortunate; or a large family, if it fits the case. Occasionally, a suspension sentence is reduced or a discharged man reinstated on such appeals, or when an element of doubt as to responsibility enters into the case; but this is not done to an extent that affects discipline.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is on record as challenging any one to cite an instance where the brotherhood has interfered in a case where discipline had been fairly administered. On this point, Hon. E. E. Clark, formerly head of the conductors' order, and now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, says in a letter dated April 15, 1909, —

“A large number of men is employed in the train-service, and it is not surprising if in that number there be found a very small percentage of those who are disposed to impose on good nature, who presume upon the idea that the right of appeal can be used in a sense to intimidate the subordinate official. The percentage of such men is, as suggested, extremely small, and they invariably find that they will not be sustained by the organization in any such spirit or attitude. I personally know of one instance in which a conductor who entertained such a view carried his expressions and his attitude to such length that the superintendent dismissed him for insubordination and for being an agitator. He assigned these reasons for his dismissal in the presence of two other conductors. The justice of his action was recognized by the other conductors on the road, and the organization locally refused to undertake any effort to secure modification or reversal of the decision.”

I could cite numerous instances such as that mentioned by Mr. Clark, but his is typical of the majority. I could also give specific instances where local committees, in their desire to force an issue, have been overruled by general committees. Further, I could give cases where the grand officers of the brotherhoods have called off the general committees, and will later cite two instances wherein the grand officers repudiated and annulled strikes ordered by general committees.

I have gone into considerable detail in discussing the two rules relating to seniority and appeal because they have

received more attention in public discussion than the others, and relatively are more important. Before passing from the consideration of the schedule, it might be well to note briefly some of the other rules.

With very few exceptions, the concessions which have been granted to the men, and made a part of the schedule, are not unreasonable. To quote again from the letter of an executive officer of an eastern trunk line: —

“It is true that the influence of the labor organizations has brought about a somewhat different treatment of the men. It is also true that there are things which have been done in favor of the clients of the labor organizations which would not have been done otherwise. However, the majority of the concessions that have been secured by the responsible labor organizations have been things that are just and right, and things that the men should have had.”

It sometimes is asked why the schedule should go into so much detail as to just what may be done, and what may not be done. Many of the articles seem unnecessary, and apparently circumscribe the authority of those responsible for operation. The answer to the question is that nearly every rule of the kind grew out of misunderstanding or inconsiderate use of authority on the part of train-masters, yard-masters, or other minor officials, and sometimes of the superintendent. The schedule is designed to cover all working relations specifically in detail, so that the men may know just what is expected of them, and the minor officials may know just how far they may go. I once heard a general superintendent remark that he desired the schedule, then in process of revision, to cover every contingency of service and have every rule ample in detail, so that no misunderstanding could occur. The management would not knowingly permit any imposition on employees by minor officials, and the schedule, in the opinion of that general superintendent, is as much a protection to the com-

pany as to the men in preventing abuse of authority.

As a specific instance, let us refer to the rule which prescribes one-quarter of a day's pay to a man who is called for a freight-train run and is not used. Several years ago, before such a rule appeared in the schedule, the yard-master never took chances on running short on crews, and many crews were called and reported for duty with their dinner-pails packed, only to be sent home again, without compensation, to await another call. The rule now in effect very rarely costs the company anything, and results in the men having much more time at home, since they are not called until there is a reasonable certainty that they will be required.

There are many other rules in the schedule which apparently hamper the management; yet, if their history were traced, it would be found that most of them were caused by subordinate officials taking advantage of the men by requiring them to do more work than should reasonably have been asked, or by a lack of consideration for the convenience or comfort of employees. Occasionally a rule which works a hardship on the company will creep into the schedule: as, for instance, an arbitrary limit to the number of cars which a through freight train may drop or pick up at intermediate stations. Train-men are paid on a mileage basis, and naturally dislike any switching work which takes time without adding mileage, and therefore contributes nothing to the day's income, unless there is enough of it to make the number of hours on duty, multiplied by the guaranteed mileage per hour, exceed the actual miles run. Way or local freight-train crews are paid a higher rate per mile on account of the large amount of switching and the relatively small mileage made. To place a penalty on switching by through road crews, some wage-schedules call for way freight-rates for the crew if they are required to make more than five or six stops to set out or pick up cars.

Under certain conditions, a through train may be required to exceed this limit slightly without adding appreciably to the work or hours of the train crew, but substantially increasing the cost of wages for the trip.

IV

Since the subject of railroad labor organization is closely related to the safety of train-service, it is proper that some reference should be made to train-accidents; but I can touch only upon the fringe, confining my remarks entirely to the suggestions quoted in the third paragraph of this article.

It must not be forgotten that an employee has an intense personal interest in train-accidents. If he contributes to their number he materially increases his risk of personal injury. If he has fewer accidents, he stands less chance of loss of life or limb. There is, therefore, the most effective motive for using care, although with some employees it is not appreciated to its fullest extent.

It is true, unfortunately, that some accidents are due to lax discipline; and where lax discipline is responsible, it will be found in the greater number of cases that the cause is as much one of management as of labor-organization influence. A superintendent who fails to maintain effective discipline will seek to find a reason which will not reflect upon himself, and it seems to him that the brotherhoods are the real cause, overlooking the fact that on neighboring lines, with the same character of employees and the same physical and working conditions, good discipline and *esprit de corps* exist. A poor disciplinarian will have trouble with labor organizations, but he would have trouble also if the men were not organized.

To show that the brotherhoods are interested in preventing train-accidents, numerous instances could be cited where the management is indebted to committeemen for valuable suggestions. Accidents, and conditions which may lead to

accidents, are frequent topics for lodge-room discussion, and it is not uncommon for railroad managers to use the committees as a medium for getting their views before the employees when the subject is difficult to handle by official communications. Let me give a few illustrations.

Here are two cases which are authenticated by an official of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. I quote from his letter:—

“The manager of one of our most important systems called the chairman of the board of adjustment to his office and advised him that a certain conductor was not giving efficient service; that he was jeopardizing the safety of everybody who had to work with him. The chairman was asked if he could not set the conductor right. He realized that the statement was true. He saw the offender, talked with him, and was satisfied that he would not do better—that it was not in him. He so advised his manager and said, ‘I find that Mr. J. has tipped too far over the hill to be pulled back, and the service will be better without him.’

“Again, the management on another line requested the chairman of the committee to advise an employee that he was not giving satisfactory service, and suggested that he take a less responsible position. The proposition was fair, and it was complied with to the satisfaction of everybody. This procedure is not uncommon in railroad service.”

To illustrate further, I will give two cases which recently occurred on New England lines. Within a month, the chairman of an organization informed the train-master that a certain freight conductor was drinking, not to the extent of becoming intoxicated, but just enough to make him stupid and unsafe. He had managed to escape the detection of the train-masters. The committeemen had warned him, but he did not take it seriously, so the chairman came personally to the train-master. An effective warning saved the conductor from disgrace

and the company from possible accident.

The second New England illustration applies to engineers. The general manager was greatly concerned about the number of engineers who were not giving proper regard to the observance of automatic signals. The offenders who were detected by surprise tests were disciplined, but the trouble seemed to continue. He thereupon called in the chairman of the engineers' committee, had a talk with him about the condition, and requested the chairman to use some good means of his own to bring home to the men the danger and discredit of such carelessness or indifference. This the chairman did with gratifying results.

Parenthetically, I should say a word about the attitude of the brotherhoods on surprise tests, or tests to determine to what extent automatic or other signals are disregarded, or signal rules ignored. The most common method of making such tests is to set a signal in the stop position by disconnecting the wires. The signal selected usually is in an out-of-the-way spot, and two or three officials and a signalman will be secreted near by to observe and record how the signal or the rule is regarded. Sometimes a signal light is extinguished, and an observation made as to how the rule is obeyed which requires the engineer to stop and make a report of the occurrence. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, recent tests of this kind, running up into many thousands, indicated that the percentage of engineers observing the rules absolutely was 99.1 per cent on automatic signals, and 99.6 per cent on fuses and torpedoes. The few engineers who failed absolutely to live up to the rules partially observed them by reducing speed or stopping after passing the signal.

Surprise-testing is now general throughout the country, and is a most effective means of out-on-the-road supervision. The engineers' brotherhood has never objected to it; in fact, they look on it as an advantage to them, because it soon shows the careless runners, and the stig-

ma is placed upon them, instead of upon the whole organization.

As further evidence of the policy of railroad train-men on train-accidents, I am indebted to the editor of their journal for a copy of a resolution passed at their Buffalo convention in May, 1907. It reads:—

"WHEREAS, we feel that it is the duty of our brotherhood to teach its members that they owe the best of service to their employers, to the end that railway disasters, that have been so common within the past few years, may in no sense be attributed to inferior service on the part of the men employed in the train-service departments; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen will obey the rules and regulations of its employers until such time as it has been clearly proven that these rules have been misinterpreted and are beyond adjustment. In such event, the usual rules of the organization will be employed to secure adjustment of the condition of which the complaint is made."

The phraseology of the resolution is a little obscure; but, as interpreted by an official of the brotherhood, it means that in the event of a subordinate official giving orders which may seem unreasonable or even absurd, such orders are to be obeyed without question, so that train-men may not be charged with disregarding authoritative instructions. Flagrant cases are to be reported to higher authority, but in no case are orders to be disregarded, unless involving danger.

Only a few weeks ago the engineers' committee of a line running out of Boston made suggestions to the management with regard to the location of new automatic signals, and has had assurance that the location suggested will be selected. This is a common occurrence on all roads. Valuable suggestions in regard to time-tables, train-service, and many other features of operation, emanate from committeemen as well as from other employees.

The *Railroad Age Gazette* of March 26, 1909, contains an article referring to the coöperation between the management of the Ann Arbor Railroad and the brotherhoods employed on its lines. Meetings

are held monthly at which accidents are discussed, and employees of all branches of the service are present. The circular announcing the meeting is signed by the chairmen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Order of Railway Conductors, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and the suggestive topic of the last meeting was: "In the interests of the company and the employees, how can we raise the standard of efficiency?" The meetings are presided over by an official of the company, the call is issued officially by the brotherhoods, and the instance is a good one to show how closely together some of the railroads and their employees' organizations are working.

Railroad managers generally recognize that the railroad brotherhoods, wisely constituted and conservatively managed as they are to-day, are not without advantage to employer as well as to employee. It is plain to every one that such organizations have come to stay, and the condition is generally accepted.

Like all forms of industrial activity, railroad organization and operating methods have changed radically in recent years. The superintendent can no longer call all his men by name and know their personal history, as he could years ago. The intimate relations between official and employee, possible under earlier conditions on the small railroad, have disappeared in the consolidation of short lines and branches into divisions, and divisions into districts. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad system is comprised of nearly two hundred small roads; the Boston and Maine system has approximately one hundred and twenty-five; and the four hundred miles of the Boston and Albany, now a part of the New York Central system, is made up of thirteen smaller roads, all of which at one time had distinctive rules and rates of pay. Under these conditions of consoli-

dation it is now impracticable to deal with employees as individuals. It is easier, just as effective, and more binding, to negotiate the working agreement with committees from the organizations. Such an agreement has the backing of the entire organization and carries with it a reasonable stability of rates and working rules, which is as much a protection to the company as to the men. The brotherhoods lay great stress on the inviolability of the working agreement.

As an instance of the manner in which the contract is supported by the organization, I will mention the unauthorized strike of the engineers on the New York Elevated several years ago, when the motive power was being changed from steam to electricity. The local lodge struck, in violation of the terms of the agreement and against the instructions of the officers of the brotherhood. The action of the lodge was promptly repudiated by the organization, the entire lodge expelled from membership, and its charter canceled.

Another and more striking case occurred at New Haven in the latter part of 1907. The local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen employed in the yards of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad struck without the authority of the executive officers of the organization. The Vice-Grand Master immediately ordered the striking members of the brotherhood to resume work, and called upon other lodges of the brotherhood on that railroad to furnish men to take the places of any of the striking members who might refuse to recognize his authority. Twenty-five brotherhood men from Providence, R. I., with the consent and advice of the system chairman, volunteered their services, and the Order of Railroad Conductors officially discountenanced the strike (which they declared illegal, unwarranted, and in violation of the schedule), assuring the management of the railroad of their moral support. Naturally, the strike was short-lived and ineffective.

v

The foregoing, in a general way, covers the subject within the defined limits — the bearing of brotherhood influence on the safety and efficiency of train-service. It may be well, in concluding, to summarize some of the points which have been emphasized: —

The existence of railroad labor unions, while a natural result of the economic and social forces underlying the general trades-union movement, was hastened by inconsiderate treatment and favoritism years ago. Instead of antagonizing the brotherhoods, the efforts of railroad managers should be and are being directed to the development of their good features by closer coöperation and a better understanding of mutual obligations, rights, and interests.

Some of the fundamental defects of all labor unions apply to railroad brotherhoods, but the indefensible policies and acts of violence which are common to some of the trades unions are not a part of the principle or practice of the men in train-service. The railroad man, by the very nature of the service which he performs, is trained along more liberal lines. Strict discipline and absolute regard for orders are a part of his existence, and tend to make his brotherhoods a conservative and well-balanced type of labor union.

By the execution of the working agreement, the rates of pay and rules are simplified and made uniform, and the information furnished to everybody concerned. The handling of negotiations through committees facilitates the work, and is the only practicable method with large bodies of men.

The rule of promotion by seniority was caused by, and has corrected, favoritism. It promotes loyalty and peace of mind in the rank-and-file, and on that account its objectionable features may profitably be overlooked for the greater gain.

The right of appeal is in accord with the first principles of fairness and justice.

The superintendent should not object to having his disciplinary action reviewed, any more than the judge of the lower court should resent an appeal to a higher court. The cases where just decisions have been reversed by higher authority are few, and are not subversive of discipline. Railroad officers generally are in sympathy with the spirit of the rule giving employees the right of appeal.

The articles in the wage-schedule which apparently circumscribe the authority of the superintendent are nearly all due to some former misunderstanding or lack of consideration on the part of minor officials in requiring to be done without compensation work which was not contemplated as a regular feature of the run. With few exceptions, the concessions granted are those which by right the employee should have.

The relations generally between railroad managements and committees are harmonious and coöperative; the com-

mittees make frequent suggestions in line with better and safer service, and the management occasionally uses the committees to get information or instructions before the employees which might not be so effective if promulgated officially.

Finally, taking all things into consideration, including the universal tendency to centralize, I believe that the railroads and the public have nothing to fear from the railroad brotherhoods, as now organized and conducted. The public has a right to look to railroad managers to maintain proper discipline, and the railroad managers have it within their power to maintain proper discipline. The solution of the problem of eradicating the defects to which attention has been called lies in closer, more friendly, and more reciprocal relations between the managements and the organizations. Tangible progress has been made to that end, and the outlook for further progress is promising.

TWO VIEWS OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION

II

AUTHORITY AND EFFICIENCY

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

MR. DANIEL WILLARD, Second Vice-President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, is one of the foremost railroad managers in America. He has direct charge of a railroad over 9000 miles in length, which goes through eleven different states. In busy times the names of 50,000 men appear on its pay-rolls. It has large terminals in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and other large cities. It owns 1600 locomotives, 1200 passenger cars, and 52,000 freight cars.

Mr. Willard is a warm advocate of the railroad man's schedule. This schedule is a signed agreement between the management of a railroad and the employees. Its stipulations refer to and define rates of pay, methods of adjusting difficulties or disputes, and other matters relating to privileges and duties in the every-day life of the employee. Considered in this way, its face-value is all in its favor. Manifestly all that is necessary is to make the stipulations contained in this agreement

reasonably fair to employee, manager, and the public. From such an agreement the best possible results should be anticipated.

My reference to the manager of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has no significance, apart from the fact that Mr. Willard probably voices the opinion of a great majority of railroad managers. This consensus of opinion is that this schedule represents the best working arrangement under the circumstances. Indeed, giving illustration from his own experience, Mr. Willard asserted, in an interview with the writer of this article, that to attempt to run a railroad nowadays without a schedule would be something in the nature of an invitation to chaos.

But the shield has two sides. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania Railroad firmly declines to have anything to do with a schedule. Its superintendents propose to superintend, and its managers to manage, as heretofore they have always superintended and managed, without attaching their signatures to trade agreements or schedules of any description.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is also an immense establishment. It controls 23,977 miles of track. The states through which the Pennsylvania Lines run contain 44,936,522 people; that is to say, the road touches directly the social and industrial life of half the population of the United States. The Pennsylvania was the first road to use Bessemer steel rails. It was also the first to use the air-brake and the block-signal system. It has over 134,000 employees on the lines east of Pittsburgh. Its monthly pay-roll on the eastern lines is over seven million dollars. It has an unrivaled pension system. There are 316 veterans who have served the Pennsylvania Railroad fifty years and over; the United States government has but 41. More than 2000 employees of the road were receiving pensions on January 1, 1909, and the payments authorized to be made to them during the year 1908 amounted to \$544,245.08.

The Pennsylvania owns 6000 locomotives, 248,000 freight cars, 5400 passenger cars, and the company's trains stop at 6000 stations. In regard to efficiency and safety of operation, reports just compiled of all accidents on the 23,000 miles of track show that during 1908 the various lines carried 141,659,543 passengers, and that not a single passenger was killed as a result of an accident to a train.

But my concern with the Pennsylvania Railroad has comparatively little to do with its size and equipment. My interest and story are centred in the fact that it is a personally managed railroad, and that organized labor, or rather, certain of its leaders, have now started a campaign, the avowed object of which is to put an end to this system or method of management. The point to be considered by the public is whether or not their interest will suffer if this movement is successful.

Some time ago a concerted move was made by the four railroad brotherhoods on all lines west of Chicago, and a blanket agreement was executed covering all roads west of that point. That is to say, so far as possible, uniform wages and similar treatment and privileges were desired for the brotherhood men. A similar movement is now on foot east of Chicago; and the great, and practically the only, stumbling-block in its way is the Pennsylvania Railroad. Nearly all the big roads have already given up the fight, and have signed agreements which recognize and accept the principle of dual management with all that follows in its train. It is now, of course, very important for the brotherhoods to get the Pennsylvania system into line.

My attention was first directed to the dissatisfaction of organized labor with the personal policy and management of the Pennsylvania Railroad in December, 1908, by certain head-lines and articles that appeared from time to time in the public prints. The following are some of these head-lines:—

“Pennsylvania firm to Engineers.”

“General Manager refuses to recog-

nize the Brotherhood and quits Washington."

"Strike averted on Pennsylvania Railroad."

"Mediation is effective."

The inside history of this campaign and of other campaigns of a similar nature that were under way about the same time, with similar objects in view, is very interesting. Of course it was not a very easy matter to collect information and statistics in regard to this inside history. But while the negotiations were being carried on, certain documents in regard to the matter were circulated, the substance of which was communicated to the press. For the rest, my facts and the story that is attached to them were secured by means of personal interviews with some of the principals in the controversy. The nature of the issue, and its relation to the public safety, must be my excuse for making use in the freest manner of every item of information I was able to obtain, regardless of its source. The investigation was thus a personally conducted one in every way, and only the writer is to be considered responsible for the narrative and the opinion attached to it.

I

On October 26, 1908, Mr. Burgess, the Assistant Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, addressed a communication to Mr. G. L. Peck, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg, in which he requested an interview for the purpose of considering a bill of requests which the general committee of adjustment had drawn up. Mr. Peck replied, —

"I beg to advise that it is the fixed policy of this company that all matters relating to wages or working conditions must be first taken up with the Division Superintendents for adjustment, before appeal can be taken to any higher officer. . . . The rights of employees are amply safeguarded by the present rule, which provides that employees, upon failing to

adjust their matters with the superintendent, may appeal to the General Superintendent, and finally to the General Manager. We cannot, therefore, consider any such change in our policy as is contemplated in your letter."

On October 27, Mr. Burgess appealed to the President of the Pennsylvania system, by telegraph, substantially as follows: —

"Mr. Peck's attitude forces me to appeal to you, as it is very essential to the interests of your company, as well as the men, that this matter be adjusted at the earliest possible moment. The seriousness of the situation demands your prompt attention."

The reply from the President of the road was as follows: —

"Answering your telegram of yesterday, I beg to say that the General Manager is the officer designated by this company for dealing finally with all questions arising between the management and the employees."

Thereupon negotiations were resumed between Mr. Burgess and the General Manager, and communications were exchanged at intervals until November 19, when matters were brought to a head, and Mr. Peck was informed: "As you have refused to grant any concession that would lead to the adjudication of the whole matter, the only course open to us was to submit the questions to your engineers in the form of the attached ballot. After polling the system, all ballots have been returned and counted, and we are now in a position to officially inform you that 82 per cent of your engineers have expressed themselves in favor of an issue."

On November 21, no reply having been received to this notification, Mr. Burgess finally wrote to Mr. Peck: "It now becomes my imperative duty to inform you that I can wait no longer than twelve o'clock to-day. Failing to hear from you by that time, we will invoke the aid of the Erdman Act."

On November 24, Messrs. Martin A.

Knapp, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor, were called upon to use their friendly offices in the controversy, under the act of June 1, 1898, commonly known as the Erdman Act; and on December 4, a "Proposal for Settlement" was drawn up and finally agreed to and signed by all the interested parties. The temporary nature of this settlement, so far as the desires of the men were concerned, was significantly emphasized when, a few days later, on December 7, 1908, a meeting was held in Pittsburg at which *only such requests as had been presented to the superintendents, and properly appealed, were considered.*

But while these negotiations were being carried on between the engineers and the manager, the same issues were being advocated and insisted upon from another quarter.

In the month of October, 1908, the Joint Protective Board of the Firemen convened in the city of Pittsburg. At this meeting a set of ten articles was adopted. A sub-committee was immediately appointed which took up the whole business with Mr. Peck. Eight of the articles which had been prepared related to the equipment of engines, and to the services and duties of the firemen. Articles 9 and 10 were as follows:—

No. 9. "Any engineman, fireman, or hostler, who considers that an injustice has been done him, shall have the right to present his grievance for adjustment to the proper officer or officers of the company by a committee of his own selection, without said employee first having personally to appeal his case. The right to appeal to the highest official of the company is conceded."

No. 10. "The proper officer of the lines west of Pittsburg *will enter into a written agreement* with the committee of Firemen and Enginemen representing the employees in engine service on those lines, agreeing to adopt and maintain

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these rules. Printed copies will be placed in the hands of all employees concerned."

On October 24, Mr. Peck replied to this bill of requests substantially as follows:—

"We cannot consider any such change in our policy as is contemplated in Articles 9 and 10 of your petition, as these proposed changes are only a step in the direction of eliminating the superintendent completely from the control of his men, and breaking down that discipline upon which the safety of railroad operation depends.

"The other matters in your petition, while not in the shape of direct requests for increased compensation, nevertheless involve additional expenditures on the part of the company in almost every instance, and under present conditions they cannot be considered."

Efforts to arrange for consultation and conference between the sub-committees and the management were persisted in through the month of November, and taken up again in January, when the assistance of Mr. W. S. Carter, the President of the Brotherhood, was requested by the committee in convention in Pittsburg.

After considerable ineffectual correspondence, the issue with the firemen was placed before President McCrea, on February 9, in a long communication.

A few days later the firemen on the lines east and west of Pittsburg joined forces, and appealed to President McCrea in similar terms. The answer to both communications referred the committees back to the General Manager for adjustment of all questions arising between the company and its employees. There was one more course open to the committee to take, and that was to appeal to the Board of Mediation at Washington, under the Erdman Act.

Accordingly, an appeal was made to the Board of Mediation, and the result of the correspondence that followed to secure this mediation can best be given in the concluding paragraph of a letter to

the board, in which General Manager Atterbury put an end to the negotiations.

"Responsibility for the maintenance of discipline rests solely upon the railroad company. This responsibility can be neither delegated nor arbitrated. As the issue is so clear and the principle at stake so vital, our management is therefore regretfully constrained to decline arbitration of the only point in question, which I reiterate is that in the interests of good discipline the employees shall not ignore the Division Superintendent by direct appeal to the General Manager."

Having thus brought the negotiations between the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the committees of engineers and firemen to a focus, on March 27, with both sides resting on their oars, with arbitration declined and no settlement in sight, let us again state the issue and go over the ground from the viewpoint of the managers, and from that of organized labor and of the men.

The position and contention of the railroad can best be given in the words of Mr. W. W. Atterbury, who was at the time General Manager of the lines east of Pittsburg.

"There is no question of wages, hours of employment, or conditions of service, at issue between the company and its men. The men are demanding, however, that when grievances, or demands of a general nature, are to be presented to the management, they shall have the right to go to the General Manager, ignoring the Division Superintendent and the General Superintendent. To agree to such a procedure would be subversive of that discipline upon which the company relies to protect the safety of the lives and property of its patrons. It has been the policy of the Pennsylvania system, in the interest of good discipline, to require that all questions that arise between the company and its employees should first be taken up locally with Division Superintendents. In case employees then desire to appeal from the decision of the su-

perintendent, they have the right to do so. The amicable relations which have always existed between the company and its employees would indicate that under this policy the men have been liberally dealt with.

"The general relations between the company and its men are most satisfactory. The management prescribes for its employees only such reasonable regulations and procedures as are consistent with its duties to the public, the stockholders, and the employees themselves. While it concedes to employees the right by every proper means to better their condition, the company is morally bound to resist any movement which tends to break down the discipline upon which depends the safety of the traveling public, and the proper performance of its duties as transporters."

From the side of the representatives of the employees the issue is equally plain and emphatic. Under date of March 17, 1909, it was submitted as a final statement of the employees' position to the railroad managers, and to the Board of Mediation under the Erdman Act, in the following language, and signed by the President and Vice-President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, as well as by the Chairman of the Committee of Employees for the Pennsylvania Lines east and west of Pittsburg.

First. "That all subjects of a general nature governing employees, represented by the regularly constituted committee representing the firemen, that affect the entire system under the jurisdiction of the General Manager, shall be passed upon by the General Manager, *without discussing the same with division officials.*¹

Second. "All rules and regulations affecting that class of employees represented by the regularly constituted committee of Locomotive Firemen, shall, upon adoption, be signed by the General Manager."

Third. "The General Manager, upon

¹ The italics are the author's.

request from the general chairman of the Firemen's Committee, shall render an official interpretation of any of said rules and regulations, which official interpretation, signed by himself, shall be posted on all bulletin boards."

Fourth. "That all matters that may be presented to any official shall be answered in writing within fifteen days by the officers with whom the committee discussed such matters."

Contained in these reports and statements we have a final and peremptory demand for the institution and recognition of a schedule on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Of course, as everybody is aware, the schedule, and the power at the back of it to-day and when it was first instituted, are widely different concerns. Consequently, and reasonably then, in any investigation or discussion of this controversy, the public should be fully informed as to how the schedule has served its interests on other railroads, for, as we know, the Pennsylvania Railroad and its employees are engaged in a business that vitally concerns half the population of the United States. Naturally the people would like to know what the schedule actually means to them, their safety in travel, and their social and industrial interests. And this question as to the adoption of a schedule on the Pennsylvania, which is now hanging in the balance, brings up a matter which is closely related to it, and which will throw a good deal of light on the subject.

When *The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman* were published in this magazine, the statements of the author aroused much comment and criticism among the officials of the Pennsylvania system. A comprehensive examination and analysis of some of the charges was undertaken, and 495 replies and explanations were returned by 45 operating officers. With a few qualifications, these replies amounted to a sweeping denial of the allegations, so far as the Pennsylvania system was concerned. At the same time the man-

agement of the Pennsylvania system insists that the introduction of the schedule into its policy, as now proposed by some of its employees, would constitute a most emphatic interference with discipline and imperil the safety of the traveling public. This is exactly the condition and state of affairs which has been fully described in *The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman*. The missing link, then, is to connect the schedule with the evils anticipated by the Pennsylvania management, and thus justify them in their refusal to have anything to do with it, or even to accept arbitration or mediation of any kind in relation to it. I have no authority from the Pennsylvania Railroad to make any attempt to justify their action in any way, and this personal explanation is intended to cover this article from beginning to end.

In taking issue with organized labor in these matters of authority and the schedule, and in advocating the soundness of the Pennsylvania system of management, it will be necessary to start with the rudiments of the topic, and to follow the issue in its development into one of the most important industrial problems which the present generation is called upon to study.

II

This dilemma of the railroads, which so closely concerns the convenience and safety of the public, is simply a question between personal management and management by trade agreement or schedule. It is not to be supposed, however, that personal management is altogether right and sufficient, or that the schedule in every particular is wrong and should be abolished. The point for the people to understand is that the present combination of these methods, which is now in force on most railroads, is a pact between man and manager, from which the principles of justice and safety are slowly yet surely being eliminated. This is the nature of the pact which the Pennsylvania Rail-

road is now being called upon to adopt, after generations of successful personal management.

In my demonstration of the actual work and influence of the schedule on American railroads to-day, let me begin with a commonplace illustration of authority in every-day life.

The policeman stands at a crossing on a crowded thoroughfare. He is a striking example of personal management and authority. He must deal firmly and justly with situations as they arise. His uplifted hand represents the law. Practically speaking, there is no appeal from his personal judgment. He is intrusted by the people with this autocratic authority for extraordinary reasons, and on account of dangerous conditions. At all costs, traffic must proceed with regularity and safety. If the public are dissatisfied with his behavior or his decisions, the authority and responsibility of his office are not interfered with; another officer is simply put in his place.

Here we have certain principles in regard to authority followed by satisfactory results. On the railroads there are no such recognized principles, and consequently no such results. For a number of years public opinion has been trying to improve the management of our railroads by placing limitations on its authority, and holding it up to public scrutiny as more or less untrustworthy. In this way authority has been parceled out among national and state commissions and the labor organizations. Improvement is sought in every direction at the expense of authority. As a matter of fact, with even greater complications and dangers to contend with than the policeman on the street-crossing, the superintendent of the railroad should be equally powerful, and he should receive the support of law and public opinion. To-day the superintendent will tell you that you cannot treat railroad men as the policeman handles teamsters and the public. He is unable to do so because his superiors have made bargains and agreements

with the labor organizations in which the managers are playing a losing game from start to finish. Superintendents and managers are losing ground in this way.

Whenever a condition or situation arises that is manifestly unjust to employees, or even when an apparently harmless concession is desired, the attention of the manager is called to it. Nowadays managers are obliged to deal fairly with employees. No other policy is now tolerated. Public opinion and armies of men insist upon it. Sooner or later, then, a clause is inserted in the schedule and the wrong is righted. Before long, however, the working of these rules and concessions brings to light unforeseen situations, in which injustice is inflicted on the management or the safety of the public endangered. The manager may protest, but the committee holds him to his signature. If it is in the schedule, he lets it remain there. He thinks his honor is at stake. Sooner than have a row, indignity and injustice are swallowed.

But, in examining the authority of the railroad manager, one naturally looks round for its scope and influence. How, for example, does authority protect the pocket-book of the railroad? It should, at least, be strong enough to protect the exchequer from injustice, and a sort of extortion, at the hands of the schedule. As a matter of fact, no business establishment on earth but a railroad could or would put up with such a watering of the pay-roll, that is to say, the payment of wages without its equivalent return in work, as the schedule forces upon the American railroad manager. Illustrations are neither few nor far between. They form part of the daily experience and expenditure on nearly all railroads. When business is rushing the pay-rolls are stuffed with curiosities of the following description:—

An engineman completes his run in seven hours. He receives \$5.25 for the service. Here we have a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. The man is then requested to take his locomotive a dis-

tance of two miles to a certain point; he does so, and receives another day's pay and mileage for service performed inside the regular time-limit for one day's labor. In this way, with the assistance of his schedule, he receives about eleven dollars for eight hours' work.

Again, a crew reports for duty at six A. M. An emergency arises and the men are despatched with the wreck train to a certain point. The wrecking service is finished in about five hours. For this they receive one day's pay. Then they return to their regular work and earn another day's pay, both jobs being completed inside the regular working-day of eleven hours.

Another crew starts from a terminal on a regular freight trip. At a certain point they are ordered back a couple of miles to pick up a car of delayed stock. All hands get an extra half-day for the service. They arrive at their destination in nine hours, with a day and a half to their credit. The following day they cover the same trip, and as business is brisk they consume eleven hours on the road, and receive only one day's pay for the service.

Once more,—a crew doing a regular day's work is despatched on some extra service. The engineman gets extra pay, the train-men do not.

From beginning to end, these inconsistencies are the work of the schedule. They are real, not imaginary, incidents. The manager sends a man to the right and pays him four dollars for it. If while en route he turns to the left, it means more money without any reference to time or work. The other day a crew were instructed to pick up a car of stock. They telegraphed for an understanding regarding the extra pay. They were ordered to hurry along with the stock, the consignees were anxiously waiting for it; the pay would be adjusted later. The men refused, went along without the car, and were promptly discharged by the superintendent. But the men knew what they were about. They were acting with-

in their schedule rights, and were reinstated. The interest of shippers and the people in the schedule must be apparent to any one. To whom do this kind of a pay-roll, and the agreement between man and manager, appeal? Do they contain any indication or vestige of authority, economy of operation, or justice to the people or the employer? And yet, railroad managers tamely submit to this domination. Public opinion has never shown any inclination to support them in any other course. They uphold the schedule as the only possible working arrangement, and they are powerless to correct its abuses.

But the illustrations relating to the lack of economy of railroad management are of little public interest compared with the effect and influence of the schedule on the efficiency and accident situations. To begin with, the tendency of the method, as we find it in actual operation to-day, is to *narrow the sphere of individual responsibility*. Under a positive system of personal management the judgment of the superintendent is always hanging over the employee, and his duty then covers every nook and corner of his surroundings. The employee is then just as mindful of the behavior of his companions as he is of his own. He never can tell how the superintendent will interpret his conduct. This element of uncertainty has its uses. It is vitally connected with attention and efficiency. But now, with greater insistence every day, the organization is saying to the manager, through signed rules, regulations, and agreements, "I must know just how I stand. Interpret this and explain that, and sign everything. I want a safety device at one point, and a responsible switchman at another. In this way, when trouble arises, we will know definitely who is to blame, and the area of responsibility will be contracted as much as possible."

Of course, these identical words are not to be found in any schedule, but nearly everywhere on railroads you will find the

mental attitude which is the product of the theory and teaching of specific responsibility. This idea, I say, is fostered by the schedule. I have now before me a Towerman's Schedule, which is being prepared for presentation to a manager of a railroad. Article XVI is as follows:

"Towermen will not be responsible for switches and signals not connected with interlocking plant."

I will also call attention to what is called a "standard rule," in force on nearly all railroads:—

"Switches must be left in proper position after having been used. Conductors are responsible for the position of the switches used by them and their trainmen, *except where switch-tenders are stationed.*"

These stipulations on the surface appear to be fair and reasonable, but the mental attitude that is at once induced by these rules is apparent. Practically speaking, my interest in those switches has received a decided setback. General responsibility under unexpected conditions, and in cases of emergency, has been weakened. On the railroad, that no employee should be held responsible for another employee's behavior is all very well as a general statement, with the superintendent as judge of the circumstances; but at the same time, no rule should be sanctioned that is liable to hold him blameless if he is present and fails to correct another man's mistake. The public cannot afford to travel under any other understanding or condition. Of course, the degree of responsibility is for the superintendent to decide, and this is just the veto power he is deprived of to a great extent by the schedule.

Let us take these rules and ideas with us out on the road, and see what happens. The other day a switch engine and crew crossed over from the west to an east-bound main line, and failed to throw up the switch after them. They then waited on the east-bound main line nearly half an hour for a west-bound passenger train to go by. This passenger train came

along running forty miles an hour, took the open switch, and crashed into the switcher, killing or injuring four or five people. It was a regular switchman's duty to attend to that switch, but he was at dinner at the time, and not a man connected with the switcher gave the matter a thought. The blame for the accident was placed on the switchman who was not there. It is useless for other managers to exclaim, "I would have discharged every man on the switcher!" It would depend altogether on the strength of the organization that called attention to the wording of the rule, and the significance of, "*except where switch-tenders are stationed.*"

However this may be, the mental attitude in regard to specific responsibility remains, and the issue and its influence permeate railroad life from one end to the other. In my illustration it is very difficult to account for the seeming apathy of five or six men, under conditions when their own lives were in such obvious peril, unless they were under the spell of a principle or a habit. Untrammelled personal management stands for the widest possible system of general responsibility, with the judgment and opinion of the superintendent hanging over every issue and every situation; and the system is at all times in the best interest of the people who ride or work on the trains. Specific responsibility and its encouragement is to a great extent the work of organized labor, assisted by legislation and public opinion in their efforts to compel the manager to define his position, and, practically speaking, give bonds for his good behavior. Organized labor now proposes to substitute specific for general responsibility on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

But, in its own interest, it is most important that the public should be thoroughly posted on the situation, and therefore illustrations must not be spared. The following is an extract from an article in the May, 1909, issue of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and*

Enginemen's Magazine, under the caption, "Another Judicial Outrage. Brother sentenced to Jail."

"On January 27 last, Brother Kennedy, Engineer, and Brother Frank T. Lane, Fireman, as the crew of Engine 584, left Stratford out at 5.30 A. M. hauling a way freight bound for Owen Sound, in charge of Conductor M. Fleming. All went well until leaving Harriston, instead of taking the curve for Owen Sound, for which four blasts of the whistle should be given, they took the straight track for Southampton. They gave four blasts of the whistle to go to the pork factory, the factory being situated on the branch leading to Owen Sound. On coming back for their train, intending to pull right out, *they took it for granted*¹ that the switchman had left the switch open for them, but he had closed it after they had backed over it, *so of course they did not notice*¹ they were taking the wrong track. They pulled up and left immediately, and, as a very severe snow-storm was raging at the time, they failed to notice that they were taking the wrong track and proceeded three miles, meeting Engine 311 pulling the Southampton way freight. The fireman of No. 311, Brother Mortimer Root of Wellington Lodge 181, and a brakeman of the Southampton way freight, were killed, and the engineer injured. At the time of the collision the entire train crew was in the caboose eating dinner."

They all depended upon the specific behavior and responsibility of the switchman, but under the Canadian law the entire train and engine crew were found guilty by the jury of criminal negligence. Disregarding the fact that the men were found guilty by the jury, the article attacks the judge for his decision and calls the principle of general responsibility in the case an outrage.

But the more we look into it, the more universal and dangerous do these evils of specific responsibility, and the undermining of authority which follow in the train of the schedule, appear.

¹ The italics are the author's.

Some time ago on a western railroad, a freight train started on a trip, with a train of cars thoroughly equipped with safety appliances in good working order. Arriving at a certain point, they picked up six additional cars and then proceeded on their way down a steep mountain grade. Before long, the engineman lost control of his train and finally dashed into a work-train ahead, and ten people were killed in the wreck that ensued. Investigation into the cause of the accident brought to light the facts that the equipment had been complete and in good working order, but that only six cars with air had been in service. Every employee on the train was more or less responsible for failure to hitch up the full equipment which was provided for the purpose, and which the law calls for. It is unnecessary to look into the matter of the discipline imposed in this case, for the principal offender or offenders were killed. I wish, however, to take note of the effect which an accident of such a serious nature has on the public mind, and on the responsible conscience of the community.

In brief, it at once became evident to the people that extraordinary legislation was necessary to compel the railroad to put a stop to accidents of this nature. For one thing, it was plain to those who jumped into the breach that the percentage of cars in any train required by law to be equipped and operated, should at once be increased; that an additional number of railroad inspectors should be hired and located at way stations, and under certain conditions extra brakemen to man the trains should also be insisted upon. This actually represented the answer and influence of public opinion, which was exerted in various ways after its investigation of the accident to which I refer. It signified hundreds of thousands of dollars of added expenditure, without even a glance at the cause of these accidents, or a word of support or encouragement to superintendents and managers in their efforts to secure efficiency and safety of opera-

tion by emphasizing the necessity for a strict observance of rules and the proper use of the ample equipment which was already provided.

The following is another illustration of the kind of support the managements of railroads receive when they detect danger, and take measures to protect the public interests as well as their own.

Railroad managers, very naturally, pay particular attention to the handling of trains on heavy grades, and so does the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some time ago several of the railroads protested that the use of these air-brakes alone on heavy grades was a hazardous matter, for, in case of an accident to the air-brakes, with the hand-brakes unmanned, the danger arose of a runaway train, with consequent heavy loss of life and destruction of property. No consideration of expense entered into the question, for the railroads carry as large a complement of men whether both brakes are in service or only one. It was solely a question of safety to the public and the employees. The Commission sent out a great many inspectors to make an investigation, and, in its official report to Congress, had this to say on the subject:

"The question of the safe handling of trains on heavy grades has been brought to the attention of the Commission, it being contended that a literal interpretation of the law requires that trains shall be handled exclusively by means of air-brakes under all circumstances and conditions of train operations. The object and intent of the law is to save life. If trains cannot be handled on these heavy grades without the use of hand-brakes, *it is certainly not the intent of the law that they be controlled by air alone.* The Commission has made a very extensive examination of the practice in handling trains on heavy grades in all parts of the country."

To Washington, immediately following this report, went representatives of trainmen's unions and protested against the Commission's construction of the statute. The *Railroad Trainman*, the official or-

gan of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, commented on the matter as follows:—

"The Commission has, on previous occasions, taken it upon itself to interpret the safety-appliance law, without regard to all its provisions; and its latest attempt to read into the law something that was never intended to be a part of it, is one of the most outrageous assumptions of authority that have ever been attempted by a Government department in recent years."

Whereupon the Commission took it all back, and altered the report which was already in the hands of Congress, and substituted an amended clause, which promised to furnish to the public the inspectors' reports and a reconsideration of the points at issue. The reports, by the way, are not yet forthcoming.

The power behind the scenes in this illustration is the same firm hand curbing and limiting the properly constituted authority which we found at work on the pay-roll, on the schedule, and in various other avenues through which the service and public opinion are influenced.

III

A word still remains in review and conclusion. From the view-point of the public, perhaps the most important phase of the situation on railroads relates to the settlement of disputes between the management and men. I am sure the people have an idea that their representatives have or should have in the first place, and above all, the interests of the people in mind when they are called upon to arbitrate or to mediate in such controversies. That is to say, the official mediator, in order to be fair to all concerned, should be guided in his deliberations and findings by the merits of the case. It should be understood that the mediator stands for something besides peace at any price.

It must be evident to fair-minded people that, in the midst of disturbances

and strikes, the manager or the employees are liable to be unfairly dealt with in the hurry to patch up some kind of a truce. At such times, authority, its function and future status, should not be lost sight of.

For example, the people look to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Board of Mediators under the Erdman Act to represent their interests in labor disputes. It may be claimed that the law looks upon this mediation merely as the offering of friendly offices. But in fact, after a settlement has been made by means of said "mediation," it is reasonable to suppose that the public have the impression that their interests have been zealously taken care of by the chairmen of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Labor Commission. If not, in whose charge are these interests?

With the view of finding out just how the board, under the Erdman Act, approached and considered these disputes, the writer asked Chairman Knapp for a statement of his views on the subject. He replied, "We have little or nothing to do with the merits of a case; our business and function is to keep the traffic moving."

Bearing in mind the fact that disputes, even on railroads, are never settled until they are settled on their merits, and looking into the future, the interest of the people in these so-called settlements will surely bear watching. Disputes temporarily arranged in this way are simply transferred to legislative bodies throughout the different states; and in their assemblies, just at present, the manager and his authority can hardly be said to be in the hands of their friends.

In the next place, and face to face with these very conditions, it is to be noted that the Pennsylvania Railroad is now confronted with a problem which is certain, *when business permits*, to agitate the railroad and industrial world to its centre. In this, as in all other controversies, public opinion must always be the court of final resort. The reader of the correspondence and evidence in this

article will not need to be informed that the Pennsylvania Railroad has put down its foot with unmistakable emphasis, and proposes to stick to its own idea of the function of authority, and the meaning of its responsibility to the public.

In opposition to this stand of the manager, the advocates of the schedule call attention to their rights and their wrongs, and propose to encroach on the domain of the management for the purpose of adjusting their grievances. My endeavor in this article has been to demonstrate, not that a schedule in all industries is a mistake, but that on the railroads, as it works to-day, and as it is calculated to fulfill its mission in the future, it is a dangerous encroachment on the prerogative of the manager. I have tried to make evident how, and along what lines, the public is called upon to suffer for all encroachments of this nature.

The point for all to understand is that, while fair and reasonable methods of management should be insisted upon, the reform of the department should not be attempted at the expense of its authority. The United States Supreme Court has recently said, "In no proper sense is the public a general manager." This surely applies with equal force to any combination or union of employees. In combatting the entrance of the schedule into the constitution of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in refusing to permit the grand chiefs of the Brotherhoods to define the policy of the railroad and to share in its administration by making changes in the duties and functions of the superintendents, the management is doing the public a great service. As it appears to me, the management proposes to head off the first appearance of a hydra-headed movement, the manifest purpose of which is to divide the headquarters of attention and authority between the committee rooms of the brotherhoods and the superintendent's office.

Nevertheless, it is also true that the Pennsylvania Railroad has always granted to its men every freedom to organize

into unions and to utilize every legitimate opportunity to better their condition. Labor leaders, who are employees, are given leave of absence whenever requested, to attend to organization duties. The men are granted passes freely; and even when it is known that a strike ballot is being taken, the privileges of the men and the labor leaders are not curtailed in the slightest degree. I have been assured by those in authority on the Pennsylvania Railroad, not only that the organization of the employees into unions is looked upon as right and necessary, but that the men are also perfectly justified in electing the fittest and strongest men as leaders. But a different question is presented when a professional leader, who is not an employee, enters the situation to gather glory for an organization as such, without regard to loyalty to, or sympathy with, the ideas and policy of the management.

No treatise on Labor and Authority on the Railroad would be complete without a glance at this professional trouble-maker. He is now a recognized quantity on nearly all systems. I do not care to say that trouble-makers of this description are at the bottom of the present controversy between the firemen and enginemen and the Pennsylvania management, because I have no information on the subject; but it is to be noticed that the management in many circulars and public notices has been continually emphasizing the well-known and long-established loyalty of all classes of its employees, and the entirely satisfactory results that have been obtained by means of their never-failing coöperation and faithful services.

But this kind of voluntary and coöperative relationship is an abomination to the salaried trouble-maker. When all is well there is nothing doing in his department, and his clients are liable to ask him, "What are you there for?" Under his soulless supervision, the best intentions of both employees and managers are turned awry. No management is safe from this disturbing influence.

Some six or seven years ago, the Bur-

lington officials gave careful consideration to the problem of increasing the company's business. Increase of business on a railroad does n't just *happen*; it has to be thought out and worked out by the managers. So the Burlington road finally decided that the most promising opening was to try and develop a coal movement from Southern Illinois to the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the northwest generally, where the winters are severe and fuel-supply limited. It was found that if it was to be sold by the dealer at a sufficient profit, in competition with eastern coal, the railroad would have to carry it 648 miles for not more than \$2.10 per ton. It was impossible to do this at a profit to the railroad on a road full of heavy grades. So \$5,000,000 was expended in putting the road in shape. New engines and high capacity cars for the coal trade were purchased, and a business was created which, *in full trains*, paid a fair profit. Of course a small army of employees was put to work in handling this traffic.

But no sooner was the business on some kind of a paying basis than *some one* discovered that if you could compel the railroad to haul shorter trains, it would mean the employment of more help. So legislation was immediately introduced to secure this result. The men who are supposed to have the interest of the employee at heart are at the bottom of this suicidal legislation. In describing his efforts in building up the coal business, to a meeting of the Burlington employees some time ago, Vice-President Willard summed up the situation in these words: "With the mere possibility of such legislation looming up in the future, can you expect improvements like this to continue? Would you recommend them if in my place?"

Such antagonistic legislation will continue to paralyze management just as long as employees allow certain of their leaders to raise false issues and misrepresent the real interests of the worker and the community.

Brought to a standstill over and over again, and his calculations upset by legislation of this nature, the manager has no alternative. He proceeds to make the public pay for it. Hitherto these unforeseen and only too often unnecessary expenditures have been met by economies secured by continually working on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. But on most railroads this mainstay has been worked to the limit. When your hill has been leveled, economy is at an end in that direction; and so with your curves, you cannot keep after them after they are straight. So the manager falls back on contemplated improvements. New sta-

tions, betterments, conveniences, facilities of various kinds go by the board. Any manager can give a host of particulars of this description. It is now for the public to do a little thinking on the subject.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that the Pennsylvania Railroad is entirely free from the spirit, and perhaps from some of the conditions, which I have described; but the energy with which the management is now opposing any change in their long-established policy will at least have the effect of calling public attention to the principles at stake, and will certainly tend to modify and discourage some of the extravagances of misguided labor movements on all railroads.

MY TRUE LOVE FROM HER PILLOW ROSE

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

My true love from her pillow rose

And wandered down the summer lane.

She left her house to the wind's carouse,

And her chamber wide to the rain.

She did not stop to don her coat,

She did not stop to smooth her bed —

But out she went in glad content

There where the bright path led.

She did not feel the beating storm,

But fled like a sunbeam, white and frail,

To the sea, to the air, somewhere, somewhere —

I have not found her trail.

ON A MORaine

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

UP on the shoulder of a terminal moraine was a barley-field whose fence was to furnish me with stone; and I prospected its beauties with a six-pound sledge. "Hardheads" many of them were called, and they let fly enough sparks that summer to light the fire for a thousand years. They were igneous rocks, and they responded in terms of fire.

Such rock! Rag-carpets woven in garnet and topaz; petrified Oriental rugs; granites in endless designs of Scotch mixture, as if each boulder were wearing the plaid of its clan; big, uncouth, scabiose, ignorant-looking hardheads that opened with a heart of rose, — each one a separate album opening to a sample from a different quarry. I have seen cloven field-stone that deserved a hinge and a gold clasp; I have one in sight now which is such a delicate contrast of faintest rose and mere spiritual green that it is like the first blush of dawn. Imagine smiting a rock until the fragments sting you in the face, and then seeing it calmly unfold the two wings of a moth! I have broken into a rock which pleased me so well that I held it in mind in order to match it; but though I had the pick of a hundred and sixty loads that summer I never found another. There is "individuality" for you.

Some of them are "niggerheads." These are the hardest rock known to practical experience. There are those that have refused to succumb to the strongest hitters in the country. Some of them will break and others will not; the only way is to try. Fortunately I had had some early training as a blacksmith; but this was as if the smith were trying to break his anvil. I have seen the steel face of a hammer chip off without making a mark on one.

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And yet the glaciers wore them off to make soil and left them rounded like big pebbles! I never realized what ground is, till I became acquainted with the stones that did the grinding.

My fence was eight to ten feet in thickness and shoulder high; and similar windrows of rock ran over the moraine in all directions, like a range upon a range. It is, of course, valuable land that warrants a wall like that. The barley-field might easily have defied a siege-gun on all four sides, for it had had so many boulders on it that they had been built up into more of a rampart than a windrow. On a nearby field from which the timber had been removed, but which, notwithstanding, was far from "cleared," it looked as if it had hailed boulders. You could have forded your way across it without putting a foot to ground. I have seen places where the glaciers had deposited rocks in surprising uniformity of size, and as thick as the heads of an audience (a comparison that means no harm, I trust).

Because of my encounters with "niggerheads," and other layerless or massive rock, I had difficulty in getting a handle which would not give out. Not that I broke them with mislicks, but the sudden bounce of the steel jolts the grain of the wood apart, and then a split begins to work its way up the handle. After this happens a man will not try to crack many boulders, for the split hickory vibrates in a way that hurts. That sudden sting and numbing of the arm is the only sensation I ever came across that resembles the sting of a Texas scorpion; and that is an injection of liquid lightning that suffuses the membranes from hand to shoulder, and dwells a while and fades away. I might say here that the sting of the dread-

ed scorpion is harmless, like that of the tarantula, as any one with a few experiences knows. A wrong-headed boulder that has kept itself intact for ages and spits fire at you, and then takes measures to protect itself, is far more dangerous. One of them shot off a piece with such force that it went through my clothing and made a respectable wound. This, however, is just what is needed to rouse you up and make you hit back; and when you have had success with this one you are sure to pass on to another.

There is an enticement in their secret, locked-up beauty that lures you on from rock to rock till nightfall. Thus you are kept at it, till some day you find you have become a slave of the exercise habit; you are addicted to sunshine and sweat and cool spring water; your nose, so long a disadvantage to you, comes to life and discovers so many varieties of fresh air that every breath has a different flavor to it. As for myself, I rather prefer to take wild plum or clover in my atmosphere — or a good whiff of must off the barley-field. Along in July it is excellent to work somewhere in the jurisdiction of a basswood tree. Compare this with the office-building or the street-car, where the only obtainable breath is second-hand. Nobody could now coax you back to where people have eyes that see not, tongues that taste not, and noses that smell not unless they have to. I *have* experienced smells in a city that would make a baby cry.

In this leisurely boulder-breaking you have become so strong that you need work to make you comfortable. When you wake up in the morning rested, your fingers have a feeling of the absent sledge-handle; there is a missing presence at the end of your arm which makes you understand easily enough how a person can have feeling in a limb that has long been cut off; and not till you have taken it up again does your body seem entire. When a man has become so strong that he needs work to make him comfortable, he would pound rock if it were only limestone in a

quarry. What then is it to go boulder-hunting in a barley-field? Rocks of all ages and varieties, sedimentary, metamorphic, and igneous; and now and then a plutonic piece that was unthinkably old when the *Atlantosaurus* strolled about, stepping thirty feet at a stride. Sixty millions of years, scientists agree, since life in its lowest forms made its appearance on the globe; four hundred millions since the molten earth began to cool and form plutonic rock! If a man has antiquarian tastes let him browse in one of these stone-fence libraries with a sledge. It is like opening ancient volumes with beautiful pictures in them.

Boulder-breaking exercises all the parts, intellectual, physical, and æsthetic, — it sounds as if it were Culture. If so, it is the only form of it I ever came across which did not spoil one's appetite. Your digestion attends to its own business, and you become a disciple of plain thinking and high living. If I could explain it in all its branches at once, I would no doubt succeed in starting up a cult of glacial stonemith. A six-pound sledge is the true key to science and health.

It will probably be said that I am a fanatic. But wait. Please listen to what I have to reveal. I rolled off a rusty-black sort of a one. I worked it around into position for striking. The sledge simply rebounded. Nine, ten, eleven blows; and then it fell in two, disclosing a black interior of beautiful mat texture. Diagonally across the face of it was a straight white stripe as wide as one's finger. And an inch and a half away was a contrasting stripe as straight and fine and parallel as if it had been made on a loom; it was like a bold design in French silk. With its slightly wedged shape, it looked for all the world like a dashing four-in-hand tie. It had broken in just the way to make a key for the arch of the fireplace. Here then was very good luck indeed, — the very necktie of the house all done.

I next essayed a light-complexioned one; and it opened the first time I knocked.

It was a light gray stone that glistered as with spangles of silver; it had shining scales like a herring, and each scale a little mica mirror that flashed cool metallic beams. Could anything be in better taste than light gray and silver? I picked it up tenderly and set it down right-side-up, next to the keystone. I passed on. The next was a moth — but I shattered one of the wings. It was some sort of infinitely fine greenish sand that had absorbed chocolate-colored matter, and become a pudding-stone with a big plum of the subdued purplish-chocolate in the proper place, and I had gone through it in a cross-section. It was really a chocolate-colored bronze, powdered with that peculiar soft green that old statues take on; and the evanescent powdery effect was so convincing that I thought, at first, I could brush it off. This antique delicacy was solid and everlasting; I would not have taken a dollar for it then and there. I set it carefully alongside the knight of the silver scales.

But enough. If I fought it out on this line it would take all summer. I merely wish to indicate what I am talking about. If I am a fanatic, let it be so. If I were a crazy Cromwell, it is one of these same processions of roundheads that I would want to lead over the face of the country. If I could only march a mile of them through the cities giving demonstrations and lectures! They are a rough-looking lot, but there is beauty in them. I once stood, hat off, in a little church in New York where they go to worship John La Farge; and if there is as much beauty and inspiration in one of those stained-glass windows as there is dispersed all over the face of this country, put me down for a plebeian. It is as a crazy-quilt beside a Daghestan.

Whenever I stopped for breath I had a bird's-eye view of agriculture, the fields all laid out in crops of various colors so that the country was a map of itself. Nearer at hand it was a most statistical scene, the corn all adding itself up in rows, and the Holstein cattle set down in black and

white — a pleasing prospect of diversified farming. The name of glacial soil is Diversity. So many elements have been ground up in the making that it will raise any sort of an honest crop; and if it is not tropically brilliant it is steady-going and dependable. The drainage is just suited to the amount of rainfall; there is inexhaustible gravel to make roads; and every field has stone on it for an everlasting fence. As I patrolled my altitudinous ramparts, sledge in hand, I had a commanding view of southern Wisconsin — a diagram of prosperity. Here and there were patches of hardwood or tamarack; and a mile or so to my right, down at the side of the range, was Heart Lake showing its shape in silver. I think the peculiar charm of Wisconsin lies in the fact that it is a man's-size country, — lakes that you can row across, hills that you can climb. And so near together that there is always a new shining goal, a lake, to tempt you onward. I am almost tempted into the folly of trying to put it in words.

I had not swung my hammer many days before I realized that I was midway between two bells. Back on Miracle Hill, that lifts its church-crowned summit like a commander from out the procession, was the bell of the Carmelite monks who were expelled from France: its tones came sweet and plaintive over the heads of the hills, and spoke to all the country. An equal distance from me, in the opposite direction, was the town bell, that rings curfew as faithfully every evening as if it still had a Yankee at the rope. Near by was a Norwegian settlement, originally composed of sixty families. Not a great distance away was a village where German is spoken more exclusively, it is said, than anywhere in the country. Back in the depths and heights of the moraine was Erin, still strongly Irish, with its log cabins and old charcoal-pits, attesting its respectable age. At every cross-roads were the Swiss, making cheese. And in the distance I could see the newly-primed houses of

the "hands" at the factory—still more nationalities. The solid foundation of it all is the German, a lover of the soil. Wisconsin is a favorite stamping-ground of the Sociologist; and it is hardly to be wondered at that the state university excels in agriculture and the philosophy of government.

As my fence bordered a steep stretch of road along which the farmers passed with their loads of milk and hay and agricultural implements, I found myself in a position to become well introduced to my neighbors for miles around; and at times, when the sun was hot, I was quite willing to stop and explain my appreciation of the stone or talk about the crops. By fall I had met so many solid, wholesome Americans, of all nationalities, and so democratic, that I was really glad they had all had so much practice in meeting foreigners. An immigrant from the city they took to quite as naturally. And at what great risk to themselves! Suppose I had been a lawless literary hunter hoping to bag some rare specimen of fellow man and take him back to my magazine all mangled in his feathers!

I discovered but one new dialect; and that would not be accepted by any editor in the country. Had I come here for that purpose, it would have been a sorry day for me, as witness the following conversation. It is two German women who are speaking, in the presence of an Irish woman.

"Th' tap o' th' marnin' t' ye, Mis' Brettschneider. 'T is glad I am t' see th' likes av ye. Iss yer daughter Gretchen goin' to the Hill th' morrow?"

"Faith an' she is. Ven me bye Heinrich can get th' bay haarse away from th' plowin' I t'ink I'll go mesilf, bedad."

This is not travesty; it is a report of German dialect. The manner of speech came about naturally enough. When the Germans arrived here in full force, the country was already settled, largely by Yankees and Irish; and the German had to buy his farm here or there. In this way a number of them found themselves

located in the town of Erin, where, of course, they learned the language of their country. And I leave it to my fellow citizens in Wisconsin whether a German cannot speak as broad and rich a brogue as any son of Erin. This, although exceptional, is hardly an exaggeration of the cosmopolitan processes of democracy in Wisconsin. In other places you find the exact opposite. At many farm-houses, if you wish to be understood in English, it is necessary to address the father or mother, who were immigrants, and not the members of the second generation. The mother speaks English well, and her son, who works the farm and was born here, does not understand it. The parents, starting as farm-laborers among Yankees and New Yorkers, had to learn English; but when they had saved money and bought out their employers, — a very usual process, — and had a household of their own, they naturally reverted to their native tongue.

One day I took a trip to Miracle Hill, whose steeples dominates the scene for miles around. It is not till one goes to the top of one of these dome-like wooded knolls, three or four hundred feet up, and all built of gravel, that one begins to realize what a stone-crusher and mound-builder a glacier was. And so recent it was! When a man considers with all his might the scientific rough estimate of four hundred million years as the time that has passed since the world began to harden and form plutonic rock, a glacier seems absolutely modern. If that Azoic, that no-animal time, is looked upon as being several thousand feet back, the glaciers will be but a few inches; thus one catches the spirit in which the scientist says, lightly, "In times so recent as the Glacial Epoch." If a plutonic boulder, a fragment of Azoic time, could really speak the language that Wordsworth claims stones can speak, it could tell the whole story of life from the first microbe to the megatherium — and then the decline and fall to the mere elephant and man. The mention of a glacial epoch

seems almost "timely," and the other is so far back that it is no time at all.

From the time the first life-cell floated in the sea around continents but partly formed, life and land progressed until the cave-dweller and his contemporary animals lived on the completed world. Possibly "there were giants in those days;" but such of their stone implements as we have found would not indicate that they could handle a sledge any heavier than I swing myself. When this sort of man was fighting his fellow animals for their dens, the glaciers came down upon them. Through some great revolution in climate, the snow piled up season after season farther south, and moved along by expansion and contraction, helped somewhat by the downhill slope from the Laurentian range. It was as if the Arctic zone, with all its snowfields pressed into ice, had decided to migrate to a warmer clime. Those weighty ice-fields, big stone-mills grinding the grist of gravel and rounding off huge fragments of rock which had been torn bodily from their bed, — rolling and wearing and sliding them along and making soil of them, — kept melting at the edges as they reached the warmer clime; and there, dropping the boulders and piling up the débris in a long line of mounds, made a moraine. One of these hills was but a good wagon-load of gravel; and the whole shape of the scene was determined by the nature of the rounded rolling pebble. Where they did not make positive hills, and very steep, they dropped down a landscape of broad low knolls — rather like a hilly country melted and run together. Such is the Kettle Range of Wisconsin, so called because of the shape of the hills and valleys; such are all the small-lake regions. They are well named "glacial drift," for when the winter is white upon them they look as if their whole substance were but the huge wind-work of the snow.

Between the hills are valleys without outlet — deep rounded kettles indeed that catch the water and hold it till it

leaks out of the gravelly bottom. The whole country is rolling in the same basin-like way, so that in the farmer's woods are little tarns that you could jump across, in the broad pasture-land are undrained bottoms where the tamarack finds a foothold, and in every day's journey are a number of the beautiful spring-fed lakes with which summer resorters all over the United States are familiar. These lakes are but a larger manifestation of the blind valleys and the hollows in the pasture-land; it is because of this nature of the surface, due to the rounded pebble, that there are so many small, clean-filtered lakes in a glacier-built country.

The limits of glacial action in the United States are marked by the Ohio and Missouri rivers. If one conceives the Ohio extending onward to the Atlantic through northern Pennsylvania, and the Missouri reaching to the Pacific through northern Washington, he has almost the exact boundaries beyond which the ice-fields did not encroach southward. All over this territory are evidences of their work, to a greater or less extent, here and there. The effects of glacial action are most marked in the Appalachian region, in a sense; for there, on the granite structure of the country, they could scratch the history of their progress as on tablets of stone. But in Wisconsin, a comparatively level country, they show themselves as complete country-makers, hill-builders, unhampered agents of their own sweet will. It was one of their favorite dumping-grounds. Thus Wisconsin has a furniture of hills which do not belong to it, a scenery which has rolled along and moved in; and all made up of pieces of the geological Everywhere. This state, the foundation of all these hills and knolls, might easily claim to be the oldest state in the Union, for it had its head out of water at a time when there was nothing else to be seen of the United States but the tops of the Appalachian Mountains. But the original state, as it were, has been quite covered with the recent addition of landscape. I had

a well put down a hundred and thirty-two feet, and brought up glacial matter all the way; but somewhere down there, had I kept on, I should have struck Wisconsin.

Such hills, while they lack the accentuation, the scenic ruggedness of rock, have yet an influence of their own; and this you feel especially when you get into the tumultuous heart of the range and look down into these bowl-like wooded valleys without outlet. They are not valleys with the life of outgoing streams and an open door to the rest of the world; they are deep privacies in the heart of nature, not intended for thoroughfare or habitation. The dark little pond at the bottom, forever unruffled, invites you down for a spell of deep and moody contemplation. They are retreats, places to go down into with your secrets, and then to leave and go up into the world again; the public may not pass through; and they are so constructed as to forbid them from all other uses. I have no doubt that many a penitent, on his way to the church on the Hill, has felt their subtle invitation, their promise of secrecy; it must have been on account of them, quite as much as the wide outlook from above, that the mysterious praying Hermit pitched his habitation on the summit. It seems quite natural that a place of holy pilgrimage should have grown up and established its wayside shrines amid such surroundings. These places of refuge hold a breezeless silence while you pray or think; and the way up to the panoramic summit, past the stations of the Cross, is not a mere matter of six or seven hundred feet: it is all the way from depression to elevation. They seem to have been made for the very purposes of a monk.

The trees here grow branchless to twice their wonted height, in the struggle to get their heads up into the light and air. So tall and thin are they from this sort of competition, one with another, that they cannot stand steady for a moment; they swing slowly from side to side, in

long deliberate movements that seem actually solemn. They do this when there is hardly a breeze to be felt, as if it were an act of their own. In some places they are so tall and branchless, so out of all stable tree-proportions, that they seem not to be standing up, but hanging down from the sky — like big ropes of a belfry on which you might expect to ring the clear chimes of heaven.

One cannot help but feel, as he gets into the spirit of the soil, that those westward-wandering Yankees, who here stopped their prairie schooners and picked out the town-sites and put up the well-wrighted mills, — some of whose stones grind the feed to this day, — must have found a certain solemn welcome in the fieldstone scattered about. It was a new New England.

They did these things, and then, as usual, "went West." Many of them fought in the war for the Union, and many came back; but altogether they kept drifting westward — "Yankees" all of them, whether they came from Connecticut or Pennsylvania, or the belligerent regions of the Erie Canal. And now the "Yankee" is to be found in greatest force in the burying-ground at the edge of the town. In such a cosmopolitan community it is a strange experience to wander into this quiet place and find such old worthies as Comfort and Thankful addressing you from their headstones. Many of them date their birth back to the eighteenth century; and those who have 17 — on their tombstones are known to the inhabitants, being local celebrities in death. I have had them all pointed out to me — and not by a Yankee — with a certain commendable pride; as if they gave a sort of historical ballast to the Ship of State.

In one of these villages, railroadless because it was founded before the railroad had found its way to these parts, and the one which is the most German of them all, there sat, until just recently, an aged and cultured gentleman — somewhat of a "character" in a fine way

— after whom the town was named. When he died, a little over a year ago, he was the oldest “living” alumnus of Yale. There he sat, surrounded by his ancient collection of books, and some dusty paintings which he prized and valued highly, amid a population where German could be used to better effect than English. It was quite a change he had seen in his day. By such little glimpses of the past, one gets sudden perspective of the growth of Wisconsin. Even curfew, although a European custom, harks back to the Yankee. When it rings, at eight o’clock in winter and nine in summer, the children run home to their mothers as promptly as if they had seen the ghost of a Puritan. It is the Yankee’s passing bell.

In certain connections you will not hear their absence regretted. They were not, to tell the truth, very good farmers. It was not they who piled hundreds and hundreds of loads of stone into a single fence. But now, when there is sore need of good natural mechanics, — masons, joiners, machinists, — you will occasionally hear them spoken of as an ensample. Their buildings were well carpentered and joined; and in them are still preserved marvels of whittling in the way of canes and hat-racks. Some of the canes, as patiently elaborated as Japanese engraving, attracted attention at the Centennial Exposition. Even up on the cornice of the house now passed, may be seen a whittled frieze of acorn and oak-leaf. All of the “Yankee” did not leave, however; and what is left of him may not be studied in any one community, for he is pervasive and generally at home; he plays *skät* and *schopskopf* and drinks beer and speaks German; he is doctor, lawyer, and office-holder — in many ways a publican and sinner.

Small towns have a bad reputation; they are said to be given over to narrow views, backbiting, provinciality, and a general inbreeding of the species. For some reason, this is the exact opposite of the workings of village and country

life in Wisconsin. And there is an absence of racial prejudice, even among small farmers, in communities, which is surprising — there is a cosmopolitan spirit which one would expect only among the most traveled classes. I think it is due to this balanced heterogeneity of population acting under the particular conditions of the small town. In the small town a man is more of an individual; he is a larger fraction in the world; and so his importance to the community makes him more of a person than a member of a race. Even the little farming communities, racial colonies, cannot keep separate for long; they come together in working out road-taxes, in business and politics and farmer’s institutes; and they are brought next door to each other by the farm telephone. And on the monthly Fair Day, the most homekeeping are brought into contact with the whole surrounding population. As an agent of true democracy, this is entirely different from the Afeurasian mix-up of the big city. There the Congress of Nations is forced together in a factory, from which the Nations go home to a community, or, what is worse, to a life that is essentially a hermitage in the crowd, a no-connection vagabondage of rented life. In the country the contact is of a basically different kind; it is a communion between homes. As a result, the marriage record will show an appalling forgetfulness of the past history of kings. What is more desirable, however, is that cosmopolitan spirit on which democracy has got to be founded — the essential Americanism of the man who was born in Germany or Norway or a British island. By all sorts of influences the people are cohering. And if not in marriage, then in the saloon. In this country the German saloon, a solid institution, must be taken into account. Whatever its faults, it must be said that it is here a very crucible of democracy. This is a country of immigrants — seeing there is no other word for it. But here the word is ridiculous. The hills then are immigrants; the soil is a foreigner. The

scenery itself is situated on land which might as easily rise up and claim to be the native country. And the immigrants are all being Americanized, not by any "ism," but by the good old glacial process of mixing them up and stirring them together.

From the artist standpoint, a moraine, seen from a distance, lacks accentuation; the hills all wear the same contour; they march in uniform and none assert themselves over the others except by being bigger. But is not their rounded, flowing, broad-based expression of peace and solid satisfaction just as good — or even better? There is something German about a moraine, whether you view it from inside or out. It is a well-known fact that the dwellers in the most ancient ranges, such as the Jura in Switzerland, which Time has worn down to mere nubs of mountains, find that the hills make a place for themselves in the heart which grand peaks of the Alps cannot fill. Big, self-assertive young mountains — and the tallest are always the most recent in the world's history — can be overbearing in their beauty; and after a while you want to go home. I can imagine an inhabitant of the Appalachians, whose asperities the ages have worn off until they are almost domesticated, being glad enough to get back from the company of the high-spirited and riotous Rockies.

However this may be, the contour of these glacial hills tells the truth about the country, for Wisconsin is the quiet, philosophic home of the cow. When the Japanese want the best Holsteins to help raise the war debt, they do not confine themselves to Holland, where the breed originated, but come here to Wisconsin. Japan has come and been satisfied and returned for more; and only recently the Cow Ambassador was back again negotiating with the farmers for cows with which to beat the world. While the average dairy herds throughout the state are not yet up to the standard that is hoped for, it is no small point of distinction to the government itself that it has devel-

oped the world's champion cow. In the report published a year ago it was announced that Colantha 4th's Johanna had produced in twelve months 27,432 pounds of milk, which made "3-15 pounds of butter per day for each day in the year." By doing this for her master, the State, she conquered the best cow in Switzerland. While other cows, and indeed herself, have gone beyond this in individual yields of butter, it was the best yearly performance; she won the long-distance championship, as it were. And this is what counts in practical dairying.

By such example the state specialists raise the breed, and awaken among the farmers a spirit of emulation. While much fault is continually found with the average herd, there are plain farmers in Dodge County and elsewhere who have broken records of one kind or another, — short or long ones with regard to milk or butter-fat, with this particular breed or that. When a farmer is working a cow to break a record he feeds her as industriously and scientifically as a locomotive fireman would stoke his engine on a trial run for a mail contract. This is kept up day after day or week after week, and a record kept of every ounce of milk, together with its daily test for richness. A long run like this is, as a farmer will tell you solemnly, "hard on her constitution," but she must do it if she would be a famous cow. It requires much stamina and digestive ability on her part, and much science on the part of the farmer; and while it might not seem very exciting sport to the city man, it is a matter of great importance to those who know what is going on. It is not so easy to be a cow as it looks.

The state university has always on its farm herds of cows and hogs that are being educated, — drawn out to see what they will make. When last I heard, there were some promising hogs at Madison; and recent triumph in this line was the great Berkshire, Star Masterpiece II. When Star Masterpiece went to Madison he was a little pig that cost seventy-five

dollars, a descendant of many famous animals. He was fed on the best and kept in a "blue-grass paddock;" and when he had thus gone through Wisconsin University he was bought back by the man who had sold him, for one thousand dollars. "From the day he came to the University farm as a small pig, until he left it, he never missed a meal and always consumed his allowance with a relish that caused many visitors to marvel at his great feeding quality." He left behind him forty little pigs at the University who will try to outdo him. He is now a famous sire whose name stands high in hog literature; and his public is of a size that might give many a poet a pang of envy. In Wisconsin it is considered more of a triumph to do something like this than to have a victorious University eleven.

The milk goes to the cheese-factory at the crossroads, or to the creamery which is to be seen near the railway station — a "milk-depot" indeed. The disposal of the milk at the creamery is a most systematic operation. The farmer drives up to the side of the building, and his cans are hoisted to a loft, where the milk is weighed and tested with a sort of hydrometer which tells exactly the proportion of butter-fat in the product. Along with his empty cans he receives a brass check. Then he drives around to the other side of the little building, where there is a hose about the size used in metropolitan fire departments. He inserts the check in a slot in the side of the building, whereupon the hose squirts out his due amount of skim-milk. Then he drives home with the wagon-load of milk and feeds it to the hogs. This is the universal practice; it is a land that flows with milk, if not with honey.

Near the depot will be seen also the brewery which supplies the little town with beer, and probably a big malt-house which receives the barley of the region, and sprouts and dries it. Wisconsin malt is of a superior quality known all over the United States. The proprietors of the many malt-houses go all the way to New

York and Pennsylvania to sell the malt that was made from the grain that grew in the country that Jack Frost built.

From this preëminence in milk and beer it might seem that Wisconsin produces nothing but drink; but this is not true. It is also a great tobacco country, and, as might be expected of a region with some of the features of New England, we raise a quantity of Connecticut broad-leaf. While the state does not lead Kentucky in this respect, a little town here claims to be the biggest tobacco market in the world. It is hardly likely that the Prohibition wave will make inroads in Wisconsin. Since the success of the movement throughout the United States, there has sprung up in Wisconsin an organization, with influential members in every village, which is busily fighting the battle of Beer for the whole nation. It is doubtful if any state in the Union, when put to it, could raise such an influential and able army of volunteers in the cause of "Personal Liberty," as the opposition to Prohibition is called. And yet it is not a country of drunkards; it is the very opposite. As compared with other parts of the country, even Milwaukee is notably temperate and steady-going.

But this is not continuing with matters on the moraine, unless, to see things from that standpoint, we are all of us Hardheads — as might be implied in certain obdurate and durable qualities. And a man who works a summer — two summers — on stone fence appreciates thoroughly the nomenclature which conceives these stubborn boulders in terms of "heads." To trim them into shape you have to know how to take them, according to their shape and character, their stratification and lines of cleavage. In working plutonic or "massive" rock especially, you must become a phrenologist of hardheads; you must study their bumps and general mass. It is so with human individuals. More than one Hardhead of my acquaintance, plain practical men, have more in them than a finished quarry-stone might ever suspect. Un-

couth, unpromising characters they may seem, so that you would hardly look for anything inside of them. But form their acquaintance, knock a few chips off them in social contact, and they will strike fire and open with a heart of rose. They are likely to surprise you.

What sort of average citizen will result from this mingling and rubbing together of diverse material? What sort of foundation for democracy will it make? Will strong racial idiosyncrasies disappear into one colorless mediocre mass of men? It is a question which all guess at, to no definite purpose. Will not a glacial population be about the same as a glacial soil? That is strong, steady-going, reliable, suited to any sort of crop. The United States is a large experiment in man-breeding. Horse-breeders have long given up the fallacy that like produces like, so far as the individual is concerned; it is the strain which counts. And the greatest triumphs in breeding have resulted from mixing two strains. Among us animals without pedigree, who can tell what surprising atavism lurks in the blood of some human "scrub!" Or what will be the result of this grafting of nation upon nation! It will certainly have some surprises in it, at least; and it is not this, but "inbreeding," that really weakens.

And this reminds me to conclude—where possibly I should have begun—with the remarkable pedigree of the state itself. Stretching across Canada, north of the St. Lawrence, and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi, is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian Highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America, and, according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world. In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe, these mountains came up—a long island of primitive rock with universal Ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in their appearance at the time America was thus look-

ing up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and the appearance of the tops of the Alleghanies, which were the next in order. Later, the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin and westward from the Blue Ridge. An early view of the country would have shown a large island which is now northern Wisconsin, and a long thin tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain-ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear.

As the heated interior of the earth continued to cool and contract, and the water-covered crust sank in some places, and kept bulging up higher in others, the island of northern Wisconsin continued to grow; and the Alleghanies came up with quite a strip of territory at their base. The western mountains made no progress whatever; it was as if they had some doubt about the matter. A view at another stage of progress would have shown Wisconsin and Minnesota entirely out, and pulling up with them the edges of adjoining states, and a strip along the Atlantic about half as wide as New York or Pennsylvania. Still no United States. There was water between these two sections and some islands scattered about in the south. The western mountains had not been progressing at all; they lagged behind for æons. These two sections, beginning with Wisconsin and Minnesota in the west and the Alleghanies in the east, kept reaching out till they made continuous land; and thus Ohio and all those states between are some ages younger. But they are much older than the west; for at a time when the whole eastern half of the continent had long appeared, the Gulf Stream was flowing across the west, and the waters were depositing the small sea-shells which make the calcareous matter under Kansas loam. All that country is much younger, and the western mount-

tains are as big as they are simply because they have not had time to become worn down. As to Florida, it was a mere afterthought, an addition built on by coral insects.

The whole story of those east-central and southern states — how Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois got their coal, and Michigan her salt — would make a lengthy narrative; I have mentioned just enough to show the age of Wisconsin and the still greater age of some of that glacial matter

that came down from the direction of the Laurentian Highlands. It is the oldest land in the world; and the other states, I am sure, will not resent my taking out the state's pedigree and showing it. Wisconsin took part with the east in what geologists call the Appalachian Revolution, — is a veritable Daughter of the Revolution. I mention it merely because I think it greatly to the credit of a dairy state that, at a time so early in the world's morning, she was up and doing.

EYE AND HAND

BY ELLEN DUVAL

THE plain little parlor, the small, plain house, the remote cheap neighborhood — all bore out Janet Carling's theory and knowledge of her former instructor, that he was one who faced life unflinchingly, and expected others to do the same. That was why she had come to him, for it was what *she* must do if the truth were what she suspected. But, oh, the toppling ambition, the depth of the downfall, the unconscious grim irony and seeming waste of it all! And to this was added the sting of that inevitable mortification which follows hard upon the sense of miscalculated capacity, of over-estimated powers. The very way her outspread designs lay upon the centre-table seemed to foreshadow the unpalatable truth. And she must know it, she must have her doubts resolved. She had tried, tried, *tried* — and had never once succeeded. And with life at its height for her, ambition at the flood, the family admiration, hope, belief, — all fixed upon her. The tears did not fall, but a scalding moisture filmed over her eyes, and she steadied her lips with a perceptible effort, as Emil Ruckert, special draughtsman, and also an instructor at the Institute,

entered the room; and the homely odor of the good Sunday dinner which he brought with him, helped her trembling self-possession.

He came forward pleasantly, with the cheerfulness that is a life-habit, and took warmly her extended hand. His full sonorous German voice, with its slight German accent, more than filled the room.

"Well, young lady, you are brave, and I love courage in man and woman. I have gone over them all carefully, — they are perfectly done, perfectly executed."

He broke off, and sat down opposite her, then slowly adjusted his big round spectacles, and scrutinized her much as a physician might a patient, she thought, in a consulting-room. Her absolute health precluded the possibility of any such experience, but this was the way that it must feel and seem. With her sweeping feathers and winter furs she was so strikingly handsome, that Ruckert said suddenly, with childlike pleasure, "It is always so good to see you." The little rotund German-American was himself so "mortal ugly," as the Institute pupils were wont to say, that he made an admirable foil.

But Miss Carling's forced smile was very shadowy, as she said, "Yes, I know they are perfectly done; but — are they really worth while, is there really anything in them?"

The tone of suspense held both hope and fear. Ruckert, gazing at her steadily, turned his head from side to side, and brought his finger-tips together: he was evidently weighing his words.

"Just the plain truth, please," entreated Janet hastily, "the plain truth."

"Even if it — it's — a facer?" asked Ruckert kindly.

"Even if it's a landslide and buries me," said Janet firmly, "I *must* have it."

Ruckert regarded her with a mental and spiritual comprehension and sympathy that, for the instant, revealed to Janet Carling the power of beauty that lies in expression. Then, in a softer voice, he reiterated, "The drawings are perfectly *done*" — emphasizing and prolonging the last word.

The ensuing silence was very telling.

"Yes," said Janet falteringly, "my talent showed itself early, the family believed in me and gave me every advantage. They have made sacrifices for me. I've had all the preliminaries, all the necessary training, as you well know. Eye and hand, hand and eye, are in me cultivated to their utmost. But I shall never make a painter, — I know that now, — though I do very pretty work in water colors, and I can copy perfectly. There, I begin to suspect, lies the mischief, the first hint of what I've had thrust into and upon me for three long years. There seems a fatal lack somewhere; and if it is n't in technical skill, then it must be in me, myself. Am I all facility and versatility, and nothing more? I can do all the prettinesses; the frippery of ornamentation is at my fingers' ends; and I make good money, and do help the family." She evidently tried to speak lightly and to control her quivering voice. "But there's a desire in me, a hunger, that goes infinitely deeper. I think I would almost have given my soul to be able to paint

a real portrait, — I don't know why, just to express the something that's in me." She drew a sobbing breath. "And failing that, then I bent all my energies to architecture, intending to make it my life-work, to open a regular office, and to pay back handsomely to the family what they've spent on me. For my mother has even dipped into her principal. But I can't afford to make a serious mistake, or to prolong it; it might involve too much. I know that you yourself began with architecture; I know you know. Is it worth while for me to persist in it? Or shall I fall back on the prettinesses, and help the family in that way? I'm thirty-three, and I've worked hard."

Ruckert looked at her with the deepest sympathy, for had he not himself drunk to the full of just this cup?

"I really need expert opinion, you see," she said presently, "and the part of a true friend will be to tell me the truth, no matter how unpleasant. You are good and kind, and you *know*: that's why I'm here."

Ruckert rubbed his hands softly together, and inhaled and exhaled long, labored breaths. Passionate lover of beauty as he was, for the first time in all her handsome, self-sufficient life, Janet Carling really appealed to him, really touched his imagination and heart. Very outwardly attractive, but no real charm, had always been his mental reservation; but now, barely able to restrain her tears, throwing herself upon his unquestioned practical and artistic knowledge, his long experience and wisdom, she was really more womanly, and therefore more truly engaging, than she had ever been before. For a man never separates a woman from her femininity, and what man would really care in a woman for utmost artistic capacity expressed without utmost artistic skill?

"Yes I know, I know," said Ruckert gently; "it is a not uncommon sorrow, and a not uncommon mistake. I made it myself. I began with tremendous ambitions, hopes, intentions. I was going to

set the world afire; I was going to build such wonders as never man beheld. Well, it was n't in me, that's all. I had to face my limitations, and to work on from them. I'm a fine draughtsman, and an instructor at the Institute. I've made a decent living, have kept my old mother, now ninety, and a widowed sister, and have wound up and set going the nephews and the nieces. I've done what I *could*; you will have to do the same. I don't say all, but most of us, have to compromise with life in some way. Our worth depends on the nature and degree of our compromise. Use yourself to the best of your ability. I need n't tell you the truth, you know it; that's much, perhaps everything." She was so pale and rigid that he went on hastily, "Nature would seem to be prodigal of attempts in all of us, yet niggardly of results. There are far more blossoms than fruit; there are myriads of talents for one genius, and thousands of artistics to one artist. You and I, dear, dear — Lamb," — bringing out the droll little endearment with sweetest sympathy, — "are just artistics; but we can do our work well, can put plenty of use into life, and get plenty of happiness out of life."

Miss Carling could not speak, and Ruckert turned mercifully to the beautiful mechanical drawings.

"Life is such a paradox," continued the speculative German kindly, "it would seem that Nature, to get any kind of work out of us, often leaves something inadequate, an aching desire unfulfilled, a fine hope thwarted. And if we are brave, we make the best of it, and turn our very limitations to account. I don't know why it is, but you and I," he went on delicately, "have the creative impulse, but not the creative faculty. Give you an idea, a suggestion, and you can work it up to perfection; but your own mind does not generate ideas, does not offer to itself suggestions. That's why I call us both *artistics*. You have all the requisite ability, but not the real inherent capacity." He paused, and Janet crushed her hands together in si-

lence and bit her lips. "Yet sometimes Nature fits us into life, and into one another, in wonderful and undreamed-of ways," he went on. "If you could find some one to be the necessary spark of genius to your skill, I should say, take a partner, open that office, live, and prosper. But where will you find such?"

He looked at her questioningly, searchingly, as if half-expecting a certain reply; but her face was blank. If he had an ulterior meaning, she did not catch it.

"I suppose you have been submitting these plans —"

The disappointment in her eyes checked him, yet she forced herself to smile as she held out her hand for the plans that he was now neatly putting up.

"Yes, I've submitted them, — always to get them back. But you have done me a real service, Mr. Ruckert, and I'm truly grateful. I can't afford to lose time, or to waste effort." Then, turning upon him almost passionately, she cried, "Why, *why*, can't we be artists?"

He hesitated a moment, then said slowly, "Because we cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to our stature. Because the essential fire is given, — a rare gift, — not won, not learned, nor bought. But we can learn the worth of life, and make a place for ourselves by patience and humility."

He rose as she did, and they stood looking at each other, that mutual experience bringing them very near together. He went to the door with her and opened it, and the crisp air and winter afternoon sunshine seemed to fill the common little street with a kind of untimely joy. They shook hands in silence on the doorsteps, Ruckert knowing that disappointment, like the Knight's move at chess, admits of no interposition; and as he watched her tall fine figure pass swiftly out of sight, with its high head unconsciously drooped, and the impotent drawings crushed under one arm as if she were hiding a stab, he felt a return of his own old keen throb and pain, the sense of individual inadequacy in the face of overwhelming artistic de-

sire. He went slowly back into the house, and felt in his pocket for his pipe.

They were but heavy and sombre thoughts that companioned Janet on her homeward way. She, the eldest of the family, — so bright, handsome, intelligent, and devoted a family, — she who had always expected a career, for whom a brilliant career had always been predicted; she the very spirit of initiation, who set the pace as it were, who was adviser in general and critic extraordinary, who, almost ever since her father's death eighteen years ago, had successfully combined legislative, judicial, and executive functions, — the family pillar, boast, and idol, — she, Janet, was facing *failure*; not absolute failure, though she was scarce yet in a condition to recognize this, but certainly the failure of her own proudest, dearest, most confidently and openly expressed hopes.

It may be very human, the mortification that waits upon the discovery of individual limitation, but it is none the less poignant, and Janet fairly smarted at every pore. Should she tell the family that her architectural dreams were but dreams, and have a sharp pang over; or should she continue as she was now doing, go on with her various "prettinesses," and let the family discover the fact of her inadequacy for themselves?

She did not really so much seek to spare her vanity, or personal feeling, — for Janet's was too wholesome a nature for this, — but it was coming home to her now how masterful she had always been, so sure of herself, so sure of her judgments of and for others. In putting an end to the family expectations regarding herself, must she not greatly curtail her influence? When you have once flatly disappointed people, they are not apt to continue to believe in you, she thought bitterly, and the family pendulum of admiration and adulation was just as likely to swing to the opposite extreme. She thought of Ruckert's patience and cheerfulness, of his sunny kindness and usefulness, of the fine self-abnegation of his

daily life, — something of this began to dawn on her, — yet she shivered, for the wind that blew from the heights of discipline that he had attained seemed less stimulating than sinister and cold.

Though the way was long, in her present state of feeling she could not take the trolley: she must walk, if only to counteract these surging thoughts that lashed themselves from side to side, like caged creatures within the suffocating sense of immutable limitation. What she had been feeling and suspecting was now confirmed, was fairly riveted down. Creative heat and energy are from within, responsive to suggestion, correlated with it, but not *it*, and she simply had n't this essential fire and force. In the shelter of her muff, the fingers clinched into the palms until even through the gloves she felt the cut of the nails upon her flesh. Oh, it was hard, hard, when she had so tried, so industriously and systematically *tried*. Conscience and mind fully acquitted her here; no, the lack was unmistakably and irretrievably in herself. And yet, in the midst of this sense of self-limitation, she became gradually aware that life itself was enlarging. She had always been fairly well able to criticise her own work; she now began to scrutinize that other work — Nature's Janet Carling.

She had always been rather "King of her Company," — in itself a serious detriment, — had always been admired, deferred to, in many ways served. Her immediate family, relatives, and friends had formed an unconscious little clique, which stimulated ambition, but did not enhance mental and spiritual perception. She began to feel and see that, while the company of one's peers may not tend to clarify vision, it certainly would not have prolonged the period of self-ignorance. She sighed deeply, and in connection with herself, mentally surveyed her brothers and sisters. There were six of them in all. Ada was married; and Ralph, the eldest son, the one next to her, hoped to be married in the spring, which would naturally remove *his* material help from

the family sphere; and that left Clare and Laura, herself and — Lexy. Her thought paused upon Lexy, and she involuntarily and grimly smiled. He was hardly to be counted upon or reckoned with.

The youngest, full eleven years her junior, delicate in infancy and early childhood, barely out of babyhood when his father died, Lexy, while at first a great care to his mother and sisters, had always been overlooked. Small and morbidly shy, physically and mentally unlike all the others, — the family changeling, indeed, — it had been easy to overlook him. Plain among the handsome, inarticulate among the fluent, neutral among people of decided tastes and opinions, Lexy had always gone his own way unmolested. He disturbed no one; he was never late, never unaccounted for. Unconsciously the family had always said, "All of us — and Lexy." In a family distinctly and distinctively abreast of the times, people who read the latest books, saw the newest pictures and plays, heard the latest operas, and could state clearly the freshest theories in politics, science, literature, and ethics, — among these wide-awake people, Lexy was completely submerged.

Though a great reader, he had barely scraped through school, lost among the ruck of pupils, and no one thought of his going to college. It had not seemed worth while. And at twenty-two he was the intendant of a multi-roomed sky-scraper, where he sat in a tiny office, and rented offices and answered questions and adjusted difficulties and gave directions, and lived a life as little salient, seemingly, as an ant's. His wage was fifty dollars a month, now, with prospects of an increase later on; thirty-five of this he gave regularly to his mother, "for the house," he would briefly say, — and he did not, apparently, squander the remaining fifteen.

He was scrupulously neat, but rather careless in his dress; if taken unawares and flustered, he was apt to stutter. "Society," of the Afternoon-Tea order,

and Bridge-playing sort, he quietly avoided; from girls he glided wistfully away; yet he was always pressed into service to escort home from the family social gatherings the middle-aged ladies and the plain young ones. For the handsome sisters, and Ralph — who was handsomest of all, bright, many-sided, and sympathetic ("sympathetic" was one of the family shibboleths) — had hosts of friends and acquaintances; their Thursday Evenings in January were really delightful: good company, good talk, good music; and a tractable and obliging younger brother who, except when he went to the theatre, was almost invariably at home by half-past ten, was really invaluable.

Defects are almost as obvious as beauties. If the Carlings as a whole had a lack, it was repose, as conspicuously absent as the fine family nose was conspicuously present. Yet very few would feel this, perhaps; for is not repose with us a lost art, or a prehistoric requisite out-lived, like the evolutionary tail? But the quiet Lexy was reposeful enough: he could sit the whole evening in a lamp-lit corner, with a "kind-hearted, mellow, old play-book," comfortably lost to the "up-to-date" world. No, Lexy was "good as gold," a family comfort and convenience, but he did not count in this disintegration of Janet's scheme of things; he was "just Lexy."

She sighed deeply, and he dropped suddenly out of her thoughts as Ralph, with his contemplated marriage, took his place. Ralph counted upon *her*, Janet, to help doubly when his help should be withdrawn. They had both taken it for granted, and moreover, she had openly promised it to him and to herself. What now if she simply *could* not fulfill that promise? She had encouraged his engagement, and the reasonably speedy marriage; she did not believe in long waitings, and there was Adeline's side of the question to be considered. A man should not engage himself to a girl to love all his family, she had said gayly and

kindly; for Janet, if masterful, was anything but selfish. She sighed still more deeply, since this failure might make a difference in Ralph's and Adeline's prospects; for while the "prettinesses" did very well in their way, she had all along regarded them as a mere by-product, and now they would have to be her main dependence.

Softly she opened the front door, intending to go directly to her room. The warm dusk of the hall, the delicate scent of house-plants, the sound of bright voices from the parlor, all jarred upon her strained senses, and she slipped quickly and quietly to the stairway. A figure, which had the effect of lingering half-way up the steps, became opaque in the twilight.

"Is that you, Jan?" And she recognized Lexy's rather low, soft voice. He came down to meet her.

"Who are in the parlor?" she asked hurriedly.

"Nobody in particular: Charlie Grant and two or three girls. Charlie will probably stay to tea; the others will go presently. Why don't you come up to the Den, and rest awhile?"

He led the way to the end of the long upper passage where a living-room looked out to the west; and now the ineffable glow of sunset still shone above the housetops. He stirred the soft-coal fire till the flames darted and quivered up the chimney, but did not light the lamp. Janet dropped into a chair by the fire, and let the drawings slide from under her arm to the floor. Lexy silently picked them up, and laid them carefully on a near-by divan. He said nothing, but lingered, a gentle unobtrusive presence, and finally moved over to one of the windows, and stood looking out, with his back to his sister.

In the moment of defeat so-called, one often realizes more keenly and distinctly the customary life about one, as the blow or sting of failure quickens rather than dulls the sense. Presently Janet became aware that Lexy *was* lingering, and had

made several little inarticulate sounds as if attempting speech. She roused from her self-absorption. Did Lexy divine that aught was amiss? Was it possible that the boy had some boy's notion of standing by her by way of comfort?

"Lexy," she said softly.

"Yes?" The answer came tense and swift, but he drew no nearer.

"I've been having the — the — conceit taken out of me — dreadful operation! — I'm obliged to — to — forego my hopes."

"Janet?" — His voice held a note of entreaty, yet he got no further, for he began to stutter.

"I shall never make an architect: I'm just femininely clever, *clever*, no more nor less. The root of the matter is n't in me; and I've had to face the truth."

"But, Janet, you have such skill." His voice had an odd strain and break in it that hers did not show.

"That's it; I'm all skill. Archimedes could have moved the world if he had had the fulcrum for his lever. I've no fulcrum, no *substance*. I'm a perfect piece of machinery, but with no grist to grind."

There was a long silence. Janet shaded her eyes from the firelight, and leaned back in the chair.

"I'm sorrier — in one way — for the family's sake than for my own. I — I — meant to do so much for you all — be a sort of son and daughter combined. I was going to don a man's armor and do a man's work."

She did not know that the pain in her voice was all the more audible because of the attempted lightness; but she heard Lexy catch his breath.

"Did Ruckert tell you?" He spoke with unusual quickness and decision.

She sat up in sharp surprise. "Ruckert! Do *you* know him?"

"Oh, yes. I've gone to the night-classes for four years. I graduated — with distinction — last June."

She turned on him in amazement. "Lexeter, and you never said a word!"

He came forward shyly, and slipped

down upon the divan beside the discarded drawings.

"Well, you would all have laughed at, maybe scouted, the idea, and would have pitied my infatuation, or my — my — *nerve*. For my hand is still shaky, the after-effects of those childish illnesses still linger, and I shall probably never have perfect muscular control. But, Janet, I *wanted* to do it so, — it seemed part of my very life, — and it took nothing from any one, no one's time or trouble."

He sighed deeply.

"Lexy, why did n't you tell me?" This in a voice of wondering reproach.

"I did want to, often; but as I had never been much of a book-learner, — too busy with books and bits of chalk for that, — I was afraid you and mother might object on the score of health, the taking of the evening for extra work when the day had been already fully occupied. And you have mother's ear more than the rest of us, you know. But as soon as I got the Algonquin Building, it was all plain sailing."

"And your work, Lexy — where's your work?"

She spoke kindly but somewhat mechanically, with no very deep interest. He stooped down and pulled out a shabby portfolio, a discarded one of her own, from under the divan. "I put them here this afternoon on the chance of showing them to you when you came back." He rose quickly and lighted the lamp. "Ruckert told me to show them to you, when he mentioned your intention of consulting him."

Her numbed spirit stirred a little, for she was artist enough, and generous enough, to feel at least anticipation in the presence of the same kind of work. Yet it was with a sigh that she wheeled determinedly round to the light as Lexy laid a large sheet on her lap. Her first glance was half-hearted and perfunctory, but she presently checked an exclamation, and held out a hand eagerly for more. Sheet after sheet he laid down — charcoal most of them, rough, but powerful and *alive*.

Janet held her breath as she fairly devoured them with her eyes. Here was what she would have liked to do, for while finished technical skill was doubtless lacking, there could be no question of their merit, — the root of the matter was too surely there.

"Lexy, and you never even let us *sympathize* with you!"

His small, vivid, hazel eyes, so different from the large gray-blue ones of the others, significantly fixed her.

"*Would* you have sympathized?" he asked quietly. "Would n't you have thought rather that my nervous hand was deterrent enough, that it would be time wasted for *me* to take up drawing? You are all so busy and active and eager and — clever; and feminine cleverness is apt to have so much edge," added Lexy naively, with an unconscious sigh. "I like to crawl into my inmost self, and think; I like to prowl about and to look at life in my own way. You are all so — together, so — gregarious; I did n't seem just to — fit in." He had spoken with little apologetic gasps and stutterings, while Janet earnestly regarded him as in a new and unfamiliar light. "I've got no *show* about me, no *effect*," he concluded with quaint candor. "As you all say, I'm 'just Lexy.'"

Janet was silent. Decidedly life was enlarging, and kaleidoscopically changing; it showed the same colors, perhaps, but far different shapes.

"This face with its traveling eyes — where did you get it?" asked Janet, laying a detaining hand upon a sheet that Lexy was about to remove.

"Oh, a common sailor on the wharves, a rover, son of a Scotch father and a Portuguese mother, he told me; you catch the look of the eyes? Does n't it remind you of Marco Polo's eyes, — that sidelong, far-off look into unreckoned space, the look of the born traveler and explorer? The fellow sat to me for an hour, and I certainly fixed that look."

Lexy spoke with enthusiasm. Janet earnestly regarded him, and it was a really

beautiful face that she bent toward the young man from under the yellow lamp-light, a face touching in its generous pride and fellow-artist satisfaction.

Lexy was absolutely undemonstrative, but he put out his hand and gently touched her sleeve. "Nice old Janet!" he said softly, with a long breath of happy relief and affection.

"There's something in the old fairy stories after all," she said presently, — "a truth with a difference. Is n't it the youngest brother who so often does the deed, and carries off the prize? I'm proud of you, Lexy, and I suspect it was unconsciously our fault that you hid your light so long under a bushel. But the light is here; *you* are the real thing." She spoke with decision. "What a terrible pity that your hand is n't surer."

Lexy drew a deep breath, and clinched the fingers of that nervous right hand. "It's an awful disappointment, Janet, one that has fairly eaten into me; but it can't be helped. I may possibly outgrow it; but as three times seven have passed over me, it's hardly likely. Will you look at my architectural attempts?"

He spoke shyly and wistfully, as if still uncertain there of her entire sympathy; and then he laid another little heap of drawings on her lap. These were less striking, perhaps, than the charcoal heads and sketches, because of the more markedly imperfect workmanship; but the individual idea was always strong, nothing was meaningless, and there was a simplicity, directness, and beauty about his designs that made them memorable.

"Lexy, beside these mine are a mere mess of prettiness," she cried eagerly. "Why, in the name of wonder, have n't you said anything before?" Then, as the interview with Ruckert flashed significantly across her mind, — "Lexy, why did n't Ruckert?" — And then she stopped. Something in the pain yet triumph of the young man's expression, its sweetness and patience and hope, came home to her. "Lexeter, was it *this* that Ruckert meant when he said, 'If you

could find some one to be the spark of genius to your skill'? — Would you like me to work these over for you, Lexy, put them into shape so that you could submit them?"

The boy brought his hands together in ecstasy, and tears of joy shone in his eyes.

"Janet, *will* you, would you be willing to play second fiddle?" There was a sob in his voice. "It'll be *such* a chance!"

Large vistas of life opened before Janet as she looked at him, and as self dropped slowly out of sight. "Did Ruckert mean, did he hope and think —"

She broke off, but gazed questioningly into Lexy's radiant face.

"I don't know," said the boy quickly; "all he said was, 'I want you to show your sister your work; show it to her Sunday afternoon when she comes back from me.'"

Janet's face flushed, then paled, then grew firm again. "Ah, he knew I would do you justice, even as he does!"

Lexy seemed to expand in the warmth of her generous admiration and affection.

"He is finer than I thought, than I knew," she said musingly.

"Oh, Ruckert, he's great!" cried Lexy eagerly. Brother and sister looked deep into each other's eyes. "It was — beautiful — of him to let us find each other out for ourselves," said Lexy shyly, after a long silence.

Janet looked at him remorsefully. "Let me find *you* out, you mean; for you knew my skill." She spoke tensely.

He laid his beautiful hand on her arm again. "If you've found out my — talent, maybe, I've surely discovered yourself, Jan, your — magnanimity. That's better still."

There fell a yet longer silence in which neither could speak.

"Then you'll be eye and genius, and I'll be hand and skill," said Janet presently. She spoke determinedly, bravely concealing any last mortal pang the words may have cost her.

The youth regarded her earnestly. "You are fine, too, Janet," he said

bluntly. Then, catching the quality of her resolute smile, he added wistfully, "You won't mind — very much?"

"Well, possibly just at first I may. Personal ambition, mixed with some vanity, probably dies hard: all the anodyne of common sense does n't quite deaden the pain. But, Lexy, it will be the real opportunity for both of us. It will take you out of the Algonquin, where you evidently *don't* belong, and will put me in an office, where I evidently do, as your assistant. I'm beginning to see great things for you, Lexeter; you must n't disappoint me."

"I won't," said Lexy quietly, gathering up the scattered designs. "Do you really know Ruckert?" he asked suddenly; and for the first time Janet felt how perceptive his eyes were.

"I begin to suspect there are many things I have n't an inkling of."

"Oh, come, don't go to the other extreme, and be *too* self-depreciative," returned Lexy, stuttering.

"I'm going to get ready for tea now."

She rose as she spoke; Lexy held her, however, with his wistful eyes.

"Be satisfied," she said almost tenderly. "This is really our mutual gain. And I'm quite sure I need the discipline. Eye and hand, eh, Lexy?"

The boy turned his back, and the hands that were so carefully putting up her drawings with his own shook. She felt that he was touched to the quick, too grateful and happy for speech.

"When we *do* put out our sign," he contrived to murmur presently, "it'll be, 'Carling and Carling, Architects.'"

She laughed from the doorway. "Immense; I see it already with my mind's eye. But, meanwhile, come down to tea. Visions are unsubstantial."

But the boy lingered. There was rapture in his soul, and he wanted space and silence and solitude in which to meet it. No one more than he who lacked it could appreciate his sister's rare skill. God had lent him a hand. The limitation of each was more than made good in the fullness of the other. Lexy would always be more or less of a solitary, because the deep things of the spirit are incommunicable, and he was born to the deeps of Life; they went with his spark of genius, its joy and its pain. The thought flashed through his mind that there is just one process the Great and Only Artist lets man see and partly share, — the fashioning of a soul in the furnace of pain. He laid all the drawings carefully away, and, after a time, followed his sister.

THE EXPECTATION OF IMMORTALITY

BY GEORGE HODGES

IN founding at Harvard a lectureship on the Immortality of Man, the donor, Mr. George Goldthwait Ingersoll, provided for entire freedom of discussion. He proposed, indeed, the establishment of his foundation "on a plan similar to the Dudleian lecture," but in this reference he had no more in mind than a separation of the lecture from the ordinary instruction of the college. Judge Dudley, in 1750, prescribed not only the theme, but the manner in which it should be treated. Mr. Ingersoll did not follow his example.

It illustrates a characteristic difference between Dudley's day and ours. The men of the eighteenth century did not differ from the men of the twentieth century in their regard for the truth. They believed it to be the most precious of all possessions. They were quite as intent upon getting and keeping it as are the most conservative or the most radical of our own contemporaries. But they felt that truth needed a good deal of protection. They were unwilling to have her go about without an escort. Dr. Holmes said that they thought that Truth was an invalid, and that it was unsafe for her to take the outer air except in a closed carriage with a gentleman in black upon the box. Dudley, accordingly, made provision for the defense of the truth. The lecturers on his foundation were not only to discuss certain subjects, but were to arrive at certain conclusions; as, for example, that "the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate church, spoken of in the New Testament."

Mr. Ingersoll made no such arrangement. What he himself thought about the Immortality of Man does not appear

in the statements which are quoted from his will. It is plain, however, that he did not expect that his lectures would become a series of Easter sermons. He specified that the choice of the lecturer should "not be limited to any one denomination, nor to any one profession, but may be that of either clergyman or layman." The fact that he chose this theme indicates his inclination toward belief, and also his experience that such belief is beset with difficulty. But, whatever his own position may have been, he offered to the truth the homage of his perfect confidence. He was content, in Milton's phrase, to let truth and falsehood grapple. He was in no doubt as to the consequences. Thus he set his theme, and left his lecturers to affirm or deny it as they would. The Dudleian lecture and the Ingersoll lecture are milestones on the road of theological progress.

I

Ten Ingersoll lectures having now been delivered and published, one in each year since the bequest became available, it is proper to consider what has been said thus far. These ten small books on one of the greatest of subjects contain the untrammelled opinions of ten wise men. Two of the lecturers, Professor Ostwald and Professor Osler, are physicists. Two others, Professor James and Professor Royce, are psychologists. Mr. Dole and Dr. Crothers are Unitarian ministers. President Wheeler and Dr. Bigelow illustrate the theme by the ideas of other religions, one reporting the mind of ancient Greece, the other of modern India. Dr. Gordon and Mr. John Fiske may be set together as philosophers. Mr. Fiske's

brilliant work was done indeed in various fields, but to no study did he bring a more earnest mind than to the consideration of the idea of God and the destiny of man, and no writing of our generation has been more effective in resolving the doubts of those to whom the language of technical theology is an unknown tongue; he alone of all the ten knows at this moment what the arguments are worth.

It is an unconventional list. Dudley would no more have committed such a subject to such a succession of lecturers than he would have proposed a discussion of the validity of congregational orders by a series of poets, schoolmasters, and lawyers. The choice, however, has been justified by the size and interest of the audience. Nobody could predict beforehand what any lecturer would say. People came expecting to be surprised, and some of the lecturers fulfilled this expectation. So strong and constant is the note of independence that few of the contributors to this series seem to have risked the peril of prejudice even by reading the arguments of their predecessors. Professor Ostwald, for instance, in his discussion of individuality is completely unaware of Professor Royce's treatment of that subject.

A curious fact is the abstinence of most of the lecturers from any serious consideration of the Christian religion. The Buddhist idea of immortality is admirably expounded by Dr. Bigelow, and the doctrine of the Eleusinian Mysteries is excellently explained by Dr. Wheeler, but there is no exposition of the Christian point of view. In this respect, the lectures are like the schoolrooms adorned with pictures of Minerva and Diana, and in which the only religions whose details are systematically taught are those which are remote in time or place from our contemporary life. This omission has recalled to some impatient minds the associations which were connected with the name of Ingersoll some years ago.

There is, of course, a difference between a university lecture and a parochial sermon. The sermon is addressed for the most part to those who are already in possession of certain firm convictions. These convictions are fundamental. They assert, for example, the being and nature of God, the divinity of Christ, the immortality of man. These are not open questions. They may be discussed for the greater confirmation of the faith, but the discussion ends with affirmation. The religious teacher who finds himself at variance with these convictions resigns his place. That is expected of him.

The university lecture, on the other hand, is addressed to those who are engaged more or less seriously in the interpretation of the universe. It is their purpose to consider truth without regard to convictions or to consequences. All questions are open. Any position, no matter by whom held, — though all the philosophers and all the prophets were agreed upon it, — is open to interrogation; and whoever can show just cause may follow his interrogation by denial.

This description of the difference between the sermon and the lecture exaggerates the contrast. In the actual conditions of the pulpit and the chair, the two are not so wide apart. But it will serve to indicate a characteristic distinction between the preparation of a sermon and the preparation of a lecture, to which these teachers have had regard. Thus an eleventh Ingersoll lecturer, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, whose thesis has just been published, begins by saying, "There may be those who are convinced, on grounds of revealed religion, that man is immortal. To these I do not speak, for anything I could say must be an irrelevance or an impertinence." This is the posting of a notice of intention to debate the matter quite apart from considerations of religion. Immortality is to be affirmed or denied on grounds of philosophy. Most of the lecturers are of this mind.

What do they say? Supposing our-

selves to be desirous of knowing what ten learned men have to teach us as to our probable future, what do they say?

II

Two of them say very little. These, of course, are the physicists. Being asked to consider the subject in the light of their special studies, one of them says bluntly that he finds nothing to confirm or even to suggest the notion of immortality; and the other, while unable to deny that his investigation of the human body gives him no expectation of immortality, still prefers to be in error, as he says, with Plato. That is, two ingenious men being provided with a hammer apiece, a pound of nails, two saws, and two smooth boards, are asked to see what each can do in the way of making a violin. One of them actually sets to work, and for the space of an hour demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that a violin cannot be made with a hammer, a saw, and any quantity of boards and nails. The other looks ruefully at his impossible materials, but maintains his confidence in violins. Beethoven, he says, believed in violins.

The assertion of these lecturers, that as physicists they find no ground for any expectation of immortality, dismisses a whole class of possible witnesses. We can learn nothing about our subject from the processes of physical research. So far as the study of the body goes, intelligence and the nervous system are bound up together. Mr. Fiske puts the matter with his customary clearness when he says that "we have no more warrant from experience for supposing consciousness to exist apart from a nervous system than for supposing the properties of water to exist in a world destitute of hydrogen and oxygen."

Not only is it impossible to prove the immortality of man from the facts with which the physicist deals, but it is equally impossible to imagine the conditions under which such an everlasting life might

proceed. The descriptions which are given in the sacred books are plainly in the language of symbol, and have no concrete significance. He who wrote of golden streets and gates of pearl, and crowns and harps, was only using the words which lay at hand to describe the indescribable. He did not expect his vision to be read like the specifications of an architect. This is true also of the discussion by St. Paul of the spiritual body. The adjective means that, as we have now a body adapted to the conditions of a natural or physical world, we shall presently have a body adapted to a spiritual world. This is no more a definition than the famous description of the duties of an archdeacon as consisting in the performance of archidiaconal functions. The whole matter is not only beyond the range of the physicist's instruments of precision, but it is beyond the scope of imagination.

When, however, it is securely proved that a violin cannot be made by a carpenter out of a piece of board, the case against the possibility of violins is by no means established. There may be other workmen with other materials. So it is with the immortality of man. The physicist says that he is unable to affirm it; but inability to affirm is no ability to deny. Not only, says Mr. Fiske, does the position of the physicist fail to disprove the validity of the belief in immortality, but "it does not raise the slightest *prima facie* presumption against it. This will at once become apparent if we remember that human experience is very far indeed from being infinite, and that there are in all probability immense regions of existence in every way as real as the regions which we know, yet concerning which we cannot form the faintest rudiment of a conception."

One remembers, in this connection, the assertion of Mr. Edison that nobody knows a seven-billionth of one per cent about anything. The physicists are outside the province of their special knowledge. The question under dis-

cussion has to do with the possibility of consciousness when all the materials with which the physicist deals are removed. Plainly, the hypothesis of their removal transfers the whole debate into quite another line of research. "The last place in the world," says Mr. Fiske, "to which I should go for information about a state of things in which thought and feeling can exist in the absence of a cerebrum would be cerebral physiology." That is, the opinion of a student of the body regarding the immortality of the soul is of no more value than the opinion of a maker of kettledrums regarding the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The debate is outside his department. It belongs to the psychologists.

III

Accordingly, Professor James in his lecture, beginning with the formula of the materialist, "thought is a function of the brain," shows that this is no objection to our faith in immortality. For a function may be transmissive rather than productive. The formula need not mean that the brain produces thought as the kettle produces steam. It may mean that the brain transmits thought as a prism transmits light.

"Suppose, for example," says Mr. James, "that a dome opaque enough at all times to the full supersolar blaze, should at certain times and places grow less so, and let certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. These beams would be so many finite rays, so to speak, of consciousness, and they would vary in quantity and quality as the opacity differed in degree. Admit now that our brains are such thin and half-transparent places in the veil. What will happen? Why, as the white radiance comes through the dome, with all sorts of staining and distortion imprinted upon it by the glass, even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in all its fullness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of re-

stricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queeresses that characterize our finite individuality here below. When finally a brain stops acting altogether, or decays, that special stream of consciousness that it subserved will vanish entirely from the natural world. But the sphere of being which supplied the consciousness would still be intact; and in that more real world with which, even whilst here, it was continuous, the consciousness might, in ways unknown to us, continue still." That is, consciousness is like the act of looking through a window. Outside is a vast world of reality; the brain is our dim window. It may be that at death the window opens, and out we go into a new and better sight of the real world, into a new relation with it. The fact that there is no more window does not signify the abolition either of the world or of ourselves; it signifies only some other point of view.

Mr. James's emphasis is on the independent reality of this vast outer world at which we look by consciousness. Mr. Royce, on the other hand, emphasizes the truth of our own being, the fact that within us is an individuality which looks out. We know ourselves, he says, to be individuals, and we recognize the same quality in our neighbors. We cannot define this quality either in them or in ourselves, but it is the one thing of which we are absolutely certain. Philosophy is doubtful about things, and has sometimes denied the reality of the visible world, but it is sure of persons. The affirmation of individuality is an invincible assertion of the human mind. No conceivable identity of appearance or of characteristics can persuade us that two men standing side by side are one and the same man. If, having formed an accurate idea of Abraham Lincoln, we were able to create a man conforming to that idea in every particular, the man would not be Lincoln. Every one of us has the inalienable and indestructible quality of individuality. "I know not in the least," says Mr. Royce, "I pretend not to guess, by what pro-

cess this individuality of our human life is further expressed, whether through many tribulations as here, or whether by a more direct road to individual fulfillment and peace. I only know that our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God in whom alone we are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our true relationship both to other individuals and to the all-inclusive individual, God Himself."

Thus the psychologists, coming into the debate from which the physicists by reason of the irrelevance of their studies are excluded, maintain the immortality of man on two grounds, negative and positive. Mr. James takes the negative position, that although consciousness is a function of the brain, the brain may be no more essential to it than a prism is essential to the existence of light; in another life, we may get along very well without it. Mr. Royce takes the positive position that we are conscious of individuality; and that this individuality, which we can define neither in ourselves nor in our friends, is the hint of a completion of consciousness and of expression for which we need a life larger than this.

IV

When we turn from the physicists and psychologists to the theologians, we find a confident expectation of immortality on the basis of certain fundamental assertions. All reasoning depends on fundamental assertions. When the theologian begins his argument by taking certain things for granted, he is in the company of the man of science who starts with the assertion of the reality of the world of the senses, and of the philosopher who starts with the assertion of the reality of the processes of the mind. The necessity of taking things for granted has its source in the limitations of our intellectual powers, and in the consequent limitation of our intellectual accomplishments.

At the end of three serious questions about anything, we find ourselves in the region of the unknown. "A man surveys his field," says Dr. Crothers, "and fixes his boundaries. He is satisfied with his finite possession, this bit of space inclosed against all trespassers. Then in the night he looks up, and there is no inclosure." Over his scanty acres shines the ancient and everlasting mystery of the stars. We live environed with mystery. Life is a mystery; matter is a mystery. The known is related to the unknown as the cultivated farm within its fences is related to the stars. That which can be proved by mathematics or chemistry is insignificant in comparison with the vast areas where such proof has no standing. Such knowledge as we have of these astronomic regions is got by looking from the heights of the fundamental assertions. Here we know because we know.

These assertions are accredited by their universality. They are the common property of all men in all generations. They are phenomena of humanity, facts about us, like breathing and seeing. We find ourselves in possession of them as a part of our human inheritance. They are conditions of our intellectual being. They cannot, indeed, be proved by instruments of precision, but we perceive that we are unable to get along without them. We assume them in order to prove anything else. Hence we infer that they correspond to reality, as the optic nerve corresponds to light. Being universally in possession of these ideas, we are convinced that they mean something.

Also, the fundamental assertions are accredited by their accordance with our best understanding of the general order of things. We apply to them the method of the naturalist who tries his hypothesis to see how it will fit, and proceeds upon the hypothesis which on the whole appears to explain the greatest number of phenomena in the most reasonable way.

Thus Dr. Gordon, Mr. Dole, and Dr. Crothers base the expectation of immortality, first, upon the fundamental asser-

tion of the being of God; then, upon the assertion of the reasonableness of the universe; and then, upon the assertion of the worth of human life.

"The preposterous," says Mr. Dole, "will not be suffered to happen. We could not respect a God, much less love or worship any being, who brought ranks of creatures into existence, shared the mightiest thoughts with them, inspired infinite hopes in them, lifted the noblest of them into rapturous communion with Himself, continually unfolded their minds and hearts and disclosed the unexhausted capacities of their being, only to drop them into nothingness, as children blow their soap-bubbles and drop them out of the window to burst and vanish." Such an idea of God and of man is out of accord with the reasonableness of the world.

Moreover, "man's life," as Mr. Dole again reminds us, "not only belongs to the realm of the senses and what we call material things, but it belongs essentially, in respect to all that most concerns us as human, to the invisible realm of thought or spirit." In the material realm the eminent facts are force and matter; in the spiritual realm the eminent facts are consciousness, personality, thought, will, and love. And to all this we apply the doctrine of the conservation of value. The material facts persist: on they go, through manifold transformations, into existence without end. What shall we say as to the spiritual facts? Shall oxygen and hydrogen continue, while faith and reverence and self-sacrifice and honor and affection perish? "The idea of immortality is an assertion of the indestructible worth of the values that characterize humanity at its best." And these values are not satisfied by any immortality of lasting influence, or by any merging of the soul of man into the soul of the universe. They demand a conscious, individual existence. Justice and truth and love have no meaning apart from persons. Personality itself is one of the precious facts of human life. Man has been too

long in growing, through the ages of the universe, to live a few years, to make a beginning of an endless life, and then perish. Man is of too much value to be outlived by a brick wall, or even by a mountain.

The being of God, the reasonableness of the world, the value of man, and the immortality of the soul, these theologians say, belong together.

V

The discussion, however, as thus far conducted, is like a debate on the making of the world, without reference to the doctrine of Darwin. The criticism of a man of science upon such a presentation of the matter would be that a great range of new ideas has come into our possession since 1859. To lecture now upon the process of creation as one might have lectured in 1858 is to bring a belated contribution. The criticism of a man of religion upon the Ingersoll series is of the same sort. Something happened in the year one of our era. There entered then into our thought and life a new person, who at the least and lowest taught a body of new truth, and at the most and highest was Himself a disclosure of the divine nature. This new truth was a revelation of God, as revolutionary in regard to the relation between God and man as was the revelation of Copernicus in regard to the relation between the sun and the earth. It was an assertion of the fatherhood of God.

This had, indeed, been dreamed of by saints and philosophers and poets, but it was Jesus Christ who brought it clearly and definitely into the consciousness of man. It differentiates the Christian conception of man and of God from that of any other religion. It is confirmed by that valid process of reasoning whereby we argue from the known to the unknown, from man at his best to God, from human love to divine love. Hosea got a sight of it by inference from his own experience. But back of all reasoning is

our immediate perception of the love of God in the person of Jesus Christ. God is our father; gradually, in the recognition of this truth, superstition and propitiation and the dread of God fade away. We are the sons of God and brothers in one family; gradually, in the recognition of this truth, tyranny and oppression and the merging of the man in the multitude give place to democracy and liberty. And these two truths, the contribution of Christianity to our understanding of life, this fatherhood and this brotherhood, are the syllables which spell the immortality of man. They certify it.

Not only do they certify the life everlasting, but they bring into it new elements of satisfaction. The eleventh Ingersoll lecturer discusses the desirability of immortality. Apart from Christianity, this is an open question. By the Greek, even by the Hebrew, the life whose gate is the grave was accepted with foreboding. The soul entered into a dim, shadowy, and cold existence; "in the darkness," says the psalm, "as the men that have

been long dead." To the Buddhist, the blessed end is to escape at last from individual life into final absorption into the divine. The life everlasting is not desirable, says Mr. Dickinson, unless it implies a state of constant progress. Certainly not. But such constant progress is assured by the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Here again, Christ brought both life and immortality to light. It is by reason of Him that the future is a splendid expectation.

The lectures are all interesting, but one of the elements of their interest is that they show how strong a defense of truth may still be made with bows and arrows; and how much we may see of the planet of Mars without the aid of telescopes. The lecturers summon us to meet them in the Painted Porch of Zeno, or in some philosophic grove whose trees were felled for firewood before the Christian era. It is a long way to go, in space and time. Much of high importance has happened, not only in science, but in religion, since those days.

MY PORTION

BY JOHN B. TABB

I KNOW not what a day may bring;
 For now 't is Sorrow that I sing,
 And now 't is Joy.
 In both a Father's hand I see;
 For one renews the Man in me,
 And one the Boy.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

VIII

THE SUMMER OF '64, AND LINCOLN'S RENOMINATION

[General Nathaniel P. Banks, a civilian general, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, had superseded Butler in New Orleans toward the end of 1862. In 1864 he was placed in command of the so-called Red River Expedition, designed to drive the Rebels from western Louisiana. After a defeat at Sabine Cross Roads, and a success at Pleasant Hill, the expedition ended in futile fashion.]

Tuesday, April 26, 1864.

Rear Admiral Porter has sent me a long, confidential letter in relation to affairs on Red River and the fights that have taken place at Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, etc. The whole affair is unfortunate. Great sacrifice of life and property has been made in consequence of an incompetent general in command. It is plain from Admiral Porter's account that Banks is no general, has no military capacity, is wholly unfit for the position assigned him. He has never exhibited military capacity, and I regret [that] the President should adhere to him. It is to be attributed in a great degree to Seward, who caused Butler to be superseded by Banks, and naturally desires he should not prove a failure, and therefore hopes and strives against facts. Banks has much of the demagogue. [He] is superficially smart, has volubility and a smack of party management which is often successful. The President thinks he has presidential pretensions and friends to back him; but it is a great mistake. Banks is not only no general, but he is not much of a statesman. He is something of a pol-

itician, and a party man of his own stamp, and for his own advancement, but is not true and reliable.

There is an attempt to convert this reverse into a victory, but the truth will disclose itself. The President should, if Porter's statements are reliable, dismiss Banks, or deprive him of military command.

I asked Halleck, who called on me to-day, what the army opinion was of the recent conflicts on Red River. He said we undoubtedly had the worst of it, and that Banks had no military talent or education. While I do not place a high estimate on Halleck himself, his expressed opinion of Banks corresponds with my own. Whether he will recommend the withdrawal of Banks from the army remains to be seen.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

Some fragmentary intelligence comes to us of a conflict of the two great armies. A two days' fight is said to have taken place. The President came into my room about 1 P. M. and told me he had slept none last night. He lay down for a short time on the sofa in my room and detailed all the news he had gathered.

Mr. Wing, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, called upon me this evening. He brings the first news we have had, but this is not full and conclusive.

[Two great movements of the Federal armies were in progress. On May 3 Grant crossed the Rapidan and advanced into the Wilderness, where on May 5 the bloodiest struggle of the war

began. On May 6 Sherman had started from Chattanooga on his march through Georgia.]

Monday, May 9, 1864.

We had yesterday great feelings, deep interest, but little news, little in the way of detail though great in importance. Nothing came from General Grant, who is no braggart, and does not mean to have tidings precipitated in advance. A despatch from General Ingalls to Quartermaster General Meigs calls for forage, which indicates an onward movement. Other incidental information is to the same effect. At least this is my inference, and [that of] others also.

To-day's news confirms the impression, yet we have nothing specific. All our conclusions however are one way, and there can be no doubt the rebels have fallen back, and our forces have advanced.

Mr. Heap, Clerk to Rear Admiral Porter, arrived yesterday from Alexandria on the Red River. He brings a deplorable account of affairs in a confidential despatch from Admiral Porter, and more fully detailed by himself. The misfortunes are attributed entirely and exclusively to the incapacity of General Banks. Neither Admiral Porter, nor Mr. Heap admit any mitigating circumstances, but impute to his imbecility the loss of the expedition and the probable sacrifice of the fleet. They accuse him of equivocating, of electioneering, of speculating in cotton, and general malfeasance and mismanagement.

I took Heap with me to the President and had him tell his own story. It was less full and denunciatory than to me, but it seemed to convince the President, who I have thought was over partial to Banks, and I have thought that Seward contributed to that feeling. The President after hearing Heap said he had rather cottoned up to Banks, but for some time past had begun to think he was erring in so doing. He repeated two verses from Moore, commencing —

'T was ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.

It would not do to retain him in military command at such obvious sacrifice of the public interest.

I am not one of the admirers of Banks. He has a certain degree of offhand smartness, very good elocution and command of language, with perfect self-possession, but is not profound. He is a pretender, not a statesman, a politician of a certain description. He has great ambition, but little fixed principle. It was Seward's doings that sent him to New Orleans.

[On May 11 Grant sent his famous dispatch to Halleck, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The terrible series of attacks on Lee's fortified lines continued daily.]

Wednesday, May 11, 1864.

A craving, uneasy feeling pervaded the community through the day. No intelligence from any quarter received, yet a conviction pervades everywhere that much is being done. I was at the War Department at 9 p. m. The President and Stanton were anxiously waiting intelligence.

Thursday, May 12, 1864.

Late last night, Mr. Byington, a newspaper correspondent, called at my house. He left General Grant's headquarters at 8 a. m. yesterday. Reports hard fighting on Tuesday, but represents our troops to have had the best of it. General Robinson, severely wounded, arrived in Washington.

Friday, May 13, 1864.

The army news is interesting, and as well received as the great loss of life will permit. Hancock has made a successful onset and captured Ed Johnson and two other Generals, with about fifty other officers and four thousand prisoners, thirty pieces of cannon, etc. General Sheridan with his cavalry has got in rear of Lee and destroyed about ten miles of railroad, captured two trains, and destroyed the depot of rebel supplies at Beaver Dam. Our troops are in good heart and everything looks auspicious

for the Republic. Many valuable lives have been offered up for the Union, and many a rebel has fallen. I dwell not on particulars. The public press and documents will give them. The tidings have caused joy to the patriotic everywhere, but among the intense partisans, known as Copperheads, it is obvious there is not gratification in the success of the Union arms. It is painful to witness this factious and traitorous spirit, but it plainly shows itself.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.

A painful suspense in military operations. It is a necessary suspense, but the intense anxiety is oppressive, and almost unfits the mind for mental activity. We know it cannot be long before one or more bloody battles will take place, in which not only many near friends will be slaughtered, but probably the Civil War will be decided as to its continuance, or termination. My faith is firm in Union success, but I shall be glad when faith is past.

There was nothing special to-day at the Cabinet. No information received from the Army of the Potomac. Sherman has had hard fighting in Northern Georgia at Resaca, and the rebels under Johnston have retreated.

THE FORGED PROCLAMATION

[Two young newspaper men, probably without more serious motives than the depression of the stock market, left at every newspaper office in New York City, just before the hour of going to press, copies of a forged proclamation, signed with the President's name, which called in terms of extreme dejection for four hundred thousand fresh troops. The only papers which fell into the trap happened to be two of the most rabid enemies of the administration, and Stanton promptly gave orders for the suppression of both papers. The editors were not, however, imprisoned, and after an interval of three days the papers were suffered to appear as usual.]

May 18, 1864.

Mr. Seward called on me this afternoon at a late hour in reference to the alleged misconduct of the *Marigold*, which is charged with firing a gun at a blockade runner within six hundred yards of Morro Castle. As Temple, Fleet Captain of the East Gulf Squadron, had left me but a few minutes previously, I sent for him, there having been no report of the case. While waiting for Temple, Mr. S[eward] informed me that a forged proclamation had been published by sundry papers in New York, among others by the *World* and *Journal of Commerce*, imposing a fast on account of the failures of Grant and calling for a draft of 300,000 men. Seward said he at once sent on contradicting it, and had ordered the English steamer to be delayed. He then had called on Stanton to know whether such a document had passed over the regular telegraph. Stanton said there had not. Seward then ordered that the other line should be at once seized, which was done. Seward then asked if the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* had been shut up. Stanton said he knew of their course only a minute before. Seward said the papers had been published a minute too long; and Stanton said if he and the President directed, they should be suspended. Seward thought there should be no delay.

Gold, under the excitement, has gone up ten per cent., and the cotton loan will advance on the arrival of the steamer at Liverpool with the tidings [manufactured] probably by the rebels and the gold speculators, as they are called, who are in sympathy with them.

Thursday, May 19, 1864.

The bogus proclamation has been the principal topic to-day. The knowledge that it is a forgery has not quieted the public mind.

Monday, May 23, 1864.

The author of [the] forged proclamation has been detected. His name is Howard, and he has been long connected with the New York papers, but especially with the

Times. If I am not mistaken he has been one of my assailants and a defamer of the Department. He is of a pestiferous class of reckless sensation-writers for an unscrupulous set of journalists, who misinform the public mind. Scarcely one of them has regard for truth, and nearly all make use of their positions to subserve selfish mercenary ends. This forger and falsifier Howard is a specimen of the miserable tribe.

The seizure of the office of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* for publishing this forgery was hasty, rash, inconsiderate and wrong, and cannot be defended. They are mischievous and pernicious, working assiduously against the Union and the government, and giving countenance and encouragement to the rebellion, but were in this instance the dupes — perhaps the willing dupes — of a knave and wretch. The act of suspending these journals, and the whole arbitrary and oppressive proceedings, had its origin with the Secretary of State. Stanton I have no doubt was willing to act on Seward's promptings, and the President in deference to Seward yielded to it.

These things are to be regretted. They weaken the administration and strengthen its enemies. Yet the administration ought not to be condemned for the misdeeds of one, or at most two, of its members. They would not be if the President was less influenced by them.

Thursday, June 2, 1864.

There is intense anxiety in regard to the Army of the Potomac. Great confidence is felt in Grant, but the immense slaughter of our brave men chills and sickens us all. The hospitals are crowded with the thousands of mutilated and dying heroes who have poured out their blood for the Union cause.

Lee has returned to the vicinity of Richmond, overpowered by numbers, beaten, but hardly defeated.

Friday, June 3, 1864.

For several days the delegates to the

National Convention have been coming in. Had a call from several. Met a number at the President's. All favor the President. There is a spirit of discontent among the members of Congress, stirred up I think by the Treasury Department. Chase has his flings and insinuations against the President's policy or want of policy. Nothing suits him.

There seems some difference among the delegates about the Vice-Presidency, but they will be likely to renominate Hamlin, though he has not much personal strength and has not the mind and temperament to build up a party for the country. There is an impression here that he has great strength in New England, but that is not my opinion. He has party cunning and management, but not breadth and strength, and is but little cared for there. [He] is not offensive or obnoxious, but there is no zeal for him. As the President is a Western man and will be renominated, the Convention will very likely feel inclined to go East and to renominate the Vice-President also. Should New York be united on Dix or Dickinson, the nomination would be conceded to the Empire State, but there can be no union in that state upon either of those men or any other.

[On June 3 the Army of the Potomac encountered a terrific repulse in the assault on Lee's lines, known as the Battle of Cold Harbor.]

Saturday, June 4, 1864.

Many delegates to Convention in town. Some attempts [are] made by members of Congress to influence them. The friends of Chase improve the opportunity to exclaim against Blair.

There has been continued fighting, though represented as not very important. Still there is heavy loss, but we are becoming accustomed to the sacrifice. Grant has not great regard for human life.

Monday, June 6, 1864.

Am urged to go to Baltimore, but do

not deem it advisable. Some talk with Blair respecting Chase and Seward, who, though not assimilating, and unlike in many respects, continue to get along. Each has a policy which seems to me unsound, and Blair coincides with me, but [he] is so intent on other matters, personal to the Blairs and the vindictive war upon them, that he is compelled to defer the differences on grave questions to what so nearly concerns him.

[The vote of Missouri at the convention was cast for Grant on the first ballot, although her twenty-two ballots were afterwards transferred to Lincoln to make his nomination unanimous.]

Wednesday, June 8, 1864.

The President was renominated to-day at Baltimore. A contest took place in regard to Missouri, and the wrong delegates were admitted by an almost unanimous vote. A strange perversion! There was neither sense nor reason nor justice in the decision. Rogues, fanatics, hypocrites, and untruthful men secured and triumphed over good and true men. Prejudice overcame truth and reason. The Convention exhibited great stupidity, and actually stultified itself in this matter.

When the vote of the Convention was taken on the nomination for President, it was found the Missouri delegation who had been admitted were not in harmony with the Convention. They would not vote for Mr. Lincoln. He had all the rest of the votes. There was much intrigue and much misconception in this thing.

THE NOMINATION OF JOHNSON

On the question of Vice President, there was greater diversity of opinion at the beginning, but ultimately all united on Andrew Johnson. Personally I did not regret this result although I took no part in its accomplishment. The delegates and papers of my state generally have disapproved of Hamlin's course toward me, and I have no doubt it contributed to their casting a united vote at the start

for Johnson. Hamlin and his friends will give me credit for influence which I do not possess, and ascribe to me rage or malevolence which I never felt.¹ Without cause, and because I would not extend undue favor to one of his friends by official abuse, he has treated me coldly, discourteously, and with bad temper, so much so as to attract attention and lead to opposition to his renomination.

Thursday, June 9, 1864.

There seems to be general dissatisfaction with the nominations made at Baltimore, and with the resolutions adopted. Except the nomination for Vice President, the whole proceedings were a matter of course. It was the wish of Seward that Hamlin should again be the Vice President, and the President himself was inclined to the same policy, though personally his choice is Johnson. This I think was the current administration opinion, though with no particular zeal or feeling. Blair inclined to the policy of taking Hamlin, though partial to Johnson. I took no part, and could not well take any. Yet to-day from several quarters it is said to me that Connecticut overthrew Hamlin, and that it was my doings which led to it. While this is not correct, I am no wise disposed to be dissatisfied with the change that has been made.

[The so-called "Gold Bill," which became law on June 17, "provided penalties for effecting contracts in gold coin or bullion or foreign exchange for future delivery and declared all such contracts ab-

¹ [Mr. Hamlin was disgruntled with Secretary Welles because the latter had not given a contract for building gunboats to a firm of contractors friendly to Mr. Hamlin. The tradition that Welles was covertly hostile to Hamlin is still cultivated by Hamlin's most recent biographer, Charles E. Hamlin, who remarks: "He [Welles] was a false friend, and pursued Mr. Hamlin with the traditional bitterness of that kind of a man." The remarks in the Diary, never intended for publication, are an adequate commentary on this opinion.] — THE EDITORS.

solutely void." This bill, which made it still easier for gold speculators to monopolize their commodity, resulted within ten days in a rise of the precious metal from 200 to 250. On July 2 the measure was repealed.]

Monday, June 20, 1864.

The gold bill, as it is called, has been finally enacted, and we shall soon ascertain whether it effects any good. Chase and his school have the absurd follies of the Whigs and John Law in regard to money and finance. I have no confidence in his financial wisdom or intelligence on those subjects.

We get no good army news from Petersburg. Our troops have suffered much and accomplished but little so far as I can learn. But there is disinclination to communicate army intelligence as usual. Were the news favorable it would be otherwise.

The President in his intense anxiety has made up his mind to visit General Grant at his headquarters, and left this P. M. at five. Mr. Fox has gone with him, and not unlikely favored and encouraged the President in this step, which I do not approve. It has been my policy to discourage these Presidential excursions. Some of the Cabinet favored them. Stanton and Chase, I think, have given them countenance heretofore.

He can do no good. It can hardly be otherwise than harmful, even if no accident befalls him.

Wednesday, June 22, 1864.

Much sensational news concerning delay of army movements. I am inclined to think our people have learned caution from dear experience — dear in the best blood of the country.

Gold has gone up, to-day to 230. Legislation does not keep down the price or regulate values. In other and plainer terms, paper is constantly depreciating and the tinkering has produced the contrary effect from that intended by our financiers.

Friday, June 24, 1864.

The President was in very good spirits at the Cabinet. His journey has done him good physically, and strengthened him mentally, and inspired confidence in the general and Army. Chase was not at the Cabinet meeting. I know not if he is at home, but he latterly makes it a point not to attend. No one was more prompt and punctual than himself, until about a year since. As the presidential contest approached, he has ceased in a great measure to come to the meetings. Stanton is but little better. If he comes, it is to whisper to the President, or take the despatches or the papers from his pocket and go into a corner with the President. When he has no specialty of his own, he withdraws after some five or ten minutes.

Mr. Seward generally attends the Cabinet meetings, but the questions and matters of his Department he seldom brings forward. These he discusses with the President alone. Some of them he communicates to me, because it is indispensable that I should be informed, but the other members are generally excluded.

Saturday, June 25, 1864.

The Treasury management is terrible, ruinous. Navy requisitions are wantonly withheld for weeks, to the ruin of the contractor. In the end the government will suffer greatly, for persons will not under these ruinous delays deal with the government at ordinary current rates. The pay of the sailors and workmen is delayed until they are almost mutinous and riotous. There is no justifiable excuse for this neglect. But Mr. Chase, having committed blunders in his issues, is now desirous of retiring certain paper, and avails himself of funds of creditors on naval accounts to accomplish this. It is most unjust. The money honestly due to government creditors should not be withheld for Treasury schemes, or to retrieve its mistakes.

I am daily more dissatisfied with the Treasury management. Everything is growing worse. Chase, though a man of

mark, has not the sagacity, knowledge, taste, or ability of a financier. [He] has expedients, and will break down the government. The President has surrendered the finances to his management entirely. Other members of the Cabinet are not consulted. Any dissent from, or doubt even of his measures is considered as a declaration of hostility and an embarrassment to his administration. I believe I am the only one who has expressed opinions that questioned his policy, and that expression was mild and kindly uttered. Blair said about as much, and both [he and I] were lectured by Chase. But he knew not then, nor does he know now, the elementary principles of finance and currency. Congress surrenders to his capricious and superficial qualities as pliantly as the President and the Cabinet. If they do not legalize his projects, the Treasury is to be closed, and under a threat or something approaching a threat, his schemes are sanctioned, and laws are made to carry them into effect, but woe waits the country in consequence.

Tuesday, June 28, 1864.

GOLD has gone up to 240. Paper which our financiers make the money standard is settling down out of sight. This is the result of the gold bill and similar measures, yet Chase learns no wisdom. We are hurrying onward into a financial abyss. There is no vigorous mind in Congress to check the current, and the prospect is dark for the country under the present financial management. It cannot be sustained.

Wednesday, June 29, 1864.

Congress is getting restive and discontented with the financial management. The papers speak of the appointment of Field, Assistant Secretary, to be Assistant Treasurer at New York, in the place of Cisco. I doubt if any one but Chase would think of him for the place; and Chase, as usual, does not know the reason. Morgan prefers Hillhouse, and Seward wants Blatchford. But Field has

talents, and Chase takes him from association.

The closing hours of Congress are crowded, as usual, but I believe matters are about as usual. Our naval bills have mostly been disposed of.

THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE

[Lincoln's behavior towards Chase was long-suffering under continued and extreme provocation. The Secretary's frequent intrigues in support of his Presidential aspirations were passed over by his superior with humorous comment, but in the summer of 1864 the difficulties of retaining Chase became practical impossibilities. Within six months Chase had twice offered his resignation, and Cabinet councils were still further embittered by the increasing intensity of the hatred between Chase and Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General, whose brother, Frank P. Blair, made matters worse by a speech in the House of Representatives filled with invective against the Secretary of the Treasury. While his relations to the administration were strained almost to the breaking point, an opportunity occurred for the appointment of a new Assistant Treasurer in New York City. Chase urgently supported M. B. Field, who was resolutely opposed by Senator Morgan of New York. Knowing that such a nomination would split the party in New York state, where harmony was of great moment to the Union cause, Lincoln refused to accept Chase's suggestion, but framed his reply in the most conciliatory way. The Secretary refused to be mollified, and on June 29 resigned his office. "Chase," said the President, "thinks he has become indispensable to the country, that his intimate friends know it, and he cannot comprehend why the country does n't know it."]

Thursday, June 30, 1864.

All were surprised with the resignation of Secretary Chase and the nomination of Governor David Tod as his successor. I knew nothing of it till the fact was told

me by Senator Doolittle who came to see and advise with me, supposing I knew something of the circumstances. But I was wholly ignorant. Chase had not thought proper to consult me as to his resignation, nor had the President as to his action upon it, or the selection. My first impression was that he had consulted Seward and perhaps Blair. I learn, however, he advised with none of his Cabinet, but acted from his own impulses.

I have doubts of Tod's ability for this position though he has good common sense and was trained in the right school, being a hard-money man. Not having seen the President since this movement took place, I do not comprehend his policy. It can hardly be his intention to reverse the action of Chase entirely without consulting those who are associated with him in the government. And yet the selection of Tod indicates that, if there be any system in the movement. The President has given but little attention to finance and the currency, but yet he can hardly be ignorant of the fact that Chase and Tod are opposites. The selection of Tod is a move in the right direction if he has made the subject a sufficient study to wield the vast machine. On this point I have my doubts. His nomination will disturb the "Bubbles" (the paper-money men), and the question was not acted upon, but referred to the finance committee who have been with the Senate. I have no doubt their astonishment at the obtrusion of a hard-money man upon them was made manifest.

The retirement of Chase, so far as I hear opinions expressed, and they are generally freely given, appears to give relief rather than otherwise, which surprises me. I had thought it might create a shock for a brief period, though I did not fear that it would be lasting. I look upon it as a blessing. The country could not go on a great while longer under his management, which has been one of expedients and of no fixed principles, or profound and correct financial knowledge.

It is given out that a disagreement between himself and the President in relation to the appointment of Assistant Treasurer at New York was the cause of his leaving. I think it likely that was the cause of his tendering his resignation, and I have little doubt that he was greatly surprised that it was accepted. He may not admit this, but it is none the less true, I apprehend. Yet there were some circumstances to favor his going — there is a financial gulf ahead.

Friday, July 1, 1864.

This day is the anniversary of my birth. I am sixty-two years of age. Life is brief. Should I survive another year I shall then have attained my grand climacteric. Yet it is but the journey of a day, and of those who set out with me in the morning of life how few remain! Each year thins out the ranks of those who went with me to the old district school in my childhood.

Governor Tod has declined the position of Secretary of the Treasury. It does not surprise [me]. Senator Fessenden has been appointed, who will, it is said, accept, which does surprise me. I doubt if his health will permit him to bear the burden. He has abilities; is of the same school as Chase. Has been Chairman of the Committee of Finance during Chase's administration of the Treasury, and, I have supposed, a supporter of his policy. Yet I have had an impression that Fessenden is an improvement upon Chase, and I trust he is.

But the President's course is a riddle. Tod is a hard-money man. Fessenden has pressed through Congress the paper system of Chase. One day Tod is selected: on his refusal Fessenden is brought forward. This can in no other way be reconciled than in the President's want of knowledge of the subject. His attention never has been given to the finances. He seems not aware that within twenty-four hours he has swung to opposite extremes.

Seward can hardly have been consulted, for Fessenden has been his sharp and avowed opponent of late, and unless he

has changed, or shall change, will prove a troublesome man for him in the Cabinet.

The President has great regard for Chase's abilities but is glad to be relieved of him, for C[hase] has been a load of late. [He] is a little disappointed and dissatisfied, has been captious and uncertain, favored the fault-finders, and, in a way, encouraged opposition to the President.

July 2, 1864.

Telegrams this A. M. inform us that the pirate Alabama was sunk on the 19th of June off Cherbourg by the Steamer Kearsarge, Commander Winslow, after a fight of one hour and a half. Informed the President and Cabinet of the tidings which was matter of general congratulation and rejoicing.

Mr. Fessenden appeared at Cabinet meeting as the successor of Mr. Chase.

The subject of the arrest and trial of General Dix in New York for suspending the publication of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* was brought forward. There was a little squeamishness with some on the subject. The President very frankly avowed the act to be his, and he thought the government should protect Dix. Seward was positive and bold on that.

I expressed no opinion, nor did Blair or Bates. While I regret that the papers should have been suppressed or meddled with, I would not, I think, permit a general officer to be arrested and tried by a state Judge for obeying an order of the President. If there is a disposition to try the question before the United States tribunals, it would be well to permit it. This was my hasty conclusion.

Admiral Porter called on me to-day direct from his command. Had a long interview on his affairs.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA

Received despatches to-day from Captain Winslow of the Kearsarge relative to sinking the Alabama. Wrote congratulatory letter.¹ There is great rejoicing

throughout the country over this success, which is universally and justly conceded a triumph over England as well as over the rebels. In my first draft I made a point or two, rather too strong perhaps against England and the mercenary piratical spirit of Semmes, who had accumulated chronometers.

While the people generally award me more credit than I deserve in this matter, a malevolent partisan spirit exhibits itself in some, which would find fault with me because this battle did not sooner take place. These assaults disturb me less perhaps than they ought — they give me very little uneasiness, because I know them to be groundless. Violent attacks have been made on the Department and myself for the reason that our naval vessels were not efficient — had no speed: but in the account of the battle the Kearsarge is said, by way of lessening the calamity, to have had greater steaming power than the Alabama, and to have controlled the movement. Our large smooth-bore guns, "the Dahlgrens,"¹ have been ridiculed and denounced by the enemies of the Navy Department, but the swift destruction of the Alabama is now imputed to the great guns which tore her in pieces.

[For the time being, Grant seemed to have been fought to a standstill. Lee detached Early with 20,000 veterans to invade the Shenandoah valley and, if occasion offered, to attack Washington. The capital was in imminent danger (had Early appreciated the condition of affairs) and might have been actually captured on July 11.]

A summer raid down the valley of the Shenandoah by the rebels and the capture of Harper's Ferry are exciting matters, and yet the War Department is disinclined to communicate the facts. Of course I will not ask. A few words from Stanton about "cursed mistakes of our

¹ Named after their inventor, who later became Admiral Dahlgren.

generals" — loss of stores that had been sent forward — bode disaster.

Friday, July 8, 1864.

Stanton tells me that he has no idea the rebels are in any force above, and should not give them a serious thought but that Grant says he thinks they are in force, without, however, giving his reasons or any facts. The President has been a good deal incredulous about a very large army on the upper Potomac, yet he begins to manifest anxiety. But he is under constraint I perceive, such as I know is sometimes imposed upon by the dunderheads at the War Office, when they are in a fog, or scare, and know not what to say or do. It is not natural, or the way of the President, to withhold information or speculation at such times, and I can always tell how things are with Halleck and Stanton when there are important movements going on. The President is now enjoined to silence, while Halleck is in a perfect maze, bewildered, without intelligent decision or self-reliance, and Stanton is wisely ignorant. I am inclined to believe, however, that at this time profound ignorance reigns at the War Department concerning the rebel raid in the Shenandoah valley, that they absolutely know nothing of it.

Saturday, July 9, 1864.

The rebel invasion of Maryland, if not so large or formidable as last year and year before, looks to me very annoying — the more so because I learn nothing satisfactory or reliable from the War Office, and am persuaded there is both neglect and ignorance there.

Our Alabama news comes in opportunely to encourage and sustain the nation's heart. It does them, as well as me, good to dwell upon the subject and the discomfiture of the British and Rebels. The perfidy of the former is as infamous as the treason of the latter. Both were whipped by the Kearsarge — a Yankee ship with a Yankee commander and a Yankee crew.

THE REBELS APPROACH WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 10, 1864.

When at the Department Sunday morning the 10th, examining my mail, one of the clerks came in and stated that the rebel pickets were on the outskirts of Georgetown within the District lines. There had been no information to warn us of this near approach of the enemy, but my informant was so positive and soon confirmed by another, that I sent to the War Department to ascertain the facts. They were ignorant — had heard street rumors, but they were unworthy of notice — and ridiculed my enquiry.

Later I learned that young King, son of my neighbor Z. P. K[ing], was captured by the rebel pickets within the District lines and is a prisoner.

Monday, July 11, 1864.

The rebels are upon us. Having visited Upper Maryland they are turning their attention hitherward. General Wallace has been defeated, and it was yesterday current that General Tyler and Colonel Seward were prisoners, the latter wounded. But it seems only the last is true of the latter.

The rebel pickets appear in strength in front of Forts Stevens and De Bussy, on the borders and within the District lines. Went to Stanton, but got from him nothing at all. He exhibits none of the alarm and fright I have seen in him on former occasions. It is evident he considers the force not large, or such that it cannot be controlled, and yet he cannot tell their number, nor where they are.

I rode out this evening to Fort Stevens, latterly called Fort Massachusetts. Found General Wright and General McCook with what I am assured is an ample force for its defence. Passed and met as we returned three or four thousands, perhaps more, volunteers under General Meigs, going to the front. Could see the line of pickets of both armies in the valley, extending a mile or more. There was continual firing — without

any casualties so far as I could observe, or hear. Two houses in the vicinity were in flames, set on fire by our own people because they obstructed the range of our guns and gave shelter to rebel sharpshooters. Other houses and buildings had also been destroyed. A pretty grove nearly opposite the fort was being cut down. War would not spare the tree if the woodman had.

I enquired where the rebel force was, and the officers said, over the hills, pointing in the direction of Silver Spring. Are they near Gunpowder or Baltimore — where are they? Oh! within a short distance, a mile or two only. I asked why their whereabouts was not ascertained, and their strength known. The reply was that we had no fresh cavalry.

The truth is the forts around Washington have been vacated and the troops sent back to General Grant who was promised reinforcement to take Richmond. But he has been in its vicinity more than a month, resting apparently after his bloody march, but [has] effected nothing since his arrival on the James.

Tuesday, July 12, 1864.

The rebels captured a train of cars on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Road, and have burnt the bridge over Gunpowder and Bush rivers. It is said there were 1500 of these raiders.

Governor Bradford's house, a short distance out of Baltimore, was burnt by a small party. General demoralization seems to have taken place among the troops, and there is as little intelligence among them as at the War Office in regard to the rebels.

We have no mails, and the telegraph lines have been cut, so that we are without news or information from the outer world.

Went to the President's at twelve, being day of regular Cabinet meeting. Mr. Bates and Usher were there — the President was signing a batch of commissions. Fessenden is absent in New York. The condition of affairs connected

with the rebels on the outskirts was discussed. The President said he and Seward had visited several of the fortifications. I asked where the rebels were in force. He said he did not know with certainty, but he thought the main body at Silver Spring.

I expressed a doubt whether there was any large force at any one point, but [thought] that they were in squads of from 500 to perhaps 1500 scattered along from the Gunpowder to the falls of the Potomac, who kept up an alarm on the outer rim while the marauders were driving off horses and cattle. The President did not respond farther than to again remark he thought there must be a pretty large force in the neighborhood of Silver Spring.

I am sorry there should be so little accurate knowledge of the rebels, sorry that at such a time there is not a full Cabinet, and especially sorry that the Secretary of War is not present. In the interviews which I have had with him, I can obtain no facts, no opinions. He seems dull and stupefied. Others tell me the same.

Rode out this P. M. to Fort Stevens. Went up to the summit of the road on the right of the fort. There were many collected. Looking over the valley below, where the continued popping of the pickets was still going on, though less brisk than yesterday, I saw a line of our men lying close near the bottom of the valley. Senator Wade came up beside me. Our views corresponded — that the rebels were few in front, and that our men greatly exceeded them in numbers. We went together into the fort where we found the President was sitting in the shade — his back against the parapet towards the enemy.

Generals Wright and McCook informed us they were about to open battery and shell the rebel pickets, and after three discharges an assault was to be made by two regiments which were lying in wait in the valley.

The firing from the battery was accurate. The shells that were sent into a fine

mansion occupied by the rebel sharpshooters soon set it afire. As the firing from the fort ceased our men ran to the charge and the rebels fled. We could see them running across the field, seeking the woods on the brow of the opposite hills. It was an interesting and exciting spectacle. But below we could see here and there some of our own men bearing away their wounded comrades. I should judge the distance to be something over three hundred yards. Occasionally a bullet from some long-range rifle passed above our heads. One man had been shot in the fort a few minutes before we entered.

As we came out of the fort, four or five of the wounded men were carried by on stretchers. It was nearly dark as we left. Driving in, as was the case when driving out, we passed fields as well as roads full of soldiers, horses, teams, mules. Campfires lighted up the woods, which seemed to be more eagerly sought than open fields.

The day has been exceedingly warm, and the stragglers by the wayside were many. Some were doubtless sick, some were drunk, some weary and exhausted. Then men, on horseback, on mules, in wagons as well as on foot, batteries of artillery, caissons, an innumerable throng. It was exciting and wild. Much of life and much of sadness. Strange that in this age and country there is this strife and struggle, under one of the most beneficent governments which ever blessed mankind, and all in sight of the Capitol.

In times gone by I had passed over these roads little anticipating scenes like this, and a few years hence they will scarcely be believed to have occurred.

Wednesday, July 13, 1864.

It is no doubt true that the rebels have left. I called on General Halleck on a matter of business and while there about eleven he had a telegram saying the rebels passed through Rockville to the northwest about three this A. M. They are making, I remarked, for Edward's Ferry, VOL. 104 - NO. 3

and will get off with their plunder if we have no force there to prevent. He said it was by no means certain they would cross at Edward's Ferry.

We looked over the map together, and he, like myself, thought it probable they had taken that course. I remarked that they appeared not to have concentrated their force upon any one place. Halleck asked by what authority I said that. There was harshness and spite in his tone. I coolly said, by my own judgment and the observation of almost anyone who had any intelligence on the subject. He said he did not think I had heard so from any military man who knew anything about it. I said no military man or any other had been able to tell me where they were concentrated to the amount of five thousand. Nor have I found any one except Halleck, Hitchcock, and a few around the Department, express an opinion that there was a large number or that they were concentrated. They were defiant and insolent; our men were resolute and brave, but the bureau generals were alarmed and ignorant, and have made themselves and the Administration appear contemptible.

The rebels before leaving burnt the house of Judge Blair, Post-Master General. This they claimed to have done in retaliation for the destruction of the house of Governor Letcher, — a disgraceful act and a disgraceful precedent.

Friday, July 15, 1864.

We had some talk at Cabinet Meeting to-day on the rebel invasion. The President wants to believe there was a large force and yet evidently his private convictions are otherwise. But the military leaders, the War Office, have insisted there was a large force. We have done nothing, and it is more gratifying to our self-pride to believe there were many of them, especially as we are likely to let them off with considerable plunder scot free.

Seward and Stanton seem disturbed. There is something which does not suit

them. Seward followed Stanton out, and had a talk in the ante-room. I met Solicitor Whiting as I left the White House, who was very anxious to talk. Deplores the miserable military management; imputes the whole folly and scare to General Halleck; says Stanton has disapproved his policy, but [that] the President clings to Halleck who is damaging him and the Administration greatly; that Halleck and Blair are both injuring the President. "Why," said I, "you do not mean to identify Blair with this pitiful business?" "Oh no," said he, "but Blair is so perverse on the slavery question that he is getting all the radical element of the country against the Administration." As I did not care to enter into controversy on that topic, and it was late, I left him. But the conversation indicates that Stanton intends to throw off responsibility on to Halleck.

THE MEDDLING OF GREELEY

[On his own initiative, Horace Greeley attempted to open negotiations with the Confederate Government for bringing the war to a close. Lincoln subsequently authorized Greeley to bring with him to Washington any person "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery." Greeley proceeded to Niagara Falls, and after desultory negotiations with Confederates in Canada, learned that they possessed no authority from the Confederate Government. The negotiations eventually broke up in futile fashion.]

Friday, July 22, 1864.

At the Cabinet meeting the President read his correspondence with Horace Greeley on the subject of peace propositions with George Saunders and others at Niagara Falls. The President has acquitted himself very well if he was to engage in the matter at all; but I am sorry that he permits himself in this irregular way to be induced to engage in correspondence with irresponsible parties

like Saunders and Clay, or scheming busybodies like Greeley. There is no doubt that the President and the whole administration are misrepresented and misunderstood on the subject of peace, and Greeley is one of those who has done and is doing great harm and injustice in this matter. In this instance he was evidently anxious to thrust himself forward as an actor; and yet when once engaged he began to be alarmed—he failed to honestly and frankly communicate the President's first letter, as was his duty, but sent a letter of his own, which was not true and correct, and found himself involved in the meshes of his own frail act.

Thursday, July 28, 1864.

Rode out this evening, accompanied by Mrs. Welles, and spent an hour with the President and Mrs. Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home.

The New York papers are engaged in a covert and systematic attack on the Navy Department,—covert so far as the republican or administration press is concerned. Greeley of the *Tribune* is secretly hostile to the President, and assails him indirectly in this way; so the *Evening Post*, a paper hitherto friendly, but whose publisher is under bail for embezzlement and fraud which the Navy Department would not conceal. The *Times* is a profligate Seward and Weed organ, wholly unreliable, and in these matters regardless of truth or principle. It supports the President because it is the present policy of Seward. The principal editor, Raymond, is an unscrupulous soldier of fortune, yet recently appointed Chairman of the Republican National Executive Committee. He and some of his colleagues are not to be trusted, yet these political vagabonds are the managers of the party organization. His paper, as well as others, are in a combination with Norman Wiard, and pretenders like him, against Monitors. Let the poor devils work at that question. The people will not be duped or misled to any great extent by them.

THE FIASCO AT PETERSBURG

[After repeated failures to capture Petersburg by assault, Grant attempted to blow up part of the Confederate works by an extensive mine filled with powder. The execution of the attempt was attended with inexcusable blundering and cowardice. The result was a costly and mortifying failure.]

Tuesday, August 2, 1864.

The explosion and assault at Petersburg on Saturday last appears to have been badly managed, the results were bad, and the effect has been disheartening in the extreme. There must have been some defect or weakness on the part of some one or more. I have been waiting to get the facts, but do not yet get them to my satisfaction. It is stated in some of the letters written, that lots were cast as to which corps and which officers should lead in the assault. I fear there may be truth in the report, but if so and Grant was in it or cognizant of it, my confidence in him, never very great, would be impaired. I should not be surprised to learn that Meade committed such an act, for I do not consider him adequate to his high position; and yet I may do him injustice.

My personal acquaintance with him is slight, but he has in no way impressed me as a man of breadth and strength or capabilities, and instead of selecting and designating the officer for such a duty, it would be in accordance with my conceptions of him to say, let any one cast lots, etc.; but I shall be reluctant to believe this of Grant, who is reticent, and I fear less able than he is credited. He may have given the matter over to Meade, who had done this. Admiral Porter has always said there was something wanting in Grant, which Sherman could always supply, and vice versa as regards Sherman, but that the two together made a very perfect general officer, and they ought never to be separated. If Grant is confiding in Meade, relying on him as he

did on Sherman, Grant will make a failure I fear, for Meade is not Sherman, nor the equal of Sherman. Grant relies on others, but does not know men, can't discriminate.

I feel quite unhappy over this Petersburg matter. Less, however, from the result, bad as it is, than from an awakening apprehension that Grant is not equal to the position assigned him. God grant that I may be mistaken.

Seward and Stanton make themselves the special confidants of the President, and they also consult with Halleck — so that the country is in a degree in the hands of this triumvirate who, while they have little confidence in each other, can yet combine to influence the President, who is honest. •

Attorney General Bates, who spent last evening with me, opened his heart freely as regards the Cabinet. Of Blair he thought pretty well, but said he felt no intimacy with or really friendly feelings for any one but me; that I had his confidence and respect, and had from our first meeting. Mr. Seward had been constantly sinking in his estimation; that he had much cunning, but little wisdom, was no lawyer and no statesman. Chase, he assures me, is not well versed in law principles even; is not sound, nor of good judgment.

General Halleck he had deliberately charged with intentional falsehood and put it in writing, that there should be no mistake or claim [that he had] misapprehended him. He regretted that the President should have such a fellow near him.

Thursday, August 4, 1864.

This day is set apart for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. There is much wretchedness and great humiliation in the land, and need of earnest prayer.

General Hooker has arrived from Atlanta, having left in a pet because General Howard was given McPherson's position. He is vain, has some good and fighting qualities, and thinks highly and too much of himself.

PARTY ASSESSMENT OF FEDERAL OFFICE-
HOLDERS

Monday, August 8, 1864.

Mr. Seward sent me to-day some strange documents from Raymond, Chairman of the National Executive Committee. I met R[aymond] some days since at the President's, with whom he was closeted. At first I did not recognize Raymond, who was sitting near the President conversing in a low tone of voice. Indeed I did not look at him, supposing he was some ordinary visitor, until the President remarked "Here he is, it is as good a time as any to bring up the question." I was sitting on the sofa, but then went forward and saw it was Raymond. He said there were complaints in relation to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that we were having and [were] to have a hard political battle the approaching fall, and that the fate of two districts and that of Kings County also depended upon the Navy Yard. It was, he said, the desire of our friends that the masters in the yard should have the exclusive selection and dismissal of hands, instead of having them subject to revision by the Commandant of the Yard. The Commandant himself they wished to have removed. I told him such changes could not well be made, and ought not to be made. The present organization of the Yard was in a right way, and if there were any abuses I would have them corrected.

He then told me that in an attempt to collect a party assessment at the Yard, the Naval Constructor had objected, and on appealing to the Commandant he had expressly forbidden the collection. This had given great dissatisfaction to our party friends, for these assessments had always been made and collected under preceding administrations. I told him I doubted if it had been done, certainly not in such an offensive and public manner; that I thought it very wrong for a party committee to go into the Yard on pay-day and levy a tax on each man as he received his wages, for party purposes; that I was aware parties did strange things in

New York, but there was no law or justice in it, and the proceeding was, in my view, inexcusable and indefensible; that I could make no record enforcing such assessment, that the matter could not stand investigation. He admitted that the course pursued was not a politic one, but he repeated former administrations had practised it. I questioned it still and insisted that it was not right in itself. He said it doubtless might be done in a more quiet manner. I told him if obnoxious men, open and offensive opponents of the administration, were there, they could be dismissed. If the Commandant interposed to sustain such men, as he suggested might be the case, there was an appeal to the Department; whatever was reasonable and right, I was disposed to do.

We parted and I expected to see him again, but instead of calling himself, he has written Mr. Seward, who sent his son with the papers to me. In these papers a party committee propose to take the organization of the Navy Yard into their keeping, to name the Commandant, to remove the Naval Constructor, to change the regulations, and make the Yard a party machine for the benefit of party, and to employ men to elect candidates instead of building ships. I am amazed that Raymond could debase himself so far as to submit such a proposition, and more that he expects me to enforce it.

THE NEW YORK PRESS

There is not an honest fair-dealing administration journal in New York City. A majority of them profess to be administrative, and yet it is without sincerity.

The New York *Herald*, with a deservedly bad name, gives tone and direction to the New York press, particularly those of Whig antecedents, and which profess to support the administration. It is not of course acknowledged by them, nor are they conscious of the leadership, but it is nevertheless obvious and clear. When the *Herald* has in view to defame or put a mask upon a man, it commences and persists in its course against him. He

may be the friend of the *Tribune* and *Times*, [and in that case] of course they do not at first assent to what is said by the *Herald*. Sometimes they will make a defence — perhaps an earnest and strong one — but the *Herald* does not regard it, and goes on attacking, ridiculing, abusing, and defaming. Gradually one of the journals gives way, echoes slightly the slanders of the *Herald*, and once commenced it follows up the work. The other journals, when things have proceeded to that length, also acquiesce. This is a truthful statement of the standing and course and conduct of the papers I have named.

The *Times* is a stipendiary sheet. Its principal editor, Raymond, is mercenary. [He] possesses talent, but is a subservient follower of Weed and Seward. At present the paper, being in the hands of Thurlow Weed and SIC, it will not for the campaign openly attack the President, who is the candidate. But it will, under the lead of the *Herald*, attack any and every member of the Cabinet but Seward, unless Seward through Weed restrains it.

The *Tribune* is owned by a company which really desired to give a fair support to the administration, but Greeley, the editor, is erratic, unreliable, without stability, an enemy of the administration because he hates Seward, a creature of sentiment and impulse, not of reason or professed principle. Having gone to extremes in the measures that fermented and brought on this war, he would now go to extremes to quell it. I am prepared to see him acquiesce in a division of the Union, or the continuance of slavery, to accomplish his personal party schemes. There are no men or measures to which he will adhere faithfully. He is ambitious, talented, but not considerate, persistent, or profound.

The *Evening Post* is a journal of a different description, and still retains some of its former character for ability and sense. Bryant, I am inclined to believe, means well, and of himself would do well.

But he is getting on in years, and his son-in-law Godwin attempts to wield the political bludgeon.

These are the Administration journals in the City of New York. Thurlow Weed has control of the *Evening Journal* of Albany, and to a considerable extent of the press of the State, of Whig antecedents. He is sagacious, unscrupulous, has ability and great courage, with little honest principle, is fertile in resources, a keen party tactician, but cannot win respect and confidence, for he does not deserve them. For some time past he has been ingratiating himself with the copperhead journals and leaders, and by his skill has made fools of their editors, but I apprehend has not fooled their leading managers. He evidently believes, not without reason, [that] he is using them. They know they are using him. To some extent each may deceive the other. There is a feigned difference between him and Seward, or there has been, but no one is misled by it. Weed is indispensable to Seward, and the master mind of the two. This is as well-known to the copperhead leaders as to any persons. Recently Weed has been here, and has had interviews with the President; to what purpose, whether of his own volition or by invitation, I have never enquired. I have noticed that Seward endeavors to impress on the President the value of Weed's opinion, especially in party matters.

Friday, August 19, 1864.

Much pressed with duties. A pleasant hour at the Cabinet, but no special subject. Fessenden still absent, Stanton did not attend. Blair enquired about the Niagara peace correspondence. The President went over the particulars. Had sent the whole correspondence to Greeley for publication, except one or two passages in Greeley's letters which spoke of a bankrupted country and awful calamities. But Greeley replied that he would not consent to any suppression of his letters or any part of them; and the President remarked that though G[reeley] had put

him (the President) in a false attitude, he thought it better he should bear it than that the country should be distressed by such a howl, from such a person, on such an occasion.

Concerning Greeley, to whom the President has clung too long and confidingly, he said to-day, that Greeley is "an old shoe — good for nothing now, whatever he has been." "In early life with few mechanics and but little means in the west, we used," he said, "to make our shoes last a great while with much mending, — and sometimes, when far gone, we found the leather so rotten the stitches would not hold. Greeley is so rotten that nothing can be done with him. He is not truthful — the stitches all tear out."

Friday, August 19, 1864.

Seward said to-day that Mr. Raymond, Chairman of the National Executive Committee, had spoken to him concerning the Treasury, the War, the Navy, and the Post Office Departments connected with the approaching election, that he had said to Mr. Raymond that he had better reduce his ideas to writing, and [that Raymond] had sent him certain papers; but that he, Seward, had told him it would be better, or that he thought it would be better, to call in some other person, and he had therefore sent for Governor Morgan, who would be here, he presumed, on Monday. All which means an assessment is to be laid on certain officials and employees of the government for party purposes. Likely the scheme will not be as successful as anticipated, for the depreciation of money has been such that neither [party] can afford to contribute. Good clerks are somewhat indifferent about remaining, and so with mechanics. I cannot for one consent to be an instrument in this business, and I think they must go elsewhere for funds. To a great extent, the money so raised is misused, misapplied, and perverted and prostituted. A set of harpies and adventurers pocket a large portion of the money extorted. It is

wanted now for Indiana, — a state which has hosts of corrupt and mischievous political partisans, who take large pay for professed party services, without contributing anything themselves.

HOW FARRAGUT WAS DISCOVERED

Tuesday, August 23, 1864.

Received despatches to-day from Admiral Farragut confirming intelligence received several days since through rebel sources. The official account confirms my own previous impressions in regard to operations. Secretary Stanton, in one of his bulletins, represented that Fort Gaines had surrendered to General Granger and the army. It is shown that the proposition of Colonel Anderson, who commanded the fort, was to surrender to the fleet after the Monitors had made an assault; that Admiral Farragut consulted with General Granger, that the terms were dictated from the squadron, that Colonel Anderson and Major Brown went on board the Admiral's vessel when the arrangement was consummated, etc.

Why should the Secretary of War try to deprive an officer like Farragut and the naval force of what is honestly their due?

It does not surprise nor grieve me that another and different class — the intense partisan — should wholly ignore the Navy Department in all naval victories. No word of credit is awarded us by them for the late achievement, yet I know the people are not wholly ignorant on the subject; some of the more thoughtful will appreciate the labor and responsibility devolving on those who prepared the work, and furnished the means for the work in hand. Some credit is due for the selection of Farragut in the first instance.

When the expedition to New Orleans was determined upon, the question as to who should have command of the naval forces became a subject of grave and paramount importance.

I had heard that Farragut resided in Norfolk at the beginning of the troubles, but that he abandoned the place when

Virginia seceded and had taken up his residence in the city of New York. The fact interested me. I had known something of him in Polk's administration, and his early connection with Commodore Porter was in his favor. All that I had heard of him was to his credit as a capable, energetic, and determined officer of undoubted loyalty. Admirals Jo Smith and Shubrick spoke well of him. The present Admiral, D. D. Porter, who, with others, was consulted, expressed confidence in him, and as Porter himself was to take a conspicuous part in the expedition, it had an important influence. But among naval officers there was not a united opinion. Most of them, I think, while speaking well of Farragut, doubted if he was equal to the position — certainly not so well appointed a man as others, but yet no one would name the man for a great and active campaign against Mobile or some other point. They knew not of New Orleans.

After the question was decided, and I believe after Fox and D. D. Porter both wrote Farragut unofficially of his probable selection to command the new Gulf Squadron, I was cautioned in regard to the step I was taking. Senator Hale asked me if I was certain of my man — southern born — a southern resident, with a southern wife, etc. Several members of Congress questioned me closely; a few knew Farragut, who had not then carved out a great name, and there was, I became conscious, a general impression or doubt whether I had not made a mistake. I will not follow the subject here. His works speak for themselves, and I am satisfied the selection was a proper one, probably the very best that could be made. At that time Dupont was in favor — almost a favorite.

POLITICS IN THE NAVY YARDS

Saturday, August 27, 1864.

Mr. Wakeman, the Postmaster at New York, with whom I am on very good terms, for he is affable, insinuating and

pleasant, though not profound nor reliable, — a New York politician, — has called upon me several times in relation to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Wakeman has been prompted and put forward to deal with me. He says we must have the whole power and influence of the government this coming fall, and if each department will put forth its whole strength and energy in our favor, we shall be successful. He had just called on Mr. Stanton at the request of our friends, and all was satisfactorily arranged with him. Had seen Mr. Fessenden and was to have another interview, and things were working well at the Treasury. Now, the Navy Department was quite as important as either, and he, a Connecticut man, had been requested to see me. There were things in the Navy Yard to be corrected, or our friends would not be satisfied, and the election in New York and the country might, by remissness, be endangered. This must be prevented, and he knew I would use all the means at my disposal to prevent it. He then read from a paper what he wanted should be done. It was a transcript of a document that had been sent me by Seward as coming from Raymond, for the management of the Yard, and he complained of some proceedings that had given offence. Mr. Halleck, one of the masters, had gotten two or three hundred workmen together, and was organizing them with a view to raise funds and get them on the right track; but Admiral Paulding had interfered, broken up the meetings, and prohibited them from assembling in the Navy Yard in future.

I told him I approved of Paulding's course. That there ought to be no gathering of workmen in working hours, and while under government pay, for party schemes; and there must be no such gatherings within the limits of the yard at any time. That I would not do an act myself that I would condemn in an opponent. That such gatherings in the Government Yard were not right, and what was not right, I could not do.

He was a little staggered by my words or manner, or both; insisted we could not succeed without doing these things, that other parties had done them, and we must; but he had full confidence I would do right, and should tell them so when he returned.

Neither Wakeman, nor those who sent him, are aware that the course which he would pursue would and ought to destroy any party. No administration could justify and sustain itself that would misuse power and the public means as they propose. Their measures would not stand the test of investigation, and would be condemned by the public judgment, if healthy. They are not republican, but imperial.

FARRAGUT AND DUPONT

[The important sea victory of Mobile Bay forced the surrender of Forts Gaines and Morgan, and gave Farragut the control of the most important harbor in the Gulf still open to the Confederacy.]

Friday, September 2, 1864.

Admiral Farragut's despatch relative to the capture of Fort Morgan and the infamous conduct of General Page in spiking his guns after his surrender is received. It was most disgraceful, and would justify severe treatment.

Some of the administration presses and leaders have undertaken to censure me for slighting Dupont, not one of them awards me any credit for selecting Farragut. Yet it was a great responsibility, for which I was severely criticised, and until he had proved himself worthy of my choice, I felt it.

The contrast between Farragut and Dupont is marked. No one can now hesitate to say which is the real hero — yet three years ago it would have been different. Farragut is earnest, unselfish, devoted to the country and the service. He sees to every movement, forms his line of battle with care and skill, puts himself at the head, carries out his plan, if there is difficulty leads the way, regards

no danger to himself, dashes by forts and overcomes obstructions. Dupont, as we saw at Sumter, puts himself in the most formidable vessel, has no order of battle, leads the way only until he gets within short cannon range, then stops, says his ship would not steer well, declines however to go in any other, but signals to them to go forward without order or any plan of battle, does not enjoin upon them to dash by the forts; they are stopped under the guns of Sumter, Moultrie, and are battered for an hour, a sufficient length of time to have gone to Charleston wharves, and then they are signalled to turn about and come back to the Admiral, out of harm's way.

When I appointed Dupont to command a squadron I met the public expectation. All but a few naval officers, most of whom were under a cloud, approved and applauded so judicious a selection. But no cheering response was made to the appointment of Farragut. Some naval officers said he was a daring, dashing fellow, but they doubted his discretion and ability to command a squadron judiciously. Members of Congress inquired who he was, and some of them remonstrated, and questioned whether I was not making a mistake, for he was a southern man and had a southern wife. Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet knew him, or knew of him, except, perhaps, Seward, but he was not consulted and knew nothing of the selection until after it was made. When told of the appointment, he inquired if Farragut was equal to it, and asked if it would not have been better to have transferred Dupont to that command.

Farragut became a marked man in my mind when I was informed of the circumstances under which he left Norfolk. At the time the Virginia convention voted to secede he denounced the act, and at once abandoned the state, leaving his home and property the day following, avowing openly and boldly, in the face and hearing of the rebels by whom he was surrounded, his determination to

live and die owing allegiance to no flag but that of the Union under which he had served. This firm and resolute stand caused me not only to admire the act, but led me to inquire concerning the man. I had known of him slightly during Polk's administration, when I had charge of a naval bureau, remembered his proposition to take San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz, and all I heard of him was well, but he was generally spoken of as were other good officers. Fox, Foote, and Dahlgren gave him a good name. Admiral D. D. Porter was emphatic in his favor, and his knowledge and estimate of men were generally pretty correct. Admiral Smith considered him a bold, impetuous man, of a great deal of courage and energy, but his capabilities and power to command a squadron was a subject to be determined only by trial.

Had any other man than myself been Secretary of the Navy, it is not probable that either Farragut or Foote would have had a squadron. At the beginning of the rebellion, neither of them stood prominent beyond others. Their qualities had not been developed; they had not possessed opportunities. Foote and myself were youthful companions at school. And I have stated the circumstances under which Farragut was brought to my notice.

Neither had the showy name, the scholastic attainments, the wealth, the courtly talent, of Dupont. But both were heroes. Dupont is a polished naval officer, selfish, heartless, calculating, scheming, but not a hero by nature, though too proud to be a coward.

[In the Democratic Convention which met at Chicago on August 29, General McClellan was nominated for the Presidency on a platform which declared the war a failure, and demanded peace "at the earliest practicable moment." McClellan accepted the nomination, but repudiated the salient plank of the platform. At first, everything seemed to favor his election.]

Saturday, September 3, 1864.

New York City is shouting for McClellan, and there is a forced effort elsewhere to get a favorable response to the almost traitorous proceeding at Chicago. As usual, some timid Union men are alarmed, and there are some, like Raymond, Chairman of the National Committee, who have no fixed and reliable principles to inspire confidence, who falter, and another set like Greeley, who have an uneasy lingering hope that they can yet have an opportunity to make a new candidate. But this will soon be over. The Chicago platform is unpatriotic, almost treasonable to the Union. The issue is made up. It is whether a war shall be made against Lincoln to get peace with Jeff Davis. Those who met at Chicago prefer hostility to Lincoln rather than to Davis. Such is extreme partisanship.

We have to-day word that Atlanta is in our possession, but we have yet no particulars. It has been a hard, long struggle, continued through weary months. This intelligence will not be gratifying to the zealous partisans who have just committed the mistake of sending out a peace platform, and declared the war a failure.

Monday, September 5, 1864.

Mr. Blair returned this morning from Concord. He had, I have little doubt, [been] sent for partly to see and influence me. I am not sufficiently ductile for Mr. Raymond, Chairman of the National Executive Committee, who desires to make each Navy Yard a party machine.

Blair, like a man of sense, has a right appreciation of things, as Paulding's letter satisfied him. Whether it will Raymond and [E. B.] Washburn is another question, about which I care not two straws; only for their importuning, the President would not give the old Whig party a moment's attention. His good sense and sagacity are against such exercise or abuse of power and patronage, as I heard him once remark. It is an extreme of partyism such as [is] practised in New York.

Tuesday, September 13, 1864.

Had an interesting half hour's talk with J. M. Forbes, a sensible man and true patriot. He wishes the President to make the issue before the country distinctly perceptible to all as democratic and aristocratic. The whole object and purpose of the leaders in the rebellion is the establishment of an aristocracy, although not distinctly avowed. Were it avowed, they would have few followers. Mr. Forbes wishes me to urge this subject upon the President. It is not in my nature to obtrude my opinions upon others. Perhaps I err in the other extreme. In the course of the conversation he related a violent and strange assault that was made upon him by Mr. Seward, some time since, in the railroad cars or on the platform at a stopping-place, denouncing him for trying to postpone the nominating convention.

Mr. Blair, in walking over with me, took the opportunity of stating his conviction that there was a deep intrigue going forward on the part of the "little villain," using Greeley's epithet to Raymond, to effect a change of Cabinet next March. The grumbling and the complaint about the employees in the navy yards meant more than was expressed. It is to gradually work upon the President and get him, if possible, dissatisfied with me and with the administration of the Navy Department. I doubt if this is so, and yet should not be at all surprised to find Blair to be right in his conjectures.

POLITICAL PRESSURE CONTINUES

Wednesday, September 14, 1864.

I had a formal call to-day from a committee consisting of Mr. Cook of Illinois, a member of the National Committee Mr. Humphrey, an ex-member of Congress from Brooklyn, and two or three other gentlemen. Mr. Cook opened the subject by presenting me a resolution, adopted unanimously by the National Committee, complaining in general terms that the employees of the Brooklyn Navy Yard were, a majority of them, opposed

to the administration. He also presented a paper, which the President had given him, from certain persons in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, complaining in a similar manner of the condition of affairs in the Charlestown and Kittery Navy Yards.

Our interview was long, and matters were pretty fully gone into. After reading the papers, I stated that these were charges in general terms, and asked if they had any specific facts, anything tangible for us to inquire into. Was there any case within their knowledge, or the knowledge of any one to whom they could refer, of wrong, or disloyalty, of offensive political bearing? They were evidently unprepared to answer. Mr. Cook said he had understood there were some warrant officers who ought to be removed. I explained there were naval officers and there were civilians in the Navy Yards. The former were detailed to duty, the latter are appointees of the Department. The Masters are appointed by the Department and they employ all the workmen, subject to the approval of the chiefs of their respective departments. I had appointed and retained all the Masters in Brooklyn by the advice of Mr. Humphrey and his associates. If there were any improper persons employed there, it was by the Masters thus selected on Mr. Humphrey's recommendation. Mr. Cook said he had not fully understood this matter.

Mr. Humphrey said there were a good many disloyal men in the yard. I requested him to point them out, to give me their names, to specify one. He was not prepared, nor were either of the men with him. Mr. Humphrey said that a majority of the men in the yard were copperheads, opposed to the administration. I asked him how he knew that to be the case, for I could not credit it. He said he had been told so, and appealed to the Master Joiner who was present — a little deaf. The Master Joiner thought that four-sevenths were opposed to the administration. I enquired on what data he made that statement. He said he had no data, but he could tell pretty well by go-

ing round the yard and mingling with the men. I told him that besides introducing partisans into the yard, which was wrong, his figure was mere conjecture; and asked if their ward committees in the city outside the yard did their duty, if they canvassed their wards, knew how many navy yard men were in each ward, and how they stood relatively with parties. They were aware of no such canvass, had no facts, had done nothing outside.

But the burden of their complaint was against Mr. Davidson, the Assistant Naval Constructor, who would not dismiss, or give his approval to dismiss, any man of the opposition. Again I asked for facts. "Why, if there is this wrong, has not a case been brought to my knowledge? You must certainly, among you all, know of a single case if there is such a grievance as you represent." Mr. Humphrey appealed to the Master Joiner, who related the circumstance of a difference that had grown up between a workman and a quarter man, — an appeal was made to Mr. Hallock, the Master; Hallock wrote his dismissal for insubordination, and Mr. Davidson had not approved it; no action had yet been taken.

This was the only case they could recollect. This, I told them, was not a case of disloyalty, or objectionable party opinion, but of discipline. If as stated, the facts should have been reported to me, and I would have given them attention. But nothing, they were confident, could be done with Mr. Davidson to favor the Republican party. I asked Mr. H[umphrey] if he knew Mr. Davidson's political opinion. Told him Mr. D[avidson] had been recommended by every Republican member of Congress from Philadelphia. Mr. H[umphrey] did not know what his opinions were, but he had no sympathy with us. I told him my impressions were, that D[avidson] was a friend and supporter of the President — but he had gone a stranger to Brooklyn, and been treated with neglect and was much misrepresented; that I was satisfied and confirmed that my impressions

were correct, that there was no proper party organization in Brooklyn, that they had no proper canvass, that they did not labor and exert themselves properly, but sat down leisurely and called on the President and Secretary of the Navy to do their party work and organization for them; that in this way they could never make themselves formidable. They must mingle with the people, be with them and of them, convince them by intercourse that the Republicans were right. That they should invite the employees to their meetings, furnish them with arguments, get them interested, and they would in that way have their willing efforts and votes.

They thought, they said, they had a pretty good organization, but if allowed to go into the yard they could better organize; it would help them much. I told them I thought such a proceeding would be wrong; it was a maxim to me not to do that which I condemned in another. They said if they could go near the Paymaster when he was paying the men off, and get the assessment off each man, it would greatly aid them. I told them it would help them to no votes. The party who was compelled to pay a party tax could not love the party who taxed him. His contribution must, like his vote, come voluntarily; and they must persuade and convince him to make him effective.

I promised to write, instructing Delano, the Constructor, to pass on the selections and dismissals of men, and not to depute this duty to his assistant. This, they thought, would afford them relief; and though I perceived there was disappointment in the matter of money-getting, which is obviously the great object in view, they went off apparently satisfied with the victory for Delano.

Tuesday, September 20, 1864.

Intelligence reaches us this morning that Sheridan has achieved a great victory over Early, in the valley of the Shenandoah, after much hard fighting. This will do much to encourage all union-loving men, and will be ominous to Lee.

(To be continued.)

CONCORDANCE-MAKING IN NEW ZEALAND

BY A. E. TRIMBLE

As a child and as a young person I received much advice — some good, some bad, some indifferent, all useless. I have grown up into neither lawyer, doctor, nor spiritual pastor, so my advice is not a marketable commodity. Therefore, having freely received, I now freely give — advice.

To those wishing to become thoroughly acquainted with the work of an author my advice is simple, — “Concord him.” There is no surer method. At once you get his innermost meaning, and test his best worth. If his writing be great, the enthusiasm with which you attack the work will be great, and will grow greater as the work grows. Spite of weariness of the flesh, of writer’s cramp, or of the many other devices whereby Satan intrigues to make your hands idle that he may mischievously use them, you stick to your work. Day by day, week by week, even year by year, the work and your ardor together increase. Daily your spirit with exceeding joy meets the author’s spirit. At length the work is finished, and the knowledge of “Something attempted, something *done*” warms your heart as it warmed the Blacksmith’s. Woe to the man who concords second-rate stuff! Drearier toil could scarcely be imagined, lacking the Divine Fire. But, given Genius to work upon, no task could be more absorbing. The Lust of Finishing seizes you, the newest novel fails to tempt, social duties are forgotten, meals are tiresome necessities only, and bedtime an interruption.

While the spell was upon us, our friends facetiously christened our home “Concord.”

Firstly, because we were always con-

Secondly, in affectionate remembrance of our household gods — Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, but chiefly old Bronson Alcott, the father of that pathetic family of which Louisa was the star.

Thirdly, because there was no discord there.

Again, we received much advice: “Cruden became a lunatic. You had better take care. Don’t work too hard.” Or, “Mary Cowden Clark spent sixteen years upon her Concordance. Do you expect to do yours in less time?” Or, “Why did you choose Whitman’s poems? Surely it would have been wiser to do some more popular author. Nobody reads Whitman except a few cranks like yourselves. No one will need your concordance.” Or, “Couldn’t you spend the time more profitably on original work?” Or, “How do you know that some other Concordance of *Leaves of Grass* will not be brought out before yours is finished?” And the speaker would proceed to relate the saddest of Baring-Gould’s stories: of the poor shoemaker who loved his Bible, and who wanted to make the study of it easier for others, and who indexed every significant word therein, spending all he had — time, money, life itself, on the work. And how, when the Herculean task was done, he — with great gladness — bore his burden of precious toil to his clergyman, only to find it “love’s labor lost,” — to learn that the work had been done three centuries before. “And the poor man died of a broken heart,” we are reminded; to which we would gayly answer in Walt’s own words, “The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him.”

Just so the work is to the worker, and

comes back most to him. It cannot miss, and no one will ever get quite as much out of the Concordance as the Concorde does. It indeed "comes back most to him." Robert Browning says somewhere (if I had a Browning Concordance by me, I could give chapter and verse), —

No gain
That I experience, must remain
Unshared.

When I read these lines — years ago — they practically made over my scheme of life. They became my working motto. So, as I had found in Walt Whitman great stores of faith, hope, and love, I hailed the chance of sharing him with others; and it was with great good-will that I joined in helping to make a "Complete Concordance of *Leaves of Grass*."

For the information of those who have not done any such work — a fairly large percentage of the Cultured Class — it would be well to explain the method of work. Drawing a bow at a venture, I hit a typical line: —

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw
the little that is good steadily hastening to-
wards immortality.

Next, take the index paper. In a column, at the beginning of each line, stand the letters of the alphabet. Write the title of the poem and its page at the top of the paper thus: —

Roaming in Thought, page 216.

On	line	G	enter	good.
On	"	H	"	hastening.
On	"	I	"	immortality.
On	"	L	"	little.
On	"	O	"	over.
On	"	R	"	roaming.
On	"	S	"	saw, and steadily.
On	"	T	"	thought, towards.
On	"	U	"	universe;

marking each entry "line 1," because it is the first line of that poem. Next, enter these words on uniform sheets of paper, which contain all previous entries of the same word. Should any word not have occurred before, take a fresh sheet, write

the word plainly at the top, and enter your new word thereon. When entering the word, write the quotation in which it occurs, also note name of poem and number of line. These sheets are kept in bundles, one for each letter of the alphabet. To save handling, let all words having the same initial letter be consecutively entered from the index paper. Every sheet must be placed scrupulously in alphabetical order in the bundle, or the result will be confusion worse confounded.

It will be seen that the line just concorded had to be written out twelve times, once when indexing and eleven times when entering upon the sheets. Hence the work is to be most highly recommended for giving the worker a full, true, and particular knowledge of the poet's words and meaning. The way in which the esoteric purport of a line or poem gradually emerges and yields itself up to the patient Concorde, when writing it for the twelfth or maybe the twentieth time, is as beautiful as it is amazing. Then too, the joy of living, day by day, in ever closer communion with the mind of a great poet, is not to be lightly esteemed. So, even supposing some one else should publish the work before us, it cannot rob us of past joys, or of present wisdom, acquired in the process of doing the work.

There is a curious inequality in the size of the bundles. A is an average size, as are also B, D, E, F, L, M, O, P, R, W; but you must add together J, K, G, V, Y to make a bundle equal in size to A, or I. H, N, O, U together only equal A. Bundle C is twice the size of A, and bundle S is quite three times the size. This was surprising until one noticed how many of the most musical and sweet-sounding words — poets' words — begin with a sibilant. Next in bulk to C comes T, while Z has only four entries from *Leaves*, — Zeus, Zinc, Zones, and Zuyder Zee.

After about four years of steady work the concording is complete. All that

remains to be done is the typing — each letter and each sheet being typed in alphabetical order. The manuscript meanwhile is stored in kerosene boxes, and, roughly speaking, occupies thirty-two gallons of space, or is equal in bulk to eight four-gallon tins of kerosene. Its weight is appalling; so, too, were the monthly bills for paper. When telling a friend — of the female domestic species — that our monthly bills for paper were at least five times as large as our butcher's bills, her horror was so voluble and overwhelming that there was no opportunity to explain that we were vegetarians, though not of the bigoted variety.

Walt's vocabulary is prodigious. He uses a fresh word every time, and always the right one. One would imagine Roget's *Thesaurus* to have been his favorite reading, yet this cannot have been so, or Horace Traubel would certainly have told of it. Without the slightest consideration for the pains of his Concorders-to-be, Walt makes and uses compound words. Once used, he casts them aside and they appear no more, or else appear un-hyphenated, necessitating two new entries.

Penology is a fashion of the day. "How not to make Criminals," and the like; or, having already manufactured them under our elaborate system of prisons, police, punishments, "How can We Cure our Criminals?" An eminent physician, interested in our literary labor, made a wise suggestion the other day. "All great authors should be concorded," he pronounced, "and the work should be done by the educated prisoners." Instantly we saw that he had hit upon a great idea, on the right thing to be done under the present wrong social circumstances. As in a vision we beheld the spirit-wearied prisoner, long thrown back upon his own angers and resentments, upon his sense of injustice, or maybe upon the memories of his own ill-deeds to others, or of others to him. We saw him transfigured by noble, useful work, by constant and uplifting occupation of hand and brain. If anything could make a man forget he

is a prisoner, forget that green fields, flowers, fresh air, and freedom are not for him, this work would. It is the sense of futility which destroys a man's best part, and one who was busied on this work would feel that, no matter what wrong he has done, or what good he has left undone, he now does great service for mankind; does work which, once done, is done for all time; work which will be of value to all students coming after him. And if the author whom he concords be not merely a "Singer" but an "Answerer," one who has the pass-key of hearts, then indeed will anger and resentment die out of that tired heart. The riddle of his universe will be so far answered as to enable him to step off the treadmill-round of old thoughts, and his spirit will be healed.

They are not vile any more, they hardly know themselves. They are so grown, —

says Walt. A scoffing friend took another view of the suggestion. "Why, you'd never catch an educated chap in prison again if he knew that sort of thing was ahead of him," he jeered. "Not a man-jack of them would own up to reading or writing. It would clear the prisons of educated folk." He was a scoffer who had no soul for poetry.

Besides the diversity in the size of the bundles of letters, there are whimsical inequalities of mention in the *Leaves*. To instance a single subject, that of "Animals." "The serene-moving animals teaching content." While Walt mentions them as "animals" twenty-eight times, he has but four references to them as "brutes," which is quite in keeping with his position as a lover of animals; as one who has said, —

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. They do not lie awake in the dark, and weep for their sins, they do not make me sick, discussing their duty to God.

The harmless pussy-cat Walt names only once, twice only the dog, thrice the cow, while horses' hoofs ring out galore. There is no pig amongst the *Leaves*, yet we find

pork there, and although we find poultry, there are neither cocks nor hens. At any moment you may encounter strange beasts and reptiles among the *Leaves*: the moose, the panther, rattlesnake, alligator, or the black bear searching for roots or honey, or the beaver as he pats the mud with his paddle-shaped tail. You may meet herds of buffalo, or packs of winter wolves barking amid wastes of snow or iced trees. And, going back to the "Huge First Nothing," you find monstrous sauroids, engaged in transporting Walt's embryo in their mouths and depositing it with care. So the poet's

eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, passes over the whole earth, and, with apparently neither rhyme nor reason, commandeers beasts and birds for the purpose of his poems. And the why and the wherefore of the appearance is one of those mysteries known only to the poet, and him you may not cross-examine.

Vex not thou the Poet's mind
With thy shallow wit.
Vex not thou the Poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it, —

was the sage advice given by our late Poet Laureate. Advice is sometimes worth taking.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

"JUDITH." The challenge broke the silence of the old room a little wistfully.

"Yes, mother."

"When you have a house of your own, — you know you will have a house of your own some day, — you will remember, won't you? and have it built with windows toward the south, toward the sun?"

"I will remember and have it built close to the road, close enough to see people when they pass by. And I hope there will be plastered walls and some new furniture."

"Oh, I don't know about the people — or the plaster." She looked about her, a little jealous for the small hewn-log house and the sombre room. It was a large room with two opposite doors, front and back, and a single window near the wide chimney. In a shadowed corner a few steep steps led up to the low-roofed chamber above. As for the furniture, hand-made and enduring, it, like the house, belonged to an earlier time when family needs were few. And yet

in its arrangement, its spotlessness, in even so small a thing as the earthenware cup on the high mantel, which held a few red maple twigs with swelling buds, there was subtle evidence of a modern, more sensitive personality.

And in spite of the sombre grays and browns of walls and furniture there were touches of brighter color. A narrow gilt-bordered panel in the old clock-face set forth a winding river with a red turreted castle and green willows; on the high bed was an indigo and white counterpane, hand-woven in an intricate pattern of wheels; the window framed an oblong of blue sky crossed by the gray, lichened boughs of an oak; and red and yellow flames wavered ceaselessly in a deep fireplace.

The woman looked about her again, by all this somewhat comforted. "Things need not be quite new," she decided. "But it is hard not to have the sun."

If she had laid her gentle law through the slow years upon her unyielding environment, something of the character

of that environment had in turn passed into herself and her child; was visible, one might fancy, watching the two this wintry afternoon: slightly in the girl, despite the preponderating softness and enticements of youth, noticeably in the well-knit aging woman in her clean dark dress, her skin fine in texture as a child's but colorless, her hair white above the wide full brow, an extraordinary sweetness in her changeful expression, a more remarkable childlikeness in her blue eyes.

"It is always hard not to have the sun," she repeated.

Judith raised her eyes from her work. They were bluer than her mother's, but not childlike, and her face was of a lovely freshness. She had been cutting with much precision folds for the trimming of a blue serge skirt. The rarity of a new dress made its making an affair of almost sacred importance. Concern for so trivial a thing as the sunlight savored of the profane. "I am sure the sun is shining to-day," she contended severely.

"Not in this room. It has n't since last fall. Have n't you noticed that it does n't come through the window in the winter-time?"

"I've noticed that it has n't shone anywhere for two weeks, until to-day. As to whether it comes or does n't come into this room, I never noticed such a thing in my life."

Her mother was sewing the blue serge folds together as Judith cut them. She laid her head somewhat wearily against the high back of her chair. "Judith, you know I am sometimes homesick here without knowing anywhere else that I want to be." The plaint of a child's voice was in the words.

"Well, it seems to me" — reason was silencing unreason — "you might have got used to it in all this time."

"Thirty years! Does n't it seem so?" The words came with a mellow laugh. But Mary Hartsfield's voice lent itself easily to laughter or tears. "And Mother Hartsfield for thirty years before me. Dear Mother Hartsfield."

Judith looked at her curiously. For all their intimacy she had never grown accustomed to her mother's swift mutations of feeling. "Why did n't you make father change things to suit you?" she asked.

"Oh, they suited me then. I was just a girl, like you. Besides, I had him. And the dear books that were my father's." She looked up at them fondly, ranged on the two heavy shelves fastened high against the wall by the chimney. "Those first eight years went by, oh, so quickly! People lived simply then, and things meant so much to them. And then, at last, you came, and John and I wondered how we had ever lived at all without you."

She turned her face to the window. Across the lonely landscape through the bare branches of the trees she could distinguish the mossy roof and gray, unpainted walls of the country meeting-house.

"You were the first baby that was ever baptized in the new Sharon church. Your father carried you over there in his arms. It was April; and on the way I gathered the pink and white wake-robins — the ground was thick with them — and filled a bowl for the little bare pine table inside the altar. It was the first time the members had ever seen flowers in a Methodist church, or any church, and they thought it a sin. Old grandsire Oliver came up to me after the service, as I sat near the front by the married women's door, so as to slip out with you if you cried. I must have seemed very young to him. I seemed very young to myself. But I was not; I was nearly twenty-five. 'Daughter,' he said, pointing with his trembling purple old fingers, first at you, then at the little bowl of pink flowers on the table, 'daughter, for that child's sake learn to trample the world under your feet!'"

She paused. "He was a good old man, but he thought," — sweetness and the softest of mirth were in her voice, — "he thought pink and white wake-robins from the woods were — the *world*!"

Judith responded with the sharpness of

youth demanding its right. "Good or not, he need n't have troubled himself. I don't know when you ever had any of the world to trample on, or I either. The first new dress I've had in two years!" She caught up the blue-and-white silk which had been bought for the bodice, and drew the soft uncut lengths across her chest close to her delicate chin. "I suppose he would have told me to trample this silk under my feet too; but I won't, will I? You beautiful thing!" she apostrophized, searching hard for some adequate reflection of her youthful prettiness in the dim old mirror that slanted from the wall. She sighed a little. "I might as well be sixty years old. If only I had a good looking-glass now, he might talk about the world!"

Mary Hartsfield's face grew sharp with longing. She spoke, but rather to herself than to Judith, little bitter pauses between her words. "It does seem — that there might be — in the third generation, and for a girl not much past twenty — a new looking-glass!"

In a moment she melted into tender apology. "It would all be different if your father had lived. He died before he could recover from all he lost by Howard Alison; and I could not make what land there was left do more than support us. John's family used to be better off than anybody's in the neighborhood; they set the standard for the rest, just as my father and mother were looked up to for their learning and their manners. But now the people around us have good homes and more of everything than they used to have, and you and I have barely held by our own."

One word in the explanation had caught Judith's interest. "Mother, was n't Mr. Alison legally right in what he did to father?"

"Legally, perhaps; though nobody knows. But not morally. He had no moral right on his side whatever."

It was almost as if for the moment her daughter had become her antagonist. A slow fire that burned always in her heart

leaped up and touched her cheeks with crimson.

Judith dismissed the subject lightly. "Well, it all happened a long time ago, and we need n't worry about it now."

"Here are the last of the folds." Her mother spoke with cold constraint, and laying them on the girl's lap turned and lifted a white cloth from her own small workstand. It was a low black table with turned legs and a heavy drawer. The bit of work looked oddly out of place on it: a square of blue satin, two small paint-brushes, and a box of colors.

Judith strained her eyes upon the materials. "Why, you have n't got any way at all with it," she said.

Her mother held toward her the blue satin cushion which was intended to serve as her model. "I could n't do anything this morning. These little white flowers are not right. There are no flowers like that. I am trying to think how the leaves of a vine looked that I found last summer in the canebrake. I remember the blossom. It would make a prettier pattern than this."

"Yes, but what if it would? Ella Mears bought that cushion when she was away, and Fanny Seabrook wants one made like it. She does n't care whether the flowers on it are like real flowers or not."

"I care," the elder woman said softly, though scarcely in argument. She looked at the window. "How bright the sun must be shining, and we in here! If only the other side of the room were all of glass it would be almost like being out of doors."

She had been ailing all winter, and in imagination had replaced the heavy timbers with clear glass many times.

"I never saw the side of a house made of glass," Judith replied in some irritation.

Mary Hartsfield laughed. "Judy, dear," she palliated, "if I were as heroic in the matter of friendship as I ought to be, I should not intrude my tiny woes upon you as I do. I should keep quite

out of your sky until I had finished molting and was ready to sing again. But there is one note that does n't fail even in February;" — she had gone back of the girl's chair, slipped her arms around Judith's neck, and laid her cheek against the heavy crown of her black hair; — "it does n't fail at any time, Judy — I love you."

Judith did not comprehend the metaphor, though feeling no loss therefrom, but she was mollified by the caress. It had been given simply, yet a flush of color crept into the too white face as it lay hidden from sight on her daughter's hair. Her whole attitude as she stood there was one of gentle, deprecation and longing.

Perhaps that her face might be out of view for a few minutes longer, she moved away and stood with her back to Judith before the high bookshelves, running her eyes slowly along the dim titles and faded bindings. Presently she took down with a little touch of affection a thin square book in mottled paper binding, a relic of her school-days. Turning the rough yellow pages past the school compositions in the first half, she came to the pencil-drawings and simple sketches in color which had been put there from time to time in more recent years. She looked through them with unhurried interest, a light of pleasure in her eyes, and at length returned to the little table and laid the book open upon it. "I have found a drawing of the flower I was thinking of," she said, and began sketching from it a design for the satin cover.

She worked slowly, but with unerring accuracy. Judith watched curiously the telling aptitude of the tapering fingers — she had coveted such hands for herself often — and the growing satisfaction on the absorbed face.

"I declare, mother," she cried, "if you could only get in this neighborhood just the kind of work you like to do, we might have all the money we need."

"If I could get the kind of work to do," Mary Hartsfield repeated a little dully.

At rare intervals through her widowhood, she had visited among her parents' kindred, solacing for a time in their world of larger interests an unsatisfied side of her nature. Sometimes she thought to make a place there for herself and her child; but always she had come back to the lonely hill country of her husband's people, held back by instinct, or by providence, from sacrificing for such gains joys more vital to herself, and perhaps to her small share in the progress of the race.

Presently she pushed her work back a little, and, looking at it critically, lifted herself suddenly erect, her lips parted, her face kindling. The February sun, near its setting, sent through the little window a narrow shaft of light which melted into a band of quivering gold on the dark wall opposite. "Look, Judith!" she called. "It is beginning to come in again. I had forgotten it ever came in till March."

Judith turned at her voice, and was aggrieved. "Why, I thought you saw — *something*," she said.

Mary Hartsfield did not hear. A tender smiting of conscience impelled her to confession. "It has been this way with me all my life, Judith," she cried. "I can't bear things just as they happen to be, or I feel that I shall sicken and die without some special thing which it is impossible for me to have. Then, suddenly, everything is different. I have what I wanted, and I am ashamed. Oh, if we would only be patient and peaceful long enough! What we desire really does come to us at last."

"I thought what you wanted was to have the sunshine in here all day," Judith argued with literalness. "I don't see that *that* is what you wished for." She pointed to the band of orange light in some contempt.

Her mother was a little confused. "Well, maybe not exactly," she admitted, "but it is beautiful, beautiful! And I was not expecting it. I thought the sun did not get so far round till some time in March. To-day is only the twenty-fifth of February."

Judith dropped her sewing in her lap and folded her hands over it. The time had come to say something which she had known for several days had to be said.

"To-day is the twenty-fifth, and Ella Mears's party is on the twenty-ninth," she began a little unsteadily.

Her mother looked at her. "Yes, but you will finish your dress in time. Most of the waist will be hand-work, and I can do that."

"Oh, the dress is all right," she swallowed. Her resolve to speak needed strengthening. "You may not like it, mother, but Richard Alison is coming here Friday night."

"Coming here?"

"Coming to take me to the party. Why should n't he? I see him at other places; why must n't he come here?"

Mary Hartsfield did not speak. Perhaps she could not. She had begun to tremble. Once on forbidden ground, Judith grew bolder. "There is n't a finer young man in the country. He is more than welcome everywhere else. But just because his father and mine had a lawsuit twenty years ago —"

Her mother lifted a trembling hand. "There was no lawsuit," she said in a voice unlike itself; "they were members of the same church. Your father would not go to law with a member of Sharon church. He would rather suffer himself to be defrauded."

"Well, a difficulty, then. It's all the same. Because there was a difficulty between them when Richard and I were babies, here our two families have been kept apart all these years, and I dare not tell him he may come to this house. They are as good as we are, and Richard himself is better than the best. What can you have against him? He is upright and kind, and successful in everything he undertakes. Besides, he loves me," she burst out; "he has asked me to marry him."

Her mother did not answer. She was shaking from head to foot. She essayed

to lift her chest, as some one had told her to do when attacked by the strange trembling which for some months had overcome her at the happening of anything untoward or exciting. She was helped a little, but not enough for speech, and going out into the low shed-room, she began moving about mechanically preparing the evening meal. She had caught at the commonplace activity as a possible relief to the stress of her emotion, which seemed to stop her breath.

Judith went about her own share in the evening work, tidying the room, milking the cow, bringing in wood and water for the night. She attempted conversation during supper and afterwards, but with poor success, and went to bed half-grieved and half-defiant.

There was machine work on the new dress which must be done at a neighbor's, and she relieved the situation by spending the next day away from home. In the evening, when the two sat together before the hearth, the room lighted only by its yellow flames, her mother led up to the subject which had been constantly in the minds of both. Her face was gray, and heavy lines drew down from the corners of her mouth, but her eyes were serene and sweet.

Except upon the matter of Howard Alison, she had always poured out her heart to her child in both grief and gladness, being not too exacting as to Judith's response. She did so now, checking so far as her will could avail the tremulousness of her body, which in part was due to physical ill.

"Judith," she said, "you know I am not strong and capable as many women are. I may be strong in some ways, but not in the same ways, perhaps not in the best ways. All my life my heart has been obliged to have some place in which to hide itself, to make its home. Your father's heart was that home for mine." Her voice had dropped very low. She paused till the rise of tears should be subdued.

"Through all the years since he went

away, I think I have been homeless. I have had other things which have grown dear — this house in which he left me, this room which has seen so much of what I have thought and done; the little church over yonder in the lonely woods, which has kept my inner life bound to the life beyond. And my books," — she spokeslowly, and in broken phrases rather than sentences, — "which have been like dear companions growing older with me, perhaps because I have been able to see more in them. Then my drawing, and the little embroidery I get to do, and sometimes letters from far-off friends, and the neighbors and friends close around us. Oh! I have not been poor, as you sometimes imagine, I have been rich, rich!" Her lips trembled. "Rich, too, in this wonderful world around us, which enfolds us all the time, though we build walls between us and it, and forget it in our little foolish affairs, though it will not stay forgotten. I think I have never forgotten it myself a whole day in my life, — this world of the precious woods and the changing, beautiful sky, which has nourished me like some tender, voiceless mother."

Through the little window the stars could be seen beyond the leafless boughs of the oaks. She rose and, pressing her face close to the small glass panes, looked up at them in their wintry radiance, — other faithful friends of her solitude and widowhood.

"No, I have not been poor," she said again, coming back, sweet and tranquil, and sitting with hands clasped in her lap. "I have had so much, — merely in the thoughts that come to me, such thoughts, I suppose, as come to other women too, — so much more than I have ever deserved. Only in one direction have I ever been oppressed, not free, my faculties beaten back as if against some dreadful wall. Except for that, I have had living joy in all these things I have mentioned, and in more than these.

"And yet I have never given myself to rest in any or all of them. I have said

all along, 'Judith is growing older every day. Since my husband first laid her in my arms she has been to me beyond what any but the speech of angels could tell. She will be more and more to me all the time. I must let her see into my thoughts, as far as I can, for by and by she will be a woman and understand her mother as one woman understands another; and then I can make my home in my daughter's heart.'"

The words were not spoken in appeal, but with the utmost singleness of truth; yet upon the girl's face was the impress of a new emotion, the first consciousness of a profound responsibility, shadowed by reluctant fear. Mary Hartsfield did not see it. She had indeed been speaking rather to herself than to another, and instead of turning her eyes to Judith's face had lifted them, without intention, but with sudden quivering recollection, upon an old print which hung against the wall above her bed. She remembered how she had tried to follow its details in the slow anguish of childbirth.

"But I cannot hide myself there if you do this thing you have purposed." The cry rose fiercely in her breast, but did not pass her lips. Motherhood, uncorrupted even in its outgoings of supreme desire, had touched, and left inviolate, a barrier newly fallen between her child and herself.

Silence held the lonely house, the sombre room, save as the wind stirred in the overspreading boughs of the oaks, or the flames broke softly on the hearth. The young girl sat erect and still, grasped by the first knowledge of the illimitable pathos of human relationships. Her unlined brow, her sweet young form, were fair to see in the old firelit room.

When Mary Hartsfield again spoke, it was in a voice steady and clear. She no longer trembled; she felt no fear. It was as if one had passed over fearful continents and uncharted seas and stood at last upon another shore, but in the strength and hope of courage re-born.

"Daughter," she said, "this man's

father robbed your father and shortened the measure of his days, and in doing so he robbed me of what I loved best, and planted in me I know not what bitter seed, which had to grow and bear its fruit, and fulfill its end — its end. But

it was the man's father who did this, not the man himself. Do you wish still to marry him, Judith?"

The girl's eyes met hers, unafraid and full of a new humility. "Yes, for I love him, mother."

THE HIDDEN GARDEN

BY FLORENCE D. SNELLING

THE garden walls are high,
And yet, year after year,
Belovéd passer-by,
What time thou drawest near,

Quick stirs the old surmise,
And punctual blossoms greet
Thy dear unheeding eyes
And thy unpausing feet.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

IV

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

It will be remembered that the Germanna Ford Road strikes the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House Pike where the latter crosses Wilderness Run, and that the Lacy Farm lies immediately south, in the angle between the run and the Pike. The head of Griffin's division, on reaching this famous old highway, wheeled into it to the right, and mounted with it as it rose to the woods which skirt the Lacy Farm on the west. There, somewhat over a mile from the run, they went into bivouac; and, unknowingly, within a half-mile of their lines of battle for the next two days. Crawford, next in column, on reaching the Pike, took the road for Parker's Store, which sets off southwardly at this point, and after passing the dooryard runs wavering through the Lacy Farm. He made his headquarters in the old mansion, which faces east, and camped his division along the west side of the run. Wadsworth led his men to the fields and ridge east of the run; while Robinson, who brought up the rear of the corps, camped on the Germanna Road, the middle of his division about where Caton's Run comes down through the woods from the west.

The day had been very warm; and, having marched since midnight, the troops were fairly tired, and glad to rest. Some of the batteries parked on the Lacy Farm, others with the trains in the fields back of the deserted old Wilderness Tavern. This old stage-house, indicated on all the maps and mentioned many times in orders and reports, was a two-storied, hewn-log house in its day, standing on the north side of the Pike, at

the top of the ridge east of Wilderness Run. It overlooked all the Lacy estate, and had the reader stood in its lonely, weedy dooryard as the sun was going down and the shadows of the woods were reaching into the fields, the men of Crawford's and Wadsworth's divisions, all preparing their evening meals, the smoke of their little separate fires lifting softly over them, would have been in full view below him. From the same point, should some one have directed his eye to a flag with a blue field and a red Maltese cross in the centre, a mile or so to the west, at the edge of the woods, it would have been Griffin's. The field-hospital during the battle of Chancellorsville, to which Stonewall Jackson was taken, — he was carried at first on a litter, and the way lit by pine-knot torches till an ambulance came up, — was located near this old Tavern.

Warren's headquarters were on the Germanna Road, not far from the Pike and nearly opposite the knoll which Grant and Meade occupied during the battle. At supper that night Warren was in fine spirits, cheerier at heart, I believe, than ever afterwards, unless it was on the field of Five Forks just before he met Sheridan, who, in that passionate moment, then and there peremptorily relieved him, just as the veterans of the Fifth Corps, whom he had led so often, were cheering him over the victory he had helped to win. Sheridan's harsh dealing with him, however, was not wholly unstudied; for Warren's relations with Grant, which felt their first strain in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, were at the breaking point, and Sheridan knew it.

After supper I filled my pipe and sat alone, on an old gray rail-fence near by, till the sun went down and the twilight deepened into an evening of great peace. A brigade camped up the run was singing hymns and songs that I had heard at home as a boy; and, probably with feelings deeper than my own, the timber of the Wilderness listened also. Over us all, — woods, men, the Lacy Mansion, the old tavern, and the softly murmuring run, — bent kindly the still, pondering sky, and soon on came Night. Sedgwick's divisions were in bivouac along the Germanna Ford Road, between Warren and the river: first Getty, as far as Flat Run; then Wright, in the old Beale plantation fields; and behind him, just this side of the river, Ricketts, who had crossed the Rapidan about a quarter of four.

Sheridan had pitched his headquarters a quarter of a mile or so east of the Sixth Corps, near the workings of an old gold mine. Custer, perhaps the lightest-hearted man in the army, with whom as a cadet I whiled away many an hour, was back just this side of Stevensburg, his brigade guarding the rear of the army and especially the trains at Richardsville. Davies, with another brigade of cavalry, was at Madden's; in fact, all of Sheridan's first division was posted from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock at eight o'clock that beautiful May night.

Grant and Meade, after crossing the river, established their headquarters near a deserted house whose neglected fields overlooked the ford. At 1.15 P. M., Hancock and Warren having met with no opposition in their advance to the heart of the Wilderness, Grant telegraphed for Burnside, whose Ninth Corps was stretched from the Rappahannock to Manassas, to make forced marches until he reached Germanna Ford. There is reason to believe, it seems to me, that it would have been better had Burnside been brought up nearer before the movement began. For, as it was, his men were nearly marched to death to overtake us;

and as a result, they were altogether too fagged out for the work they were called on to do the morning of the second day. The same criticism, however, can be made on Lee's failure to bring Longstreet within striking distance. Though, to be sure, in his case, he did not know whether Grant would cross the Rapidan at the fords above or below him; if above, then Longstreet was just where he would have needed him. I have always suspected that Lee feared a move on that flank more than on his right, for there the country was so open that he could not conceal the paucity of his numbers, as in the Wilderness. While Hancock's, Warren's, and Sedgwick's men on our side, and Hill's and Ewell's on Lee's, were resting around their camp-fires, Burnside's and Longstreet's corps were still plodding away, long after their comrades in the Wilderness were asleep. Such, then, were the movements and the camping-places of the Army of the Potomac on the 4th of May.

Meanwhile the enemy had been moving also. Ewell reports that, by order of General Lee, his corps and division commanders met him on Monday, May 2, at the signal station on Clark's Mountain, and that he then gave it as his opinion that Grant would cross below him. His forecast was right, and I suspect Meade's aides were even at that hour carrying the orders for the movement. It was the last time that Lee and his valiant subordinates ever visited that charming spot with its wide, peaceful view. If ever the reader should be in that vicinity, I hope he will not fail to go to the top of the mountain.

At an early hour on Wednesday it had been reported from various sources to Lee that Grant was under way. By eight o'clock this news was fully confirmed and he transmitted it through the proper channels to his corps commanders, with orders to get ready to move. Sorrel, Longstreet's adjutant-general, at nine o'clock notified General E. P. Alexander — a soldier and a gentleman whose name will last long —

as follows: "Many of the enemy's camps have disappeared from the front, and large wagon-trains are reported moving through Stevensburg. The lieutenant-general commanding desires that you will keep your artillery in such condition as to enable it to move whenever called upon." It was the artillery that under Alexander tried to shake our lines at Gettysburg before Pickett's charge. The same despatch was sent to Longstreet's division commanders, Field and Kershaw. The former was our instructor in cavalry at West Point, and the present King of England saw, I believe, no finer type of American cavalryman than Field, as he rode at the head of the troop that escorted him when he came to West Point in the fall of '60.

It is reasonably clear that by eleven o'clock at the latest Lee was convinced that Wilson's and Gregg's crossings of the Rapidan were not the beginning of a raid, or a feint to cover an advance up the river, but the opening of the campaign. Apparently he seems not to have hesitated, but set his army of sixty-odd thousand men in motion for the Wilderness; taking the precaution to hold Ramseur back with three brigades at Rapidan station, to meet any possible danger behind the mask of our cavalry under Custer. Ewell, who commanded his Second Corps, consisting of Rode's, Johnson's, and Early's divisions, was to draw back from the river to the Pike and, once there, to march for Locust Grove, some eighteen miles to the eastward and within three and four miles of where Griffin camped. His Third Corps, A. P. Hill's, at Orange Court House, was to take the Plank Road for Verdierville or beyond. It had about twenty-eight miles to go.

Longstreet at Gordonsville and Mechanicsburg was first ordered to follow Hill, but later, at his suggestion, he took roads south of the Plank which strike the Brock Road, the key of the campaign, at Todd's Tavern. From his camp to where his men met Hancock the morning of the second day, east of Parker's Store,

was forty-two miles. None of Lee's corps got well under way before noon; and by that time over half of Hancock's and all of Warren's were across the river. It was after dusk when Ewell passed through Locust Grove; and the bats were wavering through the twilight over the heads of Hill's men as they dropped down to rest at Verdierville. Longstreet's veterans, those who in the previous autumn smashed our lines at Chickamauga and who left so many of their dead at Knoxville, were still on the march.

Sometimes, when alone before my wood-fire, my mind floating as it were over the fields of this narrative, and one after another of its scenes breaking into view, I have been conscious of wishing that with you, reader, at my side, I could have stood near their line of march. I should like to have seen those men, — and so would you, — the heroes of the Peach Orchard and Round Top at Gettysburg, as well as of Chickamauga. I should like to have seen also the North Carolinians of Hill's corps who, with the Virginians, made Pickett's charge. But above all the men in gray that afternoon, I should like to have seen the face of the officer who, on the succeeding night, hearing the pitiful cries for water of our wounded in Griffin's front, could stand it no longer and crawled over the breastworks, notwithstanding the persistent fire from our lines, made his way to where one of our wounded men lay, took his canteen and, groping to a little branch of Wilderness Run, filled it and brought it to his stricken enemy and then went back to his own lines. If ever the spirit of that Good Samaritan should come to my door, he shall have the best chair before my fire; I'll lay on another stick of wood and let its beams kiss his manly face as we talk over those bygone days. Yes, I wish that with a reader who would enjoy such a scene I could have stood under a spreading-limbed tree on the roadside and seen Field and Kershaw, Ewell and Gordon, Heth and Alexander, march on their way to the Wilderness.

Lee encamped in the woods opposite the home of Mrs. Rhodes, near Verdier-ville. Able critics have blamed him for fighting Grant in the Wilderness. They maintain that he might have avoided all of his losses there by going at once to Spottsylvania, intrenching, and inviting Grant to assault him.

In that case they assume that Grant would have followed the same system of repeated assaults that he did after the Wilderness, and that he would have met with severer repulses. It will be conceded, knowing Grant as we do, that in all probability he would have gone straight at his adversary, and that no works which Lee could have thrown up at Spottsylvania or elsewhere would have daunted him: the appalling record of that battle summer would certainly seem to justify such a conclusion. And, by the way, one among the reasons which contributed to make it so deadly may be found possibly in the fact that Grant came to the army with an impression that in many of its big engagements under McClellan, Pope, Hooker, and Meade, it had not been fought to an end. However this may have been, long before we got to the James River the grounds for a like impression, I think, were gone. At any rate, go ask the slopes before the Confederate works at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor what they think about it, — if they think the Army of the Potomac was not fought to its limit. Gallant old Army of the Potomac, my heart beats when I think of the trials this half-way well-founded impression brought to you, as again and again you were called on to carry the enemy's works by direct assaults, — assaults glorious in the splendid courage of your attack, and appalling in your losses.

True, there could have been no end to the war till one or the other of the parties to it was utterly and finally defeated: and neither party would acknowledge defeat until after complete exhaustion of men and resources. I am only sorry so much blood had to flow. With the way Grant fought I find no fault. It was a war of

deep-seated principles, and the sacrifice of blood with tears had to be made.

In regard to the wisdom of Lee fighting in the Wilderness, I think we can be sure of one thing, that his decision was not the result of sudden impulse. For what he should do with his army, little as compared with Grant's, when spring should open, had no doubt been weighed and re-weighed, as night after night he sat before his green-oak fire at the foot of Clark's Mountain. His critics, moreover, will agree that he was too good a tactician not to know that, if he should adopt the defensive from the outset and go to Spottsylvania, Grant could flank not only that position but any position he might take between there and Richmond. Again, those who find fault with him for fighting in the Wilderness will have to acknowledge also, we believe, that he was too good a general not to realize that any backward steps he might be forced to make, for any reason whatsoever, would have a bad effect on the spirit of his army. Of course, he knew that sooner or later in the campaign he would have to assume the offensive, and take his chances. It is obvious that in case of defeat, the nearer Richmond he should be the more serious might be the results; he had had one experience of that kind at Malvern Hill, which is within ten miles of Richmond, and I am sure he never wanted another like it; for all accounts agree, and are confirmed by what I have heard from Confederates themselves, that his army and Richmond were on the verge of panic.

In justification of the plan that he followed, where is there a field between the Rapidan and Richmond on which his 65,000 men could have hoped to attack Grant's 120,000 and more under such favorable conditions? where his numbers would be so magnified in effectiveness, and Grant's so neutralized, by the natural difficulties and terror of woods? — for dense woods do have a terror. Again, where on the march to Richmond would the Army of the Potomac, from the

nature of the country and the roads, be more embarrassed in the use of its vastly superior artillery, or in concentrating its strength, if battle were thrust upon it suddenly?

Save right around Chancellorsville, the region was an almost unknown country to our people, while to Lee and his men it was comparatively familiar. He himself was thoroughly acquainted with its wooded character, paths, runs, and roads. Moreover, he knew the military advantages they afforded, for he had tested them in his campaign against Hooker. Taking all this into account, then, it seems to me that in planning his campaign to strike at Grant just when and where he did, he planned wisely. For it presented the one good chance to win a decisive victory, which, as I have said before, was absolutely necessary to save the life of the Confederacy. It is true Lee failed to win the victory he had planned and hoped for; but at the moment of his tiger-like spring at the flank of our army there intervened, in the fluttering screen of leafing bough and twig which hid Longstreet from the clear view of his men, that spirit of Fate ever dwelling in the Wilderness to strike down the leaders of his veterans and arrest the advance.

Of the fateful, the mysterious, the unseen, agents of destiny which walk by the side of nations, as go the better angels with the children of men from their cradles, you, my reader, may find no suggestions in the events and circumstances of the battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville. If it be so, well and good; but to me, at all events, their presence is very real.

A little before sundown, when all were in camp for the night, Grant issued his orders for the next day. Sheridan was to move with Gregg and Torbert against the enemy's cavalry, who at that hour were supposed to be at Hamilton's Crossing, and who, as a matter of fact, were not there at all. Wilson, with his Third Cavalry Division, was to move at 5 A. M. to Craig's Meeting House, on

the Catharpin Road, the one that Longstreet had chosen for his approach. Warren was to take Wilson's place at Parker's Store; Sedgwick to move up to Old Wilderness Tavern, leaving one division at Germanna Ford till the head of Burnside's corps appeared; in other words, he was to occupy Warren's present position with his whole corps across the Pike. Hancock was to advance by way of Todd's Tavern to Shady Grove Church on the Catharpin Road, and from there, about three and a half miles south of Warren, throw out his right and connect with him at Parker's Store. Of the infantry, Hancock had by far the longest march to make, about twelve miles; the others only very short ones, not more than three or four miles. The trains were to be parked at Todd's Tavern.

None of the moves, as we have stated, were long, or apparently any part of a well-defined campaign, but, rather, precautionary. They neither seriously threatened Lee's communications with Richmond, nor indicated an active offensive, but were clearly made with a view to allow Burnside to overtake the army, and to get the big, unwieldy supply-trains a bit forward; for there was practically only one narrow road, and not a very good one at that, from Richardsville, where the trains were then halted, to Todd's Tavern. It was for these reasons, I think, that Grant's orders did not push the army on clear through the Wilderness the second day. But whatsoever may have been the reason for Grant's unenergetic move, there is something very striking in his repetition of Hooker's delay of the year before, when once within the gloom of the fated region. Hooker, all vitality — and bluster for that matter — till he reached the heart of the Wilderness, became then mentally numb and purposeless, as if he were narcotized by some deep, stagnating potion. Just a year later our army marched over twenty-odd miles briskly and cheerily, ready to meet the enemy at every turn, all life as they bivouacked, but by six o'clock, be-

fore camp-fires were lit or twilight had begun her journey, the lotus apparently was again at work. While aides are carrying the orders to their respective destinations for the next day's march, the day ends, and twilight comes on through the Wilderness.

After night had set in, Meade, having disposed of all his current official duties for the day, came over from his headquarters — they were only a few steps away — and joined Grant before a large camp-fire made of rails. Grant's staff withdrew to a fire of their own, and left them alone. From all accounts they were both cheery over having the army across the Rapidan, and on the flank of Lee, without a battle. And now, as it were, a living mysterious being is hovering over them; neither Grant nor Meade, nor a soul in the army under them, dreams that Lee's advance is within three miles and ready to strike. Why they did not know it, I shall try to explain, but it will only add to the mystery. Meanwhile there they sit before the fire, the wavering, upshooting, and subsiding yellow flames throwing their beams into their faces, anxiety over the first move all gone. The stubborn resistance that Lee might have offered to their crossing of the river had not been made; and now that they were well established on his flank, he would be forced to decisive action. It meant one of two courses for Lee: he would either have to fight it out at once, or fall back and ultimately undergo a siege. In the way they misconceived what he would do, there is almost a suggestion of fatality. For although there is no absolute corroborative evidence to support the conclusion, yet the movements show that what they expected was this: that he would hastily withdraw from his works and place his army to receive, but not to give, attack. Hooker had yielded to the same illusion. In forecasting his Chancellorsville campaign, he had imagined that when Lee at Fredericksburg found that he was on his flank at Chancellorsville, he would fall

back and contest the way to Richmond. The difference between the results in Hooker's case and in Grant's was wide: the former was driven from the field in almost utter disaster; Grant met Lee's attack in the Wilderness, threw him back, and pushed on undaunted.

We left Meade and Grant before a camp-fire; the stars were out, and not far away the Rapidan was murmuring on, and close by were the thick night-blackened pines of the still Wilderness. Meade was Grant's senior by about ten years, and the lines of their lives had run widely apart, sunshine and success on one, adversity's blasts across the other. They were practically utter strangers when they met before this camp-fire. We may credit Meade, for he would not have been human without it, with a natural wondering curiosity as to Grant's character, that must have been greatly deepened by his of knowledge Grant's army career and his marvelous advancement. Knowing ourselves and our fellow men as we do, it is not unreasonable to imagine Meade, a man of the world, of cultivation, and at home in society and clubs, following Grant's motions and speech with the unobtrusive yet keen observation of men of his class; or to imagine Grant having to meet from him, as from all his old fellow officers of the army, that searching look which had met him from them all since his emergence from obscurity. But I can easily see Meade's curiosity disarming, and his noble, sensitive nature breathing naturally and strengthening in the soothing influence of Grant's deep calm; every utterance of his low vibrating voice gliding modestly from one grasp of a subject to another, every tone simple and un-self-conscious.

Our country owes a great deal to both of these men; justice, but not more than justice, has been done to Grant. Meade has never had his due. As I look back and see his devotion day and night in that last great campaign, his hair growing grayer, and the furrows

in his face deeper, under its trying burden, and then when it is all over and the cause is won, see him relegated to the third or fourth place in official recognition and popular favor, I feel deeply sorry, knowing, as I do, how the country's fate hung in the balance when he was called on to take command of the Army of the Potomac. I hope his last hour was comforted, that there came to him out of the Past the cheers of his countrymen, greeting his victory at Gettysburg.

After his death, it was discovered that his system had never recovered from the wound he received at Charles City Cross Roads.

I have no doubt, then, that Grant's naturally sweet, modest nature, together with the auguries, which were all good, made Meade's first camp-fire with him a pleasant one; and that, before its flames and in the wild charm of the place, was born the spirit of loyal coöperation which he showed to his chief on every field, and clear to the end. Had they known Lee was so near, it would have been, I think, quite another camp-fire, and Meade might never have gained those fine impressions of Grant which were so honorable to him and so valuable to the country; for which, I sincerely believe, Fortune so turned her wheel that they might be made that night. It is a matter of singular interest that all this time Lee's position was barely suspected, and his purpose entirely unknown to either of them. And how it all came about is one of the mysterious features of the battle of the Wilderness. Let me state the circumstances, and I promise to make the account as short and comprehensible as I can.

Wilson, with his Third Division of cavalry, reached the Lacy Farm about half-past eight in the forenoon; halted, and sent patrols westward and southward, that is, out the Pike toward Locust Grove and toward Parker's Store. At noon, when the head of Warren's corps bore in sight, he set off for Parker's, first

sending orders to the scouting party on the Pike to push out as far as Robertson's Tavern (now, and by the Confederates during the war, called Locust Grove), and after driving the enemy away from that place, to ride across country and join the division in the neighborhood of Parker's Store. Wilson, with the bulk of his division, on arriving at the store about two o'clock, sent a strong reconnaissance up the Plank Road, with directions to keep an active lookout for the enemy. In a despatch to Forsythe, Sheridan's chief of staff, dated 2.10 P. M., he said, "I send herewith a civilian, Mr. Sime, a citizen of Great Britain. He says he left Orange yesterday 2 P. M.; Longstreet's corps lies between there and Gordonsville; passed at the latter place Ewell and Hill about Orange Courthouse. Troops well down towards Mine Run [about half-way between the Lacy Farm and the Courthouse], on all the roads except this one [the Plank]; none on this nearer than seven miles. I have sent patrols well out in all directions, but as yet hear nothing from them."

Sheridan sent the following despatch to Meade, — the hour not given, but presumably toward sundown: "I have the honor to report that scout sent out the first road leading to the right from Germanna Ford went as far as Barnett's Mill at or near Mine Run [Barnett's Mill is on Mine Run], found the enemy's pickets. Also the scout sent out on the second road to the right [the Flat Run Road that intersects the Pike where the battle began] went to within one-half mile of Robertson's Tavern, found a small force of the enemy's cavalry on picket. It was also reported that a brigade of rebel infantry was sent down to Barnett's Mill or Mine Run yesterday."

These scouts referred to were probably individuals in Confederate uniform, for Sheridan always kept a group of these quiet, daring men about him on whom he called for hazardous service.

At 7.40 P. M. Wilson again reported to Forsythe, "I have executed all orders so

far. My patrols have been to the Catharpin Road. Did not see Gregg, and only two of the enemy; also to within one mile of Mine Run on Orange Pike [Plank?] skirmishing with small detachments of the enemy. Patrol to Robertson's Tavern not yet heard from."

Ten minutes later, or at 7.50 P. M., Wilson sent this despatch to Warren: "My whole division is at this place [Parker's Store]. Patrols well out on the Spottsylvania and Orange Roads. No enemy on former, and but small portion in this. Drove them six miles or to within one mile of Mine Run. Patrol from here toward Robertson's not yet reported. *Rodes's division reported to be stretched along the road as far as twelve miles this side of Orange.* Will notify you of any changes in this direction." The italics are mine, and as we know now, not only Rodes's, but Lee's entire army was on the move. Here we have all the recorded information that Meade could have received of the enemy up to when he joined Grant at his camp-fire.

There is no evidence, so far as I have discovered, that any inquiries were made of Wilson as to the enemy's movements, either before or after his despatches to Sheridan and Warren. Apparently they were satisfied at headquarters that Sheridan's scouts and Wilson's patrols had reported the situation truly, that there was no movement this side of Mine Run. It is quite obvious, too, that no heed was paid by Warren or Sheridan to the ominous statement in Wilson's despatch as to Rodes. Possibly this information never reached either Meade or Grant; and evidently, if it did, it made but little, if any, impression. This can have but one explanation: namely, that they were possessed with the delusion that Lee, as soon as he found we had crossed the Rapidan, would hasten from his lines to some position beyond the Wilderness. No fog ever drifted in from the sea, wrapping up lighthouses and headlands, that was deeper than this delusion which drifted in over the minds of Grant and

Meade, and, so far as I know, over corps and division commanders as well.

But how about Wilson's patrols? And especially that one he had sent toward Locust Grove? This is probably what happened. It got to Locust Grove before noon, having scattered into the byroads and paths the videttes of the First North Carolina cavalry whom they had brushed away from the ford at daybreak. From there I assume they went on to Mine Run, which they found glinting brightly from one clump of willows to another. Beyond the run, and in full sight, rose Lee's breastworks of the year before, not a flag flying on them or a soul in them. All was peaceful at Mine Run. After a while, having scouted up and down the run as far as Barnett's Mill on the north, and off toward the head of the run on the south, they rejoined the main patrol at Locust Grove. No one disturbed them, and there they waited till they saw the sun approaching the treetops, and then they obeyed their orders and struck off through the woods for Parker's Store. Their dust had barely settled before on came Ewell. Had they stayed at Locust Grove a few hours longer, the Army of the Potomac would have left their bivouacs and been on the move. Hancock would have been brought up to Parker's Store, and both Ewell and Hill would have been crushed, probably before noon of the next day.

Is there nothing mysterious in all this? Knowing the situation as we now do, does it not add interest to that camp-fire of old rails, before which Grant and Meade are sitting smoking? Does it not give a weird echo to the cheery bursts of laughter of their staffs at the humor and wit of the light-hearted members?

And all this time the spirit of the Wilderness is brooding.

Lee's camp-fire was in the woods near Verdierville; and General Long, his military secretary, says that at breakfast the following morning he was in unusually fine spirits, chiefly over the fact that Grant had put himself in the meshes of the Wilderness, just as Hooker had done

before him, giving him the one chance to overbalance his 120,000 men.

It may freshen the understanding to bring clearly to mind once more the relative positions of the camps of the two armies. Wilson is at Parker's Store within five miles of Heth, Hill's leading division. When I was there last May a couple of old straggling orchards were in bloom, and in the road beside one of them I met an old Confederate, whose tawny beard is now streaked with frost, going home from the store. "Can you tell me where General Wilson was camped?" I asked. He replied, sweepingly waving his hand, "Stranger, he was camped all over that field and all around here; but I was off with Rosser's cavalry. It is very quiet now, sir." And so it was.

Ewell is on the Pike within a few miles of Griffin. The positions of the rest of Warren's corps and of those of Sheridan, Sedgwick and Hancock have already been indicated. From Grant's headquarters to where Lee was in camp in the woods opposite the house of Mrs. Rodes is, as the crow flies, between nine and ten miles; and a circle with its centre where Warren was in camp and a radius of six miles would have taken in all of the Army of the Potomac save a part of Burnside's corps and the bulk of Ewell's and Hill's corps. And yet the Army of the Potomac lay down to rest, not dreaming that they were almost within gunshot of their old foe!

Happily all of their camps were on less gloomy and fated ground than Hancock's. His were on the old battlefield of Chancellorsville, and some of his regiments found themselves on the identical lines where they had fought in that engagement. The ground around them, and for that matter everywhere, was strewn more or less with human bones and the skeletons of horses. In a spot less than ten rods square, fifteen skulls with their cavernous eyes were counted, their foreheads doming in silence above the brown leaves that were gathering about them. In sight of a good many of their camp-fires, too, were

half-open graves, displaying arms and legs with bits of paling and mildewed clothing still clinging to them. Oh, war's glory, this is your reverse side! On all hands there were tokens of the battle: shriveling cartridge-boxes, battered and rickety canteens, rotting caps and hats, broken artillery-carriages, barked and splintered trees with dead, or half-dead, dangling limbs, and groves of saplings, in which the woods abound, that had been topped by volleys as if sheared by a blast. Of course, there was line after line of confronting, settling breastworks, whose shallowing trenches nature was quietly filling with leaves and dead twigs. All these dismal reminders met the eyes of Hancock's men until they were closed in sleep. I do not know how it would have affected others, but I think that if I had been sitting before one of those camp-fires, — night having well come on and the whip-poor-wills, of which there are thousands that make their homes in the Wilderness, having begun their lonely cries, — and the fire drawing to its end had suddenly kindled up as fires do — and mortals too — sometimes before they die, and thrown off a beam into the darkness upon one of those skulls, it seems to me that I should have felt a low, muffling beat in my heart.

Hancock's tent was in the old peach orchard. (What is there about a peach orchard that war should choose it for the scene of battles? There was the battle of Peach-tree Creek near Atlanta, the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, and now Hancock is in the old peach orchard at Chancellorsville, where the battle raged fiercest. Does war love the red blossom, or did the blood of some noble soldier-heart quicken the first peach of the world?) The whole disastrous scene must have passed in review before Hancock went to sleep. But the feature of the battle that would come back to him, I think, with most vividness, and make the deepest impression on him as a corps commander, was the flank attack that Stonewall Jackson made. In fact, judging from Han-

cock's own reports of the first two days' fighting at the Wilderness (which took place within less than three miles of where he slept), he not only thought about it, but possibly dreamed about it. For the entire time he was fighting Hill, he seemed haunted with the fear that Longstreet would come up on his left by way of Todd's Tavern and give him a blow on his flank such as Jackson had given Howard, thus paralyzing a great share of his customary aggressive and magnetic usefulness.

I wonder if the ghost of Stonewall did not come back; it was about the anniversary of the night on which he received his mortal wound. The old armies that he knew so well were on the eve of meeting again. Did he cross back over the river that he saw just before he died, that river whose beckoning trees offered such sweet shade to the dying soldier? Did I hear you say that you thought he did? Yes, and lo! he is on the field of Chancellorsville looking for his brigade, for his old legion of the Valley. "They are not here, Stonewall; these men you see are Hancock's men." And now he goes to the peach orchard, for no soldier ever took part in a battle who does not have a longing to see the ground the enemy defended. He approaches Hancock's tent, — they had known each other in the old army, — draws its walls softly, and looks in on the gallant fellow. Perhaps it was then that Hancock dreamed Longstreet was on his flank.

Stonewall closes the tent-walls and seems to ponder; is he debating where he shall go next? Shall it be off to where he parted with Lee to make his great flank movement, or shall it be back to where he fell? He is retracing his steps. If you will follow him, so will I, for the road he is on, the woods that border it so sullenly, and the spot to which he is going, I know right well. And now that he has reached it his lips seem to move; is it a prayer he is offering? Or is he addressing some aide, telling Hill to come up and Pender to push right on, as the old

scene comes back to him? But what is that figure emerging from whence his own men fired on him, that so engages his attention? Is it the spirit of the Wilderness, and does he read in its relentless eyes the fate that is to befall Longstreet? Off up the Orange Plank Road towards Parker's Store then turns the spirit of Stonewall, his heart yearning to be with Lee and his valiant corps once more; and now he is passing the spot where Longstreet is to be stricken down almost mortally by a volley from his own men. Whose hands are those pulling the bushes and overhanging limbs aside? Lo! there again is the spirit of the Wilderness, with the same ominous, relentless look in her eyes. The figure withdraws, the branches swing back into place, and the ghost of Stonewall moves on, with troubled brow.

Hark! he hears something. It draws nearer, and now we can distinguish footsteps; they sound as if they were dragging chains after them through the rustling leaves. Presently, off from the roadside where two oaks admit a bit of starlight, Stonewall sees a gaunt, hollow-breasted, wicked-eyed, sunken-cheeked vision. Behold, it is addressing him! "Stonewall, I am Slavery and sorely wounded. Can you do nothing to stay the spirit of the Wilderness that, in striking at me, struck you down?"

"No, no," says the ghostly commander, impatiently waving the staring creature away. "Your day, thank God! has come. To-morrow morning Lee will strike, but it will not be for you."

"And is this history?" comes a peevish voice from the general level of those who are as yet only dimly conscious of the essence and final embodiment of History. Yes, it is a little sheaf out of a field lying in one of its high and beautifully remote valleys.

At Warren's headquarters we breakfasted early, and at 5 A. M. he sent this despatch to Humphreys: —

"My command is just starting out.

As I have but little ways to move, I keep my trains with me instead of sending them around by the plank road, which I fear might interfere with the main trains, which I understand to be those to be assembled at Todd's Tavern."

A half-hour later he notified Getty, camped back at Flat Run on the Germanna Road, that Griffin would hold the Pike till he (Getty) got up. At the same time he sent word to the officer in charge of the pickets in front of Griffin not to withdraw till the column got well in the road on the line of march to Parker's Store. He then mounted his big, logy dapple gray, wearing as usual his yellow sash of a major-general, and started to follow Crawford and Wadsworth. From his camp he could see that they were already under way, passing the Lacy House. Just as he was reaching the Pike—we had not left camp three minutes—a staff officer, riding rapidly, met him and, saluting, said that General Griffin had sent him to tell General Warren that the enemy was advancing in force on his pickets.

I do not believe that Warren ever had a greater surprise in his life, but his thin, solemn, darkly sallow face was nowhere lightened by even a transitory flare. Hancock's open, handsome countenance would have been all ablaze. There was with Warren at this time, as I recall, only Colonel Locke, Dr. Winne, the general's brother Robert, and Lieutenant Higbee, an aide who had been on his staff for a good while, and who was a very brave man. Warren first turned to me and said, "Tell Griffin to get ready to attack at once;" then, for some reason, perhaps because of my youth and inexperience, he told Higbee to take the message; and at once notified Meade as follows:—

"6 A. M. General Griffin has just sent in word that a force of the enemy has been reported to him coming down the turnpike. The foundation of the report is not given. Until it is more definitely ascertained no change will take place in the movements ordered."

And now he yielded to one of his weaknesses, referred to by Grant in his *Memoirs*, namely, informing his commanding officer what should be done. (He had another and more fatal one, that of commenting at times unfavorably, regardless of who were present, on the orders he received.)

"Such demonstrations are to be expected, and show the necessity for keeping well closed and prepared to face Mine Run and meet an attack at a moment's notice. G. K. WARREN."

Before the above despatch left headquarters another aide came in and Warren added, —

"6.20. Bartlett (Griffin's advanced brigade) sends in word that the enemy has a line of infantry out advancing. We shall soon know more. I have arranged for Griffin to hold the pike till the 6th corps comes up at all events. G. K. W."

He then sent this order to Griffin:—

"Push a force out at once against the enemy, and see what force he has."

Even Warren had not quite thrown off the mysterious delusion that Lee was falling back; but within three hours, like a fog, it lifted, not only from his mind but from Meade's and Grant's also.

Griffin, on receipt of these orders, forwarded them to Bartlett, who sent at once the Eighteenth Massachusetts and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, the former on the right, the latter on the left of the Pike. When they reached the pickets, skirmishers were thrown out, who promptly engaged those of Ewell, driving them back to their lines, and who quickly ascertained that the enemy was there in strong force and busy throwing up breastworks. On this reconnaissance Charles H. Wilson of Wrentham, Company I, Eighteenth Massachusetts, was killed, the first to fall in the campaign. He was only eighteen years old, and the son of a farmer.

In a short time after these orders were sent to Griffin, Meade with his staff came up hurriedly to Warren, and, hearing what he had to say, exclaimed emphatically, "If there is to be any fighting

this side of Mine Run, let us do it right off."

I have seen many statements as to what Meade said, but I was within ten feet of him and recall with distinctness his face, his language, and its tones. Meade then sent this despatch back to Grant, who was still at his camp waiting for Burnside. It was received at 7.30 A. M.

"The enemy have appeared in force on the pike, and are now reported forming line of battle in front of Griffin's division, 5th Corps. I have directed Gen. Warren to attack them at once with his whole force. Until this movement of the enemy is developed, the march of the corps must be suspended. I have, therefore, sent word to Hancock not to advance beyond Todd's Tavern. I think the enemy is trying to delay our movements and will not give battle, but of this we shall soon see."

General Meade, may I ask when Lee ever declined battle with you? All your doubts on this point will soon be removed, however; for he is right on you and means to deliver a blow, if he can, that will send you reeling, as he sent Hooker, back across the Rapidan.

Grant, on receipt of this unexpected news from Meade, replied, "If any opportunity presents itself for pitching into a part of Lee's army, do so without giving time for disposition." Meanwhile Warren, having hurried aides off to Crawford and Wadsworth, the former to halt, the latter to move up on Griffin's left, established his headquarters at the Lacy House. From there he sent this message, dated 7.50 A. M., to Griffin:—

"Have your whole division prepared to move forward and attack the enemy, and await further instructions while the other troops are forming."

He then rode, and I went with him, to Wadsworth, who had halted about a mile beyond the Lacy House. Where we overtook him there was an old chimney that probably marked the home of one of Major Lacy's overseers. I remember it very distinctly, for one of Warren's staff hav-

ing observed that a bare little knoll near the chimney would be a good place for a battery, he observed coolly that when he wanted advice from his staff he would ask for it. I have always thought that it was an uncalled-for snub on the part of Warren, but a great deal must be excused when a battle is pending; I doubt, however, if Grant or Sedgwick or Thomas under any stress ever spoke to a young officer or soldier in a way or tone that made him uncomfortable. Wadsworth was just forming his division, facing it west. Warren said to him, pointing toward the woods, — we were on the bank of Wilderness Run near where its biggest western branch comes in, and its listening waters, whose cradle is in those glooming woods, heard every word he said, — "Find out what is in there." And did they find it? Yes indeed they did.

We then went back to the Lacy House and Warren set off to see Griffin. By the time the aide overtook Crawford, — it was just eight o'clock, — the head of his division had cleared the basin of Wilderness Run and reached the east side of the Chewning Farm, which is on the same heavily wooded broken ridge that Wadsworth and Griffin were forming on, a mile or so to the north. This ridge, with abrupt ascents, bends eastward at Chewning's like the rim of a great kettle, and after a while falls away into the swampy heads of the easterly branches of Wilderness Run. The farm is an irregular opening, its gently rolling fields — in the midst of which stands the old house that was filled with Confederate wounded during the battle — were beginning, when I saw them last, to clothe themselves in spring-time green. Parker's Store is only about a mile south from them through the woods, the ground declining gradually in that direction.

In acknowledging the receipt of his orders, Crawford said, —

"There is brisk skirmishing at the store between our own and the enemy's cavalry. I am halted in a good position."

The cavalry he saw were the Fifth New York, five hundred strong, whom Wilson had left to hold the place till Crawford should arrive. They were not skirmishing, however, with cavalry, but with the head of Heth's division of Hill's corps, that opened the battle of Gettysburg. Had Warren's orders to Crawford been delayed twenty or thirty minutes in delivery, the entire day's operations would have been changed, for his advance would have brought him into immediate contact with the Confederate infantry and Lee's plans would have been disclosed at once. It is all conjecture what would have been the moves Grant would have made in that case, but the chances are, however, that Hancock would have been diverted to the junction of the Brock and Plank Roads; that Getty would have been pushed immediately to the Chewning Farm, and with Hancock forcing his way to Parker's Store, and those open fields firmly in our possession, it would have made Lee's position very critical. But that was not to be; in the May nights of years to come, the phantom regiments of the Confederacy and not ours were to form in the fields and march across them with spectral colors flying.

When Crawford's despatch, quoted above, reached corps headquarters, Warren was still with Griffin; and it was sent to Meade, who, judging from the indorsement he put upon it, was not even at that early hour—it was just after nine—in a very good humor. Crawford found that the enemy were in force on the Plank Road, and later asked—his despatch was received at a quarter after eleven—if he should abandon his position to connect with Wadsworth, having received orders to that effect from Warren, who had been impressed with the seriousness of the situation in front of Griffin. Warren replied to this, "You will move to the right as quickly as possible." Roebling, Warren's right-hand man, who presumably was with Crawford at the time, sent this despatch to his chief: "It is of vital im-

portance to hold the field where General Crawford is. Our whole line of battle is turned if the enemy get possession of it. There is a gap of half a mile between Wadsworth and Crawford. He cannot hold the line against attack."¹

It is only necessary to visit the field, to follow the old works and gun-emplacements,—when I was there last spring I saw in one of the latter where wild turkeys had been scratching for snails in the leaves,—I say follow the lines, and you will agree with Roebling that we ought to have held the Chewning Farm at all hazards. But before sending the above despatch to Crawford, Warren sent the following, dated 10.30, to Wadsworth:—

"Push forward a heavy line of skirmishers followed by your line of battle, and attack the enemy at once and push him. General Griffin will also attack. Do not wait for him, but look out for your left flank."

This order to Wadsworth is so inconsistent with what actually transpired that it can only be accounted for by the fretful nagging which had begun on Warren from headquarters. Moreover, Griffin, Ayres, and Bartlett, having visited their skirmish lines and discovered that the enemy were in strong force, were averse to moving unpreparedly, and had so notified Warren. Colonel Swan of Ayres's staff, whose account is altogether the clearest and most comprehensive yet written of that part of the field, says he went back to Warren at least twice, at Griffin's behest, to report the gravity of the situation, and that Warren used sharp language to him the second time. Colonel Swan says, "I remember my indignation. It was afterwards a common report in the army that Warren had just had unpleasant things said to him by

¹ I beg to acknowledge my obligations to Col. Washington A. Roebling, Warren's chief of staff, for the valuable aid his notes have given me; and to Professor Theodore Lyman, son of Col. Theodore Lyman, Meade's most confidential staff officer, who has allowed me to consult his gallant father's notes of the battle.

General Meade, and that General Meade had just heard the bravery of his army questioned." The ground for the latter might have been some heedless remark from one of Grant's aides who had come with him from the West. But however this may be, as soon as Grant could communicate the necessary orders to Burnside as to the disposition of his troops at the ford, he came to the front with all speed. On his arrival he found Meade and Sedgwick standing near the Pike, and after short consultation he and Meade pitched their headquarters near by. They were on a knoll covered with pines from four to seven inches in diameter, the ground strewn with needles and bits of dead limbs. It is now part of an open leaning field, with here and there an old tree dreaming of the past; and nearly opposite, on the Pike, is a little frame chapel, its bell on Sunday mornings pealing softly over it.

They had barely dismounted before news of importance besides Crawford's first despatch came in. Captain Michler of the engineers, whom Meade had sent to reconnoitre to the right of Griffin, had been suddenly fired on while making his way through the thickety heads of Caton's Run. After satisfying himself that trouble was brewing, he hurried down the Flat Run Road to its junction with that from Germanna, and notified Meade of the situation. Wright's division of the Sixth Corps was moving along unconscious of danger. As soon as Wright heard Michler's story he formed his division, facing it west, and soon orders came to move up and join the right of Griffin. He had to advance through about the most broken and confusing district of the Wilderness. His left, under Upton, had to cross all the feathery branches of Caton's Run, which are densely packed with bushes, vines, and low-limbed trees. By this time, too, definite news had reached headquarters from Parker's Store. The five hundred men of the Fifth New York whom Wilson had left there under command of the gallant Colonel Hammond, had dismounted, and

fighting as infantry, were falling back, though gamely, under his inspiring example and that of General McIntosh, who on his way from Sheridan to report to Wilson for the command of a brigade, had joined him. Meade realized the danger those brave men were stalling off, that Lee was aiming for the junction of the Brock and Plank Roads. With this in his possession, Warren's position would be turned and Hancock at Todd's Tavern completely isolated from the other corps. So about half-past ten Getty, who had been lying near headquarters, — waiting, shall I say for the delusion to lift that Lee was retreating, — was ordered to move thither with all haste, and head off Hill. At the same time Hancock, who, dismounted, was resting in a pine grove beyond Todd's Tavern, was told to come up without delay and support Getty.

Meanwhile Winne and the other surgeons were busy locating their hospitals and getting ready for what they knew was coming. And by ten o'clock the yellow flags of the First, Second, and Third divisions of the Fifth Corps were flying on the ridge east of Wilderness Run; that of the Third was first near the Lacy House, but later moved back with the rest; those of Wright's and Rickett's divisions of the Sixth Corps were behind them respectively to the east of the Germanna Road; that of Getty, and later those of Hancock's corps, were pitched near Lewis Run among the fields of the Carpenter Farm, which when I saw them last were in blading corn.

To the wonder of headquarters, no news had come from Wilson; but it is easy of explanation. Not having received counter-instructions and the enemy having made no demonstration, he had set off promptly for Craig's Meeting House on the Catharpin Road. His division got there at eight o'clock; and shortly after, its leading brigade engaged Rosser and drove him westward several miles. Rosser was soon reinforced, and pushing Wilson back got possession of the road

to Parker's Store, thus cutting him off from communicating with Meade. About noon Fitz Lee, having joined Rosser, after some severe fighting finally drove Wilson rapidly toward Todd's Tavern. There Gregg, with the Second Cavalry division, interposed and checked the enemy. In the mean time, every little while, as the morning had worn on, wounded men had come down Wilderness Run from the gallant Hammond's command, all telling the same story of the advance of Hill toward the Brock Road. This, and the absence of any news from Wilson himself, added to the intensity of the situation, and impatience grew apace.

Again and again inquiries were made of Warren when Griffin would move, and each time with more edge. No one at headquarters shared Warren's conviction that the situation called for a thoroughly organized and formidable attack, one that would leave no doubt of results. Had any one of the headquarters staff, however, tried to put a division or even a regiment in line, he would soon have realized the difficulties and would have had abundant charity for Warren. It is true that the delay that morning was almost inexplicable. But once a division left the roads or fields it disappeared utterly, and its commander could not tell whether it was in line with the others or not. As it turned out, they were almost as disconnected when they struck the enemy as if they had been marching in the dark. Yet it took nearly four hours to get ready to form, and when the orders came to go ahead, divisions were still looking for each others' flanks. By half-past eleven Meade could stand the delay no longer, and, whether or not Wright was abreast with Griffin, "Send him ahead," was the firm command from headquarters.

The situation, then, on our side, thirty minutes before the battle began, is as follows: Bartlett's brigade of Griffin's division is formed in two lines of battle on the south of the Pike. The first line

is the Eighteenth Massachusetts and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, the latter next the road; the second line, the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, and Twentieth Maine, the First Michigan deployed as skirmishers. Ayres is moving up by the flank of regiments in column of fours, through the tangled cedars and pines on the right of the Pike, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, Pat O'Rorke's old regiment, on the left of the first line, and then the Regulars. In the second line, its left on the Pike, is the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York, then the Ninety-first and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. I doubt if a single captain in Ayres's brigade or that of Upton, the left of Wright's division of the Sixth Corps, who were elbowing their way through the bushes and buck-horned, dead limbs of morose, moss-tagged pines to overtake and connect with Ayres, saw the entire length of his company, let alone the battalion, as he moved forward.

Wadsworth, mounted on his iron gray, lighter in color than Warren's, is following up his division that is trying to advance in line of battle to join Bartlett's left. Cutler is on the right with the Iron Brigade, the Twenty-fourth Michigan on its left. Stone is in the centre of the division, Rice on the left next to Crawford. The Maryland brigade is in reserve behind Stone. Daniel W. Taft, a brave, one-armed Vermont veteran, who was with Rice in the Ninety-fifth New York, tells me that, as they advanced, a wild turkey, the first and only one he ever saw, broke from a thicket ahead of them.

Getty is nearing the junction of the Brock and Plank Roads. Wheaton, commanding his leading brigade, catches sight of the tall North Carolinians who are about to overwhelm Hammond making his last stand, breaks into a run, forms behind the tired, gallantly-fought cavalrymen, and is saving the key of the battle-field. There were bodies of Confederate dead within less than 200 feet of this vital point. Hancock, urged by orders from

Meade, is riding rapidly ahead of his corps up the Brock Road to join Getty. His troops are coming on too, as fast as they can, sometimes at double-quick, but all are greatly delayed in their march by artillery, trains, and horsemen, the road being very narrow and bordered by such thick woods that the guns and trains cannot draw off into them to clear the way for the infantry. For three or four miles this side of Todd's Tavern the road is packed with his sweltering troops, for it is very hot in the still woods. The trains that had set out to follow him to Todd's Tavern have faced about and are making all speed for Chancellorsville, where the artillery reserve is going into park.

The bulk of Burnside's corps, suffering with heat and marching as fast as it can, is away between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. The batteries around the Lacy House and on the overlooking ridge east of Wilderness Run stand ready to move, the buglers following their captains as they go from section to section of their batteries, the gunners lying down or leaning against their well-loved pieces. There is one battery close behind Griffin. Ammunition wagons from the various supply-trains have drawn out and taken positions as close as they dare to their respective brigades. The ambulances too have come forward and are ready.

At headquarters, anxiety with Meade and Humphreys is increasing over Hill's move toward the Brock Road. The eagle spirit in Meade is up, and a captious won-

der pervades the staff why Warren does not attack. No one seems to know or care whether Upton is within reach of Ayres or not. In fact, impatience born of a delusion that there was nothing very serious in front of Warren blinded every one from taking the ordinary safeguarding steps. Grant is sitting with his back against a young pine, whittling and smoking, his modest, almost plaintive, face as calm as though he were sitting on a beach and waves were breaking softly below him.

At last Meade's imperative orders have reached Warren, and Griffin's lines are moving. The sun is in the meridian, not a cloud in the sky, and Wilderness Run is glistening down through the fields. In the woods not a living leaf is stirring, and the dead ones are waiting to pillow softly the maimed and dying. "The mortally wounded will be so thirsty!" says a spring beauty blooming in the woods on the bank of the little run that crosses the Pike in front of Griffin. "And some of them I *know* will cry for water," observes a violet sadly. "And if they do, I wish I had wings, for I'd fly to every one of them," exclaims the brooklet. "We know you would, sweetheart," reply violet and spring beauty to their light-hearted companion of the solitude. "And if one of them dies under me, I'll toll every bell that hangs in my outstretched, blooming branches," declares a giant huckleberry-bush warmly. "But hush! *hush!*" cries the bush, "here they come!"

(To be continued.)

A SIDE-VIEW OF OPTIMISM

BY W. A. GILL

"Like enough," said Sancho, "but, for all that, I had a side view of it and saw it all."

"Take heed, Sancho," said the duchess, "for one cannot see the whole of anything by a side view."

WHEN Voltaire with malicious intent brought the word "optimism" out from the recesses of a learned Jesuit magazine and started it derisively on a popular career, he scarcely foresaw the destiny lying in wait for it. Since its appearance as sub-title of the successful novel, *Candide, ou l'Optimisme*, it has never ceased extending its circle of patrons, until now, in the English-speaking world at least, it has really become a "household word," familiarly employed by the learned and unlearned alike, and to be found almost anywhere, from a metaphysical treatise or presidential message to a trade advertisement. Meanwhile, the originally intended derision has been dying away, so that, were Voltaire to visit the present English-speaking world, the loud and incessant praises of "optimism" in the newspapers and elsewhere might frighten him into the idea that he had landed in a nation of Dr. Panglosses. However, after some further study of the facts, he would certainly suspect, to his relief, that the meaning of "optimism" had radically changed, and that what was now being preached differed widely from the irrational doctrine he had tried to laugh to death a century and a half ago.

Many signs would suggest this to him. For instance, he would hear "optimism" advocated with equal enthusiasm by all sorts and conditions of minds, — by atheists and divines, scientists and astrologers, hatters and poets, reformers and anti-reformers. Now, to him "optimism"

signified, quite definitely, an intellectual creed or theory; what he attacked in *Candide* was something based on a logical "trilemma" — the Leibnitzian metaphysic; the whole matter moved in his day in a rare atmosphere of "First Principles" and syllogisms. This very diverse company of modern preachers, however, could not be supposed to agree in the "metaphysico-théologo-cosmolonigologie" of Dr. Pangloss; they could not all, he must think, accept any one intellectual theory of existence. Their unanimity, therefore, must have some other ground. There is reason to think that he might say to himself after a while: "They are not maintaining a theory at all, but something like a practical rule of conduct. It seems to be a good enough rule, though very slenderly connected with 'optimism,' properly so-called."

All these various advocates, he would observe, were preaching "looking on the bright side," cultivating "the happy habit," "keeping smiling," and not much else. He would find such a leader of social thought as President Eliot urging the public "to be sure to live on the sunny side," "to be sure to see the good side of any event which has two sides," and interpreting the latter proviso thus broadly. "When a tiger springs on an antelope, we say, 'Poor little antelope!' We forget to say, 'Happy tiger!'" — an illustration not unacceptable, it may be presumed, to Tammany Hall. Elsewhere he would come across such expressions as "honey exchanges," and "optimistic lubricant," and might chance on such a paragraph as the following, in his morning paper: —

"It was Optimist Sunday, and the philosophy of making the best of, and

seeing the best in, everything was expounded by ministers of all creeds and denominations from a hundred pulpits, in Newark, its environs, and the Oranges. The sermons were by members of the 'Optimist Club of New Jersey,' the newly incorporated 'smile' organization, which has been taken so seriously that the most prominent business, professional, religious, and financial men in the state have joined in the movement to drive pessimism from business and society."

Possibly he might be so fortunate as to receive, in a rose-colored envelope, the prospectus of the larger organization called the "Optimist Club of America," which has President Roosevelt and the governors of all the states among its members, and whose purpose is, as he would learn from the prospectus, "to cause optimism to be a concrete reality; to make people think, act, feel, and talk optimism to themselves and their neighbors; to induce good men to stand together, and smile, and have full confidence in themselves, their country, and their destiny." Of a similar body, the "National Prosperity League," news might also come to him. He would certainly enjoy reading about a meeting of that league last summer in New York City, where, while it was proclaiming that all was for the best in the best of all possible financial worlds, the unemployed marched on its hall of assembly with cries of "Show us!" In the numerous optimist magazines, which pour from the press with such an air of spontaneity that one might suppose them to be inspired by the *Zeitgeist* itself, he could not fail to light upon many roseate advertisements of a distinctly concrete nature: — "Treatments for Health, Happiness, and Success," "Personal Success — Power absolutely guaranteed," and so on. In short, he could not long question the establishment of "optimism" nowadays as a "concrete reality," sharply distinguished from any mere intellectual speculation; and his old object of attack must

appear as scarcely even a side-issue in the ardors of the modern campaign.

This view of things might satisfy him, for a time at least, as to the unanimity of the various leaders of the campaign. For everybody, of course, whatever his intellectual standpoint, recognizes the practical value of hopefulness, confidence, and the "merry heart" that "goes all the day." Voltaire himself, though he did write *Candide*, and had no mercy on speculative optimism, took extreme pains to cultivate smiling, cheerfulness, etc. Though he did not utilize the "pre-established harmony" as a means to his end, he was very careful about the humbler matters of diet, fresh air, and exercise. In his art of living, he gave an almost indelicate prominence to the maxim: "Bien digérer et se tenir le ventre libre." Our noted "physiologic optimist," for whom "happiness is health," and health "a question entirely of the correct treatment of food in the mouth," has gone no farther in this direction; though, it must be owned, Voltaire would not follow Mr. Horace Fletcher in saying that "the final, most condemning accusation against pessimism is that even the slightest touch or shadow of it retards digestion."

The word "pessimism" was not invented till after Voltaire's time; he called it "Manicheism;" but he would not have admitted a question of hygiene as "the final, most condemning accusation" against it. Here again, however, a difference of meaning has come in, for pessimism is at present almost entirely as practical a matter as is optimism.

Voltaire was not blind to the fact that the holding of this or that intellectual view of existence may possibly result in some concrete modifications of character or conduct. He declared somewhere, for instance, that "optimism" produced inertia. For all that, and although he brought the discussion down from the astral plane of Leibnitz's "monads" to the level of human life, and even threw it into the form of a novel, he made

scarcely any attempt to depict any such character-reflections in his *dramatis personæ*. During most of the tale he battered them with such a rapid succession of overwhelming disasters that they had little chance to do more than gasp; but even in modes of gasping there are *nuances*, which, if his purpose had lain that way, he might have turned to revelatory account. His optimist, Pangloss, is not more "inert" than Martin, his Manichean, and of "grit" he shows at least as much as any of his companions. After Pangloss has lost an eye and an ear, been flogged, hung, and enslaved, he still maintains that his troubles are not "odious blots," but "the shadings of a beautiful picture," and that "since all partial evil is universal good, the more there is of the former, the more there must be of the latter." The personages of this drama, however, are hardly more than markers, as it were, in a disquisition of dry reason, resembling those apples and eggs which are sometimes introduced into algebraic problems, to refresh the young, instead of x and y .

In the particular circumstances of this case, the omission of the character-reflections affords a vivid enough illustration of the difference between Voltaire's use of "optimism" and our own. If we may imagine him deciding to rewrite *Candide* during his visit, and to bring it up to date according to our English-speaking notions, he would probably devote most of his space in the new version to the character element he so signally neglected before, while the theoretical interest, which previously absorbed him, might be almost left out. His personages, instead of being passively mammed, and tossed to and fro like dummies, would now, it may be presumed, be endued with plenty of initiative; and since Voltaire would certainly sympathize with an exponent of cheerfulness and smiling, Pangloss, if his optimism were limited to those functions, might conceivably be exalted from a sorry butt into an admirable hero; and in short, the whole tend-

ency of the work be diametrically reversed.

And yet, on reflection, the occurrence of this reversal is by no means certain. It cannot be overlooked that Voltaire's younger compatriots, the Frenchmen of to-day, though quite as fond of cheerfulness as he was, and though more successful in attaining it, perhaps, than the English-speaking world, with its "spleen" or "nervous prostration," — and though understanding the term in that practical extension of it familiar to ourselves, — are nevertheless, as a rule, hostile critics of the modern concrete optimism. A French comedy, *L'Optimiste*, traces the optimist-character, just as Voltaire might supposedly do in a fresh version of *Candide*; but the portrait of the chief figure is far from flattering. M. de Plinville exemplifies, as has been said, "those moments when, satisfied with all, seeing everything in a favorable light, excluding all memory and all foresight, men deceive themselves and those about them equally as to the present and the future." That is not a bitter censure, to be sure; but, more recently, intelligent Frenchmen of goodwill have used very much stronger language about concrete optimism. Renan, for instance, who personally practiced a smiling serenity to be envied by the most adept Christian Scientist, "involuntarily suspected any professor of optimism of some smallness of mind or meanness of heart." Brunetière inveighs angrily against the "sordidness," "pettiness," and "meanness" of the thing. Emile de Girardin thinks, "The dissolute man is the typical optimist." Another writer alludes, as a matter of course, to the "depraved hearts" of optimists.

Now, when one recalls the glorifications of optimism by an Emerson or a Browning, it is clear that they and the French moralists are not speaking about one and the same thing. Yet neither are the latter using the word in Voltaire's sense. They are certainly talking about a practical enough issue, about character-reflections, — with their "dissolute

man" and "depraved hearts." The truth is, our modern optimism, all practical and concrete though it be, is none the less arrantly ambiguous, and under a smiling surface masks a deep division.

The existence of this twofold reference is so obvious that it is sometimes overlooked, perhaps for that very reason. Perhaps, too, the change from the word's original meaning is not sufficiently realized. As a theory, optimism has, indeed, only one meaning; not so, however, as a practical issue. To what different characters, for instance, do we ascribe "optimism" as a dominant quality! To Micawber, substituting hope for work and always waiting for something to "turn up;" and to the energetic Mark Tapley, quixotically welcoming troubles as opportunities of "coming out strong;" to Falstaff, whose philosophy (as read by Goldsmith) was that "by struggling against misfortune we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict, but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away;" and to the Rabbi Ben Ezra with his

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns Earth's smoothness rough,

Be our joy three-parts pain!

and again to the "orator of the human race" in the French Revolution, Anacharsis Cloots, who being accosted as he came out of a great banquet, by a starving beggar, with the cry, "I am hungry," replied, "And I have eaten too much; things are balanced." The trait has also been ascribed to the Levite who preserved his serenity of soul by "passing by on the other side;" and some might see just as much reason for imputing it to the Samaritan, who went trustfully to succor the wounded stranger.

"Optimism" is preached nowadays, not argued about. Theories are discussed, and rules of conduct are inculcated. But inculcation is more dangerous than discussion, where an ambiguity exists. Our preachers of "living on the sunny side" may wish to inculcate either this

rule of conduct, — that the best way to be happy is by facing and fighting the troubles of life; or this rule, — that we must try our best to evade and close our eyes to those troubles. The confusion between two such contrary principles is facilitated, no doubt, by the circumstance that everybody, very legitimately, practices both rules every day.

"Mrs. Croaker: But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?"

Honeywood: Which is the best, madam, very few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker: But we're talking of the best! Surely, the best way is to face the enemy in the field.

Honeywood: Why, sir, as to the best, that — that is a very wise way, too."

The opposed rules can come into debate only when adopted as general principles. The optimism of Emerson and Browning, and that of the French moralists, repeat the antithesis; and which side Voltaire would select for Pangloss in his new version must remain uncertain, though it seems probable that he would see the question through the eyes of his compatriots.

It may perhaps be said, as if it were scarcely worth mentioning, that the optimism so enthusiastically advocated in our English-speaking world is, of course, of the first, the Emersonian, Browningsque, or fighting kind. Yet the fact stares us in the face that the second, the evasive, type is more openly adopted among us to-day than ever, perhaps, since antiquity — at least by any considerable body of citizens. Hitherto, in the modern world, only a few eccentric individuals, like Anacharsis Cloots, have ventured to be frank about it, and the novel spectacle of a reputable *bourgeois* association, like that of the Christian Scientists, publicly avowing and maintaining the evasive way with honest pride might excite a suspicion that the times must be

more in accord with such a tendency than they used to be.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the queer, piratical assumption by this sect of the prestige and authority of the Man of Sorrows as authority for its rule of indifference to the sorrows of the world, but it may be worth while to consider for a moment the appearance of a metaphysical sanction or foundation of that rule, which is set up in its "book of books." The evasive rule is there indeed decked out in the whole panoply of the "metaphysico-théologo-cosmolonigologie" of Dr. Pangloss, and yet, at bottom, it remains true enough to the plain characteristic practicality of our modern optimism. All this enigmatic pomp of speculation reduces itself, on inspection, to a simple enough circumstance. When a child hurts itself, we say: "Never mind! Take no notice of it! It does n't really hurt," — hoping the soreness may disappear if not thought about. We enjoin on the little victim, that is to say, the adoption of the evasive rule; and we reinforce the advice, to help it in "taking no notice," by the assertion, "The pain does n't really exist." These two sentences comprise the natural history of this interesting metaphysical doctrine.

Starting from a few "cures," effected by the principle of "taking no notice," the sect has advanced to the courageous conception of a "cure-all," or panacea, along similar lines. The nursery formula has accordingly been generalized into this guise: "Never mind! Take no notice of any pain or evil! No pain or evil really exists." But the blunt public pays little heed to the metaphysical web spun about the last limb of this injunction. It looks through the cocoon to the nursery spell, and perceiving that expanded to vast proportions, murmurs, "It's ridiculous, of course, but what an effect it has in diverting their thoughts!"

In the comedy of *L'Amour Médecin*, Molière tells about a girl locked up by her father, and how her sweetheart disguises himself as a doctor to get through "the locks and bars." The youth gives him-

self out, on being introduced into the household, as a "mental healer:" — "since the mind," says he, "has a great empire over the body, and diseases often have their origin in it, my practice always is to begin by curing the mind." He diagnoses the girl's condition, with her father's leave, and discovers, sure enough, that "all her sickness comes from a disordered fancy, that is, from a silly craving she has for the state of wedlock." He accordingly proposes to the father this drastic, deceptive treatment: "Since we must always humor the imaginations and whims of an invalid, and since I perceived immediately that any delay would be extremely dangerous, I ventured to win control of her by means of her little foible, and told her in so many words that I had come for no other purpose than to ask you for her hand in marriage. Immediately, her face changed; her eyes lit up; her color revived; and, if you'll consent to keep the deception up for a day or two, I'll promise you we'll bring her round!"

Had Clitandre's pretense in this case been a pretense, instead of a naked truth, his curative proposition of marriage might have been compared to the "No pain or evil exists" of Christian Science.

It is tempting to dwell on this contemporary illustration of evasive optimism, not only because of its admirable frankness, but because of the novel facilities it offers, or rather has called general attention to, for the successful pursuance of the rule. The Earl of Pembroke, who ordered his wife always to be at home by 10 P. M., used to set the clock back, when she disobeyed, to keep up appearances. This was a very crude stroke of auto-suggestion; and usually in the past the difficulty of following out the evasive rule on a general scale has been keenly felt. People have said half-heartedly to themselves that "facts are facts," and could not be blinked in the long run, that is, with any degree of comfort to the defendant. Nowadays, however, we are told that facts are not facts, but thoughts; we are reminded that "there is nothing

either good or bad but thinking makes it so,"—a quotation which figures in many expressions of opinion of contemporary optimism, among others, on the title-page of *Science and Health*; that each of us constructs his own world and may construct it so as best to please himself; and to a mind so prepared the science of "suggestion" is applied.

"Suggestion" is as old an art as the "Let's pretend" of children at play, but it has recently acquired freshness through being employed, not at haphazard, artlessly, anyhow, but systematically, scientifically, even coöperatively. Now we may hire professional "suggesters," trained to the practice, to aid us in following the evasive rule; moreover, they will teach us to do it for ourselves. The psychologists have formulated a "law" of the process: "Every idea tends to affirm and realize itself, if it is not prevented by an equal tendency of another contrary idea;" which law is closely followed in the instructions to "healers" in *Science and Health*. It is undeniable that Christian Science has in several respects kept well abreast, if not ahead, of the times. The "healers" are instructed to divert the patient's whole attention to the "bright side," and in every way to suppress the "contrary idea" of disease, or the "dark side." And so successful has the sect been in carrying out this law, that, by general admission, the entire medical profession has been induced to follow its lead. It seems, moreover, that the Christian Science Church may always retain an advantage over the isolated practitioner, inasmuch as it can apply the process of "suggestion" in the most powerful form, that is, the coöperative. Large congregations assembling every week and declaring jointly in prayer and song, that "no pain or evil exists" must create a panic reassurance on the point, as influential, probably, as is panic fear.

So widespread and prosperous an organization as this church, with its handsome temples and zealous members, all so ready to testify to the benefits of

its central practice of evasion, has undoubtedly made a profound impression on the world at large. This striking instance of the evasive rule being frankly, systematically, and successfully practiced by so many prosperous members of society has permeated the minds of even the least educated. And yet, were the church merely a source diffusing an alien sentiment into the community, it would be, whatever its members, a more or less negligible factor. Its main significance comes from the possibility that its influence upon the public mind may be, after all, trifling compared with the influence of the public mind upon it; that its pursuance of the second rule of optimism may be but a symptom of a general mood, which it doubtless reinforces by reaction, but of which it is, at bottom, not the cause, but an effect. How, indeed, should it have risen so swiftly to success in any but a favorable atmosphere? The admission of this possibility would suggest, of course, that the evasive kind of optimism, which the French regard as the only kind, and which they denounce as sordid, mean, and depraved, is not by any means exceptional, but, on the contrary, pretty general among us. It would not follow, however, from an acceptance of this view, that the validity of the French epithets must be conceded.

The practical results and character-reflections of evasive optimism are, of course, considerably mingled. To speak as if meanness and depravity summed them up is absurd. Smiling serenity, cheerfulness, confidence, are invaluable qualities. A hostile critic of Christian Science, Mark Twain, asserts that its practices may deliver humanity of four-fifths of its ills. There is a good deal of truth in the saying, often repeated by contemporary optimists, that the best way to make those about us happy is to make ourselves happy. And then, in a workaday, buying, and selling world, the material usefulness of a beaming countenance, a glad hand, an inwardly secure poise cannot be overrated. These "minor

morals" are indubitably "money-getters," to say no more. Of course, the practice of the evasive rule makes for egotism. It begins, usually, with care for the individual's health, and when that is established, goes on to protect him from mentally sympathizing with — which, after all, means "suffering with," so often superfluously! — the troubles of others. But in these times "egotism" is no longer a word of awe. Many can draw a wide enough distinction between egotism and depravity. In a whole clever school of modern thought it is rather altruism which pairs off with the latter. In order to rise toward the ideal of ultimate humanity, dreamed of by Nietzsche, Stirner, and others, the first requisite is to avoid sympathy, — to "be hard." Only so is the "Superman" to be attained. Were Nietzsche asked which of our contemporary creeds was the most ideally beneficent, it is quite likely that he would name Christian Science. Not only does it carry out the maxim, "Be hard," but by insisting on facts being merely thoughts, and on nothing being either good or bad except as we choose to esteem it so, it sets the individual's feet upon the path which leads him "jenseits des Guten und Bösen." It still halts, no doubt, in alien traditions and compromises; but, as Emerson says, "We must look at tendencies."

This ethical attitude, with its varied consequences, advantageous or the reverse according to one's point of view, is not altogether lacking, it would seem, in encouragement from our contemporary environment. It would not be difficult to adduce many sympathetic manifestations from focuses of thought independent of Christian Science. In the various publications of "joy philosophy," "new thought," "new mysticism," quaint medical lore, "arrivisme," occultism, and every sort of "nigologie," now showered upon us, references to an optimism closely allied to that just discussed are common enough. A recent English writer, after studying this abundant literature

here and in Great Britain, reports that the thinker of this type "seeks by will-power, self-suggestion, etc., to construct his own universe, and to attain union with the divine principle of his life, — with an indwelling, not a transcendent, God, located not infrequently in his 'solar plexus.' He seeks this union, as a rule, from strictly utilitarian motives, connected with his physical health, comfort, or success."

It may be of interest to set beside this fresh report some notes of Emerson's about the *Present Age* of fifty or sixty years ago. "A leading trait," he wrote, "is the growing consciousness of the individual of his access to the universal mind. This tends to degrade and weaken all relations. Superficially, it shows itself in analysis and detachment. Ours is the age of the First Person Singular, and of freedom and the casting off of all ties. . . . At first, we run to excess, separate utilities from the labor they should represent, appropriate and monopolize them. The end to be rich infects the whole world, and shoves by the Church and the State. Government and education are only for the protection of Property, and Religion even is a lever out of the spiritual world to work for this." The words might have been written to-morrow. The First Person Singular manifests itself nowadays in a continual laudation of selfhood, rising sometimes to grave discussions as to whether we are not, in fact, "gods together." The corollary of self-deification, that each man is a law unto himself, is not seldom drawn, and Schopenhauer's condemnation of the "immorality" of pantheistic optimism then finds its justification. Never is the word "sin" employed in this literature; "mistake" takes its place; and the errant is adjured to forget his "mistakes" as quickly as possible, in defiance of the old-fashioned lines: —

He who lacks time to mourn, lacks time to
mend;

Eternity mourns that.

And all through the utterances of these

independent new thinkers the use of "suggestion" for keeping the "bright side" uppermost is prescribed in a measure fully equaling that of Christian Science. Sometimes, indeed, the application of this process, dissociated from the religious trappings of that sect, takes on a very irresponsible air. A writer in a New York newspaper, commenting the other day on the large sales of books about "psychic treatment," "religion and medicine," "mental healing," and the like, remarked, —

"It is probable that the great success of Christian Science is largely responsible for this. The idea that the mind has a great power over matter has penetrated the brain of every one, and in a number of cases I have noted, the first effect is, I am sorry to say, to make the persons deliberate liars."

The most scrupulous, however, permit some lying in a sick-room, and did not Jeremy Taylor say that "all the world is a hospital"?

Nevertheless, it may surprise some to find the altruists, the opponents of Nietzschean ideals, and the clergymen of the old-fashioned churches, joining so strenuously, as many of them do, in preaching optimism and "living on the sunny side," amid existing circumstances. The prevalent ambiguity concerning the two rules seems to endanger the advice. In the light of which rule is the "man in the street" likely to interpret it? This advocacy has been explained as a reaction against the old-time gloomy Calvinist style of religiosity. In mitigation of that, a plea for a livelier hue were explicable enough. While the religion of the preachers was not only as bare, but also as fast as a rock, it might evidently be permitted them to train vines over it. But, supposing their religion to be no longer so very hard and fast, would vines serve to tether it? We hear of the old-fashioned churches having "lost their hold," and of people aspiring to no heaven but one "here and now," and fearing no hell but that "of not getting on." And then, in real

fact, how much Calvinist background exists to-day to be reacted on? He would have to be an old man who could now write about his youth, as Emerson wrote about his: —

"Calvinism was still robust and effective upon life and character in all the people who surrounded my childhood. They were a high tragic school, and found much of their own belief in the grander traits of the Greek mythology, Nemesis, the Fates and Eumenides."

Would Emerson himself speak in the following strain at present?

"Least of all do *we* need any checks or measures: as if New England were anything else!" "I will and I can," is a common saying of our modern optimists, — a formula which differs, perhaps typically, from, —

When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

In any case, it would almost seem to be superfluous for altruists and the like to preach the "bright side" in commercial communities, such as make up the English-speaking world, seeing that commerce itself always takes good care to divert attention that way. Our new "Optimist Clubs" serve to illustrate the fact, but it may be seen throughout history. The typical English school of moralists, for instance, the "Utilitarian," which has faithfully reflected the commercial expansion of the "nation of shopkeepers," has always been markedly optimistic. It has sometimes given an even rampant expression to that way of thinking, as when Hartley declared that "all individuals are actually and always infinitely happy," or Tucker, that "our whole amount of suffering may be equal to a minute of pain once in twenty years," or Adam Smith, that the happy outnumber the unhappy by, precisely, "twenty to one."

The commercial life, indeed, both encourages and needs the optimist spirit. Its rewards are not ideal nor vague, but tangible and well within the reach of human effort, and they are accessi-

ble to the hopes, at least, of all classes. Moreover, one's advance in it may be vastly accelerated at any moment by some lucky or skillful stroke. And, on the other hand, a sanguine, confident mood is peculiarly needed for the enterprises and speculations by which alone commerce can be sustained and expanded. In the most thoroughly and intensely commercialized community that

has ever existed, a sufficient concentration of thought on the "bright side" will certainly be effected by the mere facts of the case; and if the forces of altruism and old-fashioned religion have any quarrels to prosecute with the spirit of trade, they may, it seems, feel themselves free to carry on those quarrels *à l'outrance* without weakening their opposition by any alliance in respect of "optimism."

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

GIORGIO VASARI was until recent times the last critic who prized the exquisite art of Sandro Botticelli. To have been great and so long forgotten is a pledge of sensational rediscovery. But in a day of rehabilitations, that of Botticelli has been singularly complete and durable. Upon the discreet imitations of the English Preraphaelites, followed the guarded apologia of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, only to give way, in turn, to the sentimental inferences of Walter Pater, to the fervid championship of Ruskin, and to Mr. Maurice Hewlett's graceful and penetrative musings. I pass the dozen or more works in erudition, or semi-erudition, that have illuminated or obscured the theme. Mr. Berenson has carried the matter into the field of general ideas. Mr. Herbert P. Horne,¹ Botticelli's best and latest biographer, shows a prudent predilection for facts.

We first meet Sandro Filipepi, the fourth son of Mariano the Tanner, in a tax return of 1457, which tells that the boy was thirteen years old, still at his books, and in poor health. Vasari assures us

¹ *Alessandro Filipepi, commonly called Sandro Botticelli, Painter, of Florence.* By HERBERT P. HORNE. London: George Bell & Sons. 1903.

that Sandro had the usual schooling, and specifies the "three R's," but in the main we must suppose that he was self-educated, and, like a true Florentine, largely through the reading of that compendium of all grave doctrine, the *Divine Comedy*. At a later time we know that Sandro denied the possession of a soul to a rash 'prentice, who, without letters, ventured to hold opinions upon Dante. Through association with such humanists as Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, for whom Botticelli began to work in his thirty-third year, and Poliziano, who inspired the composition of the Birth of Venus, the aspirations of the classical revival were communicated to the young master. The year in Rome, his thirty-seventh, left an enduring impression in certain grandiose forms of architecture. No master of the time except Mantegna was better versed in antiquity, and the Florentine kept the advantage of loving his Rome naïvely. Loving it too well to archæologize, he glimpsed it fervidly through a genuinely Tuscan pair of eyes. Indeed, it is worth noting that the idiomatic quality is equally strong in his work, whether he treats a stock subject of the Middle Ages, or a mythological fantasy of the newest humanistic coinage. His mature

inventions bespeak poise and self-mastery. His later work indicates an unwholesome detachment, — perhaps that sudden reckoning with mortality that makes a perfected craftsman seek fanatically new and strange perfections. It is a phenomenon that we may study in so well-ordered a genius as that of Titian. Botticelli began a course that should have conducted him parallel with his younger contemporary Leonardo, only to finish as the most reactionary spirit that lived on into the so-called Golden Age. The *Calumny* was painted while the *Last Supper* was being designed. Thus Botticelli must be classed with those who have made some "great refusal," not, like the Dantesque shade, "from cowardice," but from inner stress that dashes them athwart the easy grooves of their age.

No sign of this, however, in Sandro's beginnings. He was articulated with the most popular painter of the time, and actually learnt his trade from the most progressive. Working with Fra Filippo Lippi, by this time for reasons released from the religious life, the young Sandro really studied Antonio Pollaiuolo. Had not Vasari preserved the tradition, Botticelli's early work would tell us plainly enough that the erratic Frate had been his master. No painter in Florence was better known or more popular. Had he not put the neighbors plainly into his pictures — the shy grace of their young mothers, the roguishness of their urchins, the genial poise of their men and matrons? If the innovations of Fra Filippo commended him to such Florentines as Mariano the Tanner, his conservatism was equally popular. Beyond his study of the moods of the human face, which with the crowd always counts for pretty much the whole of art, he took no forward step. Regardless of the new painting in oil mediums, he practiced the old beautiful manner of working in tempera. This, with the abundant use of gold, Botticelli took over from his master, applying the method handed down by the Middle Ages to the new subjects and emo-

tions of the Renaissance. To many it will seem that he put new wine into old bottles, by thus persisting in an obsolescent technic. But the charm of his painting is largely in the sense that a new life, wistful and passionate by turns, has swept into an experience where the old lights still burn serenely.

Technically, then, Botticelli owed everything to Fra Filippo. Beyond this, I feel, he owed very little, for the good reason that master and pupil were of diverse temperaments. From the first, in vitality of contour, cunningly devised and controlled motion, concentration of interest, we find Botticelli precociously strong, precisely where his master was weak. Moreover, where these more serious qualities do appear in the Frate, it is in work executed at a time when Sandro was old enough to be an active assistant and counselor. Take, for example, those remarkable frescoes of 1364-65, the *Funeral of St. Stephen* and *Herod's Feast*, painted in the choir of the Collegiata at Prato years after its decoration had been begun. They do not show the hand of any of Fra Filippo's known assistants, but one at least does inevitably recall the manner of Botticelli. *Herod's Feast* shows a fluidity of composition that we find just this once in the work of Fra Filippo. In dancing *Herodias*, the draperies flutter, obeying the toss of the legs with unwonted spirit. Herod is the mate of the captains of *Holophernes* in the little picture painted some years later by Botticelli, and the type is not Lippesque. In many such particulars *Herod's Feast* displays the familiar manner of the Frate with a curious difference, as it were unstiffened and carried to higher grace and mobility. In candor it should be said that this view is not countenanced by the authorities, and that no strict division of the actual painting between master and pupil is to be thought of.

However that may be, soon after the Prato frescoes, we meet Botticelli as a painter in his own right. In the oblong *Adoration of the Magi*, of the National

Gallery, in the Judith, the slain Holophernes, and the Fortitude, of the Uffizi, — all painted before his twenty-sixth year, — we may trace indubitably the real influence under which he was developing. In these, as indeed in most of the paintings done before his thirty-sixth year, the example of Antonio Pollaiuolo is authoritative. Equally competent as goldsmith, sculptor, draughtsman, and painter, Antonio's designs reveal a passion for truth of form and the higher truth of energy. For a kind of dæmonic force, they are still counted among the most remarkable works of all time, displaying through their superficial ugliness a beauty of action, a noble tension, that only an artist is likely fully to appreciate. In perspective and anatomy, he was simply the most searching spirit of the age. When Botticelli began to paint, Antonio was in his early prime, and his drawings were passed about as unapproachable models. Botticelli, while acknowledging the Frate as master, was really studying with Antonio.

In the oblong Adoration of the Magi at London we may see the lesser yielding to the major influence. It is a furniture panel, painted conceivably before Botticelli had left Fra Filippo. This small work boasts two compositions. To the right the Kings from the East and their train, in the familiar oblong arrangement invented by Don Lorenzo Monaco, worship the Child. Here we are very near Fra Filippo, in the hint of ledgy landscape, in the bits of ruined architecture, in the somewhat detached effect of the figures, more especially in the facial types and draperies. Botticelli's contribution is a greater concentration, and a less formal disposition of the many figures, but this improvement is only half realized. In the main the courtiers are paired off like awkward guests at a dinner-table. To the left of the panel are thrown in, for good measure, the men-at-arms of the Magi in the stir of a brief halt. Here the arrangement is compact, the variety of expression and gesture remarkable. We note the strongly accented, almost distorted,

masks of Antonio Pollaiuolo, horses in all manner of foreshortening, brusque contrasts of light and shade; in short, all the earmarks of the realistic school. We shall soon find the theme repeated in more effective, because simplified form, in the group of captains and horsemen who loom in the opening of the tent where lies headless Holophernes.

When Fra Filippo went to Spoleto in 1468, where he died the following year, all business connection between him and his best disciple probably ceased. Meanwhile Sandro's devotion to the realistic movement was unswerving, and it is not surprising to find him, as it were, rewarded by a commission from the great Antonio. That painter, in 1470, engaged to paint the seven theological and moral virtues as mural panels for the commercial court held in the Mercanzia. Most of these allegorical figures he turned over, as was his wont, to his brother Piero; one, the Fortezza, was assigned to Sandro Botticelli. John Ruskin has expressed so much that one would like to feel about the Fortezza, that I much regret owning how little of it I see. The moody face, which does indeed contrast with the expressionless masks of the six sister virtues, is a reproduction of one of Verrocchio's mannerisms, and (*pace* Ruskin) has nothing to do with nervous courage. One notes a figure most solidly modeled and ornately decked out, which shares the ungainly proportions of the series. In brilliancy of color and fantastic preciousness of ornament we may presume that Botticelli was trying to outdo the Pollaiuoli on their own ground.

The ease with which Botticelli adopted the ornate manner of these goldsmith-painters raises the question whether he too was not trained in metal-work. Vasari declares that he had such training, but this is denied. In any event, whether through his own practice with the tracer or mediately through Antonio Pollaiuolo, Botticelli commands from the first the peculiarly terse and energetic line which is almost a prerogative of the goldsmith-

painters of Florence. The feigned sculpture with which he adorned so many of his later works may be a kind of reversion to youthful exercises with the tracer. Much of the architectural screen of the *Calumny*, for example, would furnish the most suggestive and appropriate themes for a sculptor-goldsmith.

From such tentative efforts as we have briefly noted, the advance toward independent mastery was swift. For years yet the dynamic forms of Antonio Pollaiuolo are used, but in applications undreamed of by the inventor. In the little panel, *Judith Returning to Bethulia*, we detect Antonio's leading in the large figures, completely filling the composition and profiled against a deeply-receding champagne with low horizon; but in the swift yet suave motion of the figures, in the calligraphic yet expressive flutter of the draperies, in the keen flash of a yellow robe against the blue, in the dog-like attentiveness of the handmaiden, in a delicacy that pervades this strongly conceived design, we have traits that are Sandro's own. This very famous picture, the subject of many rhapsodies and of innumerable reproductions, has unfairly cast in the shade its less attractive companion piece. Nothing could be more tragically inventive, or more truly pictorial, than that astounded group of mail-clad captains and horsemen towering in the opening of a rich pavilion, while the pale light falls pitilessly on the headless body that lies delicately amid the disordered bedclothes, as if merely foreshadowed with wine and lust.

In times of experiment and restless endeavor there come moments when we seem to be projected into the harmony that is our distant, perhaps our wholly unconscious, goal. Such a moment must have smiled upon Botticelli, when he painted the so-called *Chigi Madonna*, now in the Gardner collection, Boston. As if to forget the ardors of Pollaiuolo, and with them the sweat of the workshop, Sandro adapts a composition of his old master, Fra Filippo, and essays the gently

lyrical mood of Verrocchio. An angel, a strange androgynous figure, offers grapes and ears of wheat to the Christ Child — the symbols of His future passion. The Infant draws back in a dubious curiosity. As if to reassure Him, the Virgin takes an ear. It is his destiny which she is about to offer. Both figures seem sunk in reverie upon a mystery and tragedy sensed rather than perceived. The angel has the grave affability of a visitant in a dream, but shares too the inner perturbation of those whom he serves. A bit of placid river landscape completes this most sympathetic composition. There is a complete absence of the conscious effort that marks most of Botticelli's early work. We find anticipated, by more than ten years, the sentiment of those rounds of Madonnas wreathed with angels which constitute the best known, if not the best, achievement of the master. And I am not sure that, for its simplicity and reticence, the youthful picture is not to be preferred.

In 1477, his thirty-third year, Botticelli painted two very famous pictures, the *Adoration of the Magi*, in the Uffizi, and the *Allegory of Spring*. Their mood is so widely different, their implications as to the temperament of the artist so contradictory, that we must think of them as painted in a time of hesitation. The *Adoration* is the work we might have predicted, being the mature product of some ten years of realistic studies. He had only to go on, to be one of the leaders of the new movement. The *Allegory of Spring* is almost the first hint of that bizarre beauty in pursuit of which Botticelli was increasingly to avoid the main current in favor of radiant or darkling by-waters. It is the first intimation of the solitary trend of his genius.

The *Adoration of the Kings*, let me repeat, sums up the realistic studies of his young manhood in an elaborate composition abounding in incidental portraits, and fairly outdoing Ghirlandaio on his own ground. It was Sandro's most normal triumph, and naturally his most popular picture. It was still honorably exhibited

when the Allegory of Spring was deemed fit only for the junk-room. From the time when the Adoration was placed in Santa Maria Novella, commissions came readily to the *bottega*, and Sandro's way might have been a smooth one had he chosen to let it be so. In the sixteen years since I first saw this famous picture, I have outgrown, not my admiration, but much of my affection for it. It strikes me as an extraordinary academic exercise, more valuable for the perfection of the parts than for the charm of the whole. The regal *cortège*, ostensibly on parade below, jars a little with the devotionism of the Holy Family. Something of this apprehension must have been in Sandro's mind, for when, about five years later, he painted another Adoration, now in the Hermitage Gallery, he achieved a greater unity of mood and arrangement, wreathing the worshiping courtiers about the Child in converging groups, all most devoutly attentive. And in another repetition of the theme, the ruinously repainted canvas in the Uffizi, he inspired a multitude of figures with a pious vivacity that fairly rivaled, in spirit if not in dignity, Leonardo's unfinished masterpiece. The Adoration of the Kings and the Primavera were in all probability for some time in the shop together. Possibly visitors, who must have been rather frequent at this period, were as baffled by the Spring as the earnest tourist is to-day. But the Florentines, we may guess, at least were not worried by this first appearance of a strange and ambiguous beauty. They seem to have taken it for an odd yet lovely bit of decoration, and the allegory never bit them deeply. It was left for our times to deck out the Spring with the legendary embroidery which it certainly invites, yet possibly does not need.

Legend has it that the picture was painted for Lorenzo the Magnificent, that Mercury presents the unfortunate Giuliano, and Venus the fair Simonetta. This lady, who is presumed to be Giuliano's mistress, is said to have sat for many of Botticelli's pictures. Her apparition when

Sandro painted her as the sea-born Venus has inspired one of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's most winning pages. All this is delightful matter of poetry, for which the facts give no warrant. The Spring contains no portraits, but merely Sandro's characteristic ideal masks. As for Giuliano and Simonetta Vespucci, their relations may have been merely ceremonious. All we know is that Giuliano, wearing her colors, — a usual compliment, — won the midsummer joust of 1475. As the poets were laboriously filing their eulogies of the champion, she died, affording excellent elegiac material wherewith to eke out chivalric stanzas. The assassination of Giuliano himself, in the flower of his youth, gave pathetic credence to such rhetoric. So far the tradition; now the facts.

The Spring was painted, like the Birth of Venus, and Pallas and the Centaur, a few years later, for Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco's newly-bought villa at Castello. For him Botticelli also executed the Dante illustrations, now preserved at Berlin. This relation of patron and artist lasted some twenty years, evoking Sandro's most precious and characteristic work. Compared with this, his relations with the ruling Medici, and especially with Lorenzo the Magnificent, are of an insignificant sort. No commissions, except those for the Sistine Chapel, approach in importance those undertaken for Castello and its master. Mr. Horne has made the case plain for the first time, and it is among the most interesting of his numerous discoveries. Returning to the Spring, its basis is purely literary and classical. As Dr. Theodor Warburg first showed, Cupid, Venus, Flora, Spring, and Zephyr, — in fine, all the right-hand side of the picture, — are borrowed from Lucretius. We read in the fifth book of *De Natura Rerum* a splendid passage in which Venus is represented as she who renews all life through recurring springs:

It ver et Venus et Veneris prænuntius ante
Pennatus graditur, zephyri vestigia propter
Flora quibus mater præsurgens ante vias
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet.

Which Mr. Horne translates, "Spring and Venus go their way, and the winged harbinger of Venus, Cupid, steps on before; and close upon Zephyr's footsteps, Flora, their mother, strewing all the way before them, covers it with rarest colors and odors." Here we have all the characters except Mercury and the Graces, who are added for good measure, being for that matter frequently named in Latin poetry as part of Venus's train. Here we have, too, the explanation of the pregnancy of Venus, and of Spring, the goddess and minister of all fruitfulness. The Spring of Sandro Botticelli, in short, is only less literary than the Calumny. Its strange beauty is individual. Neither Lucretius nor a pair of ill-starred young folks explain it. We may regard it as a bit of passionate make-believe, a sheer nympholepsy of Sandro's. He mused until the Tuscan spring about him dissolved, resolving itself into a distant garden of Venus — an antique paradise, but composed, after all, of the dear homely Tuscan materials, and peopled by the lithe girls and bonny youths of Florence, raised to a momentary divinity.

We shall return to this fantastically graceful work. It is in all respects quintessential, and to understand it truly would be to read the secret of Botticelli's art. But, for the moment, let us rather consider certain technical points which are not without æsthetic instructiveness. And first, note that the shut-in composition — the orange thicket seems merely a colored and elaborated development of the tooled background of a bas-relief — is unusual in Florentine art of the period. Mr. Horne thinks that we may look to a late Gothic arras for this decorative motive. But I feel sure that we need go no further afield than the famous print of the Ten Nudes by Antonio Pollaiuolo. There we find the half-conventionalized thicket, and a similar group of agitated forms. In fact, this stern realist curiously pervades the Spring. The pointed feet with heels raised high, the knotted joints and wiry attachments, all that suggests the actual

strain of muscle and sinew, derives from him. From the silver altar-front made by him for St. Mary of the Flower is borrowed the figure of Flora. Yet how individual remains Botticelli's adaptation of the forms of Pollaiuolo! What had served for rather sterile technical display, or at best for realizing certain effects of ferocity, here becomes the vocabulary of a new and gracious style. It is Florence in her most sensitive genius, seeking a new dialect in which to revive the myths of antiquity. Here is still pure Tuscan idiom, a little raucous, as it should be, but of a pensive and pagan beauty, only essayed before and never afterwards repeated. When we reflect that this new loveliness is rooted after all in the asperities of Antonio Pollaiuolo, we are reminded of the Scriptural enigma, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

In passing immediately to the companion piece, the Birth of Venus, we anticipate by a few years. Adepts of Botticelli may be roughly classified as they prefer one or the other picture, neophytes being as readily stamped by their enthusiasm for the roselike *Magnificat*. Into this amicable strife it would be fruitless to enter. Lovers of the fantastic, I think of the essential, Botticelli, will hold by the *Primavera* for the richness of its contents, the raciness of the varied impressions it affords, the general romantic strangeness of the treatment. Those more classically disposed will find a higher satisfaction in the simpler and more unified impression of the Birth of Venus, in the more advanced and purposeful conventionalization of the landscape, in its sombre harmony of gray, olive, pale blue, and rose, with mellow tracery of gold; in the wistfulness of the virgin goddess unmindful of the cool dawn, of the earnest wind-gods that wait her ashore, of the rose-colored vestment of passion fluttering in the hands of an expectant nymph. Compared with the Spring, it is less mediæval and hieratic, and perhaps more intimate and appealing. It has the Virgilian sense

that recurs in all modern portraiture of the ancient gods.

Somewhere between the Spring and the Venus — aesthetically I mean, for it is considerably later than either — belongs Pallas and the Centaur. It partakes of both the serene and the bizarre beauty, and though summary in execution, has a delicate elaborateness of design inferior to nothing of the master's. The room at Castello that included these three mythologies among its decorations was truly a hall of halls. Would that they might once more be united under a Tuscan roof, not in the bleak light of a gallery, but in a kind of reverent seclusion.

The paintings at Castello belonged to one who was both a kinsman and a political opponent of the ruling Medici. It is possible that they were little known. The mention of them by early writers is of the vaguest, as if on hearsay. In any case, despite Vasari's declaration that Sandro painted "plenty of nude women," some of which must have helped feed Savonarola's famous bonfire, we must suppose that his mythologies were little in demand. The Mars and Venus, of the National Gallery, a furniture panel and of minor importance, though charmingly conceived, completes the list. Numerous school pieces and remoter imitations suggest that others reaped where he had sown.

Lorenzo de' Medici and his circle, the natural patrons for such subjects, gave Botticelli few and trifling commissions. This neglect perhaps drove him back to deeper study of the religious subjects one might suppose he was outgrowing. At all events, we shall find him deliberately retracing his steps, deserting the progressive school, and cultivating a revived and more poignant mediævalism. Of course this change did not take place abruptly. It was preceded by a number of experiments, of which the most interesting is the St. Augustine at Ognissanti. It was painted in 1480, in competition with Domenico Ghirlandaio's St. Jerome. Here Botticelli undertakes no less a theme than

the portraiture of a soul that through the agony of the mind has obtained an arduous peace. As if the agile formulas of Pollaiuolo were inadequate to express the weight of intellectual melancholy, Sandro reverts to the ponderous, almost metallic, modeling of Andrea del Castagno. Outside the Bargello were Andrea's effigies of early traitors, beside which, in 1478, Botticelli had depicted the Pazzi plotters hanging ignominiously by neck or heel. Of the St. Augustine, a figure truly of Faust-like significance, Vasari justly remarks that the head "reveals that profound thoughtfulness and acute subtlety which is wont to be in persons intellectual and continually abstracted in the investigation of lofty and difficult subjects." And the whole figure, especially the knotted hand pressed to the swelling breast, is quite as expressive as the face. In most of Botticelli's later work we shall find this attempt to realize highly rarefied or powerful emotions. The recourse to the sculptural methods of Castagno is merely symptomatic. Botticelli's problem of expressive draughtsmanship was to be solved along quite other lines.

The year 1481 was a turning-point in Sandro's career. It was then that his first designs for the Inferno of Dante were published, and it was then he went to Rome, where he appears to have had general charge of the preliminary decoration of the Sistine Chapel, with Ghirlandaio as his associate. Probably not one visitor in a hundred to-day notices the twenty-eight figures of popes between the windows, so completely has Michelangelo's ceiling crushed all else; but most of these effigies, which are admirable as decoration, seem to have been designed by Botticelli, and executed by various disciples of Ghirlandaio. Sandro himself painted three frescoes, comprising the Temptation of Christ and nearly the whole story of Moses in many incidents. For the first time his peculiar fervor, the rustle of tense emotion that pervades his later pictures, was displayed.

A suitable analysis of these frescoes would be matter for an entire essay. Here I may note only their extraordinary range of sentiment and invention. The stories of Moses in the land of Midian are pure pastoralism, abounding in graceful forms set in a delectable hill country. In the Destruction of Korah we have drama, if not grandiose melodrama, — violent gesture, exaggerated expressions, stately Roman monuments in the background. All these elements unite in a kind of ornate impressiveness. Yet the effect is not quite single; some harmonizing ingredient seems lacking. Possibly, when the Sistine Choir intones one of the great vengeful psalms, the fresco actually achieves the operatic effect toward which it seems to be striving. The forms are still those of Antonio Pollaiuolo, but grown less harsh. Abounding in lovely detail, as a whole these compositions convey to me a sense of effort, as if the great task found Sandro unprepared. The fact suggests the limitations of Sandro's gift. He had nothing of the epic sense that goes to make a great mural painter. His art tended almost invariably to complication, and away from simple and broad effects. The kind of cunning sparseness of design that Giotto, and some quite inferior contemporaries of Botticelli, practiced habitually, was alien to his mood.

From Rome Sandro must have brought back something like fame. For a matter of ten years his brush was busy with important commissions. To this time belong the Coronation of the Virgin, with its lovely wreath of dancing angels; the Madonna, at Berlin, the most perfectly preserved of his works; the two rounds of the Virgin with Angels, and the Annunciation, in the Uffizi; the allegorical frescoes in the Louvre, celebrating the marriage of Lorenzo Tornabuoni to Giovanna degli Albizzi, and finally the Birth of Venus, and Pallas and the Centaur, in continuation of the decoration of Castello. In short, these years from his thirty-fifth to his forty-fifth saw the creation of practically all the pictures by

which Botticelli is popularly known to-day. At the same time began the circulation of those *bottega* pictures, exaggerating all his mannerisms but lacking his vigor, which have made him seem chiefly a pensive, if not a lackadaisical temperament. The error is the more pardonable that there was in this time a distinct drift toward a more effusive mood. The landscapes, earlier complicated and smiling, become rigid, conventional, and sombre, or give place to architectural and sculptural backgrounds. The line serves less to model than to communicate an emotional flutter. Positive contrasts begin to disappear from the color in behalf of a general dusky tonality. His pictures cease to associate themselves with the Pollaiuoli and the realists; it seems as if a more tragic and powerful Lorenzo Monaco had reappeared.

The Calumny, which Mr. Horne dates in 1494, epitomizes the early and the late Botticelli. It shows all his perfection of line and contour; it outdoes, in the variety and expressiveness of its storied background, even his exuberance of invention; finally it communicates that especial thrill which became his chief aim, to attain which in after years he readily sacrificed all verisimilitude of draughtsmanship. One feels this quality in the tilted heads and figures of Ignorance and Suspicion, who fairly encompass the foolish judge with their draperies; in the rigid accusing hand of Envy, and the sinister fall of the bristling rags he wears — everywhere the most strange and yet appropriate graphic symbols for the passion possessing each figure. Thus Botticelli reconstructed out of the hints of Lucian the famous masterpiece of Apelles. What in many other hands became a frigid exercise, in his grew into a spectacle of absorbing interest. And we may suppose that he intended the contrast of a little whirlwind of envy, hatred, and malice contained within a solemn forum, adorned with the figures of saints and heroes, and looking out through stately arches to a quiet sea. Such effects Sandro rarely got so legiti-

mately. In the later pictures the figures begin to lose all stability, becoming so many ciphers for emotion.

Naturally we who know the whole work in its relations see the change more keenly than his contemporaries, but they too seem to have resented the mature Sandro. His vogue waned rapidly. His woe-begone saints could hardly hold their own with the complacent cheerful folk of Ghirlandaio; Piero di Cosimo was soon to compete seriously in both the religious and the fantastic vein. Before 1490 the *bottega* had apparently ceased to produce big altar-pieces, and was kept going by furniture panels, and small devotional pictures, in which the hand of his assistants is predominant. The master meanwhile was chiefly occupied with the great illustrated Dante which he had undertaken for that model patron, Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco.

To study the Dante illustrations in detail would involve much repetition. They display, in concentrated form, qualities which are constant in Botticelli's work after the first years. The line, whether in the silver-point sketches or the drawings carried forward with the quill, has an extraordinary vivacity and vitality. Many passages show the flamelike ardor of workmanship that we hardly look for outside such draughtsmen as Pollaiuolo, Leonardo, and Michelangelo. And this is the more remarkable since the compositions, retaining the freshness of sketches, are in reality most laborious. Each sheet is a true chart of its canto, comprising often many incidents with a fidelity that quite justified Vasari in counting Botticelli as a commentator. Nothing could be more sensitive in the way of a pictorial transcript, and perhaps the insubstantiality of the work, considered as illustration, was inevitable. In any case, the illustrations, highly imaginative as they frequently are, of fairly celestial gracefulness in the last cantos of the *Purgatorio*, are as a whole singularly un-Dantesque. It is as if the sonorous tercets of the *Divine Comedy* were being recited by a thin and

almost a foreign, if an exquisite, voice.

Following a rather vague implication of Vasari, most critics have regarded the Dante drawings and the adherence to Savonarola's cause as phases of one and the same mood. Sandro, we are told, became a malcontent, not to say a religious fanatic. Mr. Horne has done much to set this matter straight. The excessive preoccupation with the Dante drawings was doubtless due to the relative slackness of other work. Before 1481 Botticelli was already occupied with the *Inferno*; it was natural that the *Divine Comedy* should become his chief personal resource in a middle life becoming ever more introspective. As for Savonarola's ill-omened attempt to found a theocracy in Lorenzo the Magnificent's Florence, much of the illustrated Dante must antedate that agitation. We learn indeed of no active participation by Sandro in the movement until the martyrdom of its leader. His brother Simone, however, was bound over to keep the peace shortly after the Frate's arrest, and fled after the *auto da fé*. Thus Botticelli was brought into daily and intense contact with that whole strange politico-religious revival. That he ever took a militant part in it is very doubtful.

After Fra Girolamo's death, he brooded over his work and fate, let the *piagnoni* gather in the shop to bewail the might of anti-Christ, and painted that mystical Nativity, of the National Gallery, which is a pictorial echo of Savonarola's apocalyptic studies. The date was 1500, "in the troubles of Italy," as the Greek inscription attests. Heaven and earth unite in joy at the mystic birth, only the fiends are discomfited. A pale twilight floods the scene; the line is restless yet restrained and reverent; each human or angelic form, each fold of drapery, is a symbol for ecstasy. No picture in the world gives such an impression of a tenderness, redoubled because alertly self-conscious. All the old Botticelli is in this little canvas.

We hardly need to recall the two panels of Virginia's story, painted a little earlier:

and the three still finer of S. Zenobio's legend, painted a little after 1500. These show the same agitation confined within a beautiful calligraphy, the same muted colors, the same disregard of realistic draughtsmanship. The S. Zenobio panels reveal a morbid tension. In the color there is something hieratic. One thinks of the prescribed schemes of Buddhist painting. In sheer emotional content nothing of Sandro's compares with these pictures, except the Munich Pietà, which Mr. Horne, with others, relegates shortly to the school. But what scholar could create this tremendous composition and then utterly disappear? Surely not Raffaelino del Garbo, who has been suggested. Moreover, the defects of this picture are as characteristic of Botticelli as its merits — the drawing willfully distorted to become a hieroglyph of anguish, the compositional lines abruptly cut, as it were extinguished, by the rigid haloes, the cavern pressing down upon the group as if forbidding to grief all its physical outlets and alleviations. Whether or not much of the actual paint was applied by a scholar is another affair; it remains, for me, one of the greatest and most authentic creations of the master. Its date should obviously be not much before 1500.

As Sandro's favor dwindled, memory must have supplied him certain consolations. His pictures, and those of his imitators, had gone far and wide through Italy, engravings had scattered his compositions beyond the Alps. This great diffusion of Botticelli's manner has somewhat obscured his very personal contribution to the art of the Renaissance. Opinions about him differ widely. One need not be surprised at finding a Ruskin emphasizing Sandro's religious sincerity, while Mr. Maurice Hewlett amends by insisting that to get at the soul of the fact before him was Botticelli's ideal. Both these judgments come to saying that he is a consummate illustrator, a view which seems to us misleading. Everywhere he adds to narration an abstract beauty of handling, which is really the important

thing. One cannot say that his manner grows humbly out of his matter, as with great illustrators — Dürer, for example. Nor shall we learn his secret from the critic of yesterday who finds him an amateur of the pathos of phthisical decline, nor yet from Walter Pater's famous description of the Virgin Mother moodily resentful of her arduous election. Such appreciations generally are rooted, not in the study of the master himself, but in vague revery upon the product of the school.

Against all sentimental and pseudo-scientific interpretations, Mr. Horne sets his face firmly. Like Mr. Berenson, with whom he agrees in the main, he believes the problem of Botticelli to be really a technical one. Mr. Berenson has ascribed the charm of this master to his peculiar use of the line. It serves, he says, not merely to bound or indicate form, but rather to symbolize significant motion.

Mr. Horne qualifies this opinion: "Botticelli has been called 'a supreme master of the single line;' but a subtler criticism would, I think, prefer to say that, among the moderns, he is an unique master of contour, — that he invariably uses his line to express a definite contour, not only in the outline of the figure, but of some feature, hand, or fold within its mass, and always with a rhythm and beauty of intention which is unparalleled in Florentine art."

In citing "rhythm," Mr. Horne concedes half the case to those who emphasize the vivacity of Botticelli's line as against its plastic suggestiveness. Motion seems to me after all the main impression one gets from his finest pictures, as the Spring, the Birth of Venus, the Tornabuoni frescoes, the Calumny, indeed from the seemingly static altar-pieces of the middle and later years — a motion cunningly reinforced by a symmetry of the color-masses, and by consummate skill in arranging and rendering diaphanous draperies. In fact, what seems to distinguish him from men like Antonio Pollaiuolo, who share his linear quality, is not merely

a profound difference of sentiment, but a far finer use of the brush in masses — something quite other than its expressive employment in line. Take the Spring, that quintessential masterpiece: there is indeed an amazing arrangement of line, billowing into the frame, with Zephyr and Ver rippling through the limbs and drapery of Flora, arrested but not stopped in the large ease of gravid Venus, shimmering rapidly once more in the swaying forms of the Graces, and taken up finally in the firmly poised contours of Mercury. All this may be said to be a linear quality; but how this movement is reinforced by such contrasts as the shivering drapery of Flora, the heavy folds of Venus's robes, the twinkling fall of the Coan veils caught against the dancing forms of the Graces! To find a passage like this last, one must go to the religious painters of China or old Japan, to those seers to whom cloud wrack and swirling water had yielded up their secrets.

When one studies the quality of these vestments of the Graces, as compared with the linear framework of this great and lovely picture, one seems to glimpse a cascade in a mountainous vale. The form of that gossamer thing is determined by the geology of the whole complex of ravines. It echoes and must echo the gaunt folds of the mountain, merely converting their austerity into its own fluid formulas. Study any of Botticelli's mature works, particularly the Vatican frescoes, and you will not fail to note a magic of the brush that powerfully enhances the value both of the expressive contour and of the dynamic line.

A few years before his death, Sandro Botticelli was visited by Francesco Malatesta, confidential agent of Isabella, Duchess of Mantua. She was anxious to complete the decoration of that famous little room which Mantegna had begun so splendidly. Malatesta made a round in Florence, and found Perugino both too busy and too indolent, and Filippino Lippi, whose fame had overtaken that of his master, much preoccupied. Botticelli,

who had been much praised as "an excellent painter, and one who serves willingly," was less deeply involved than the others, and would gladly undertake the work. In spite of this recommendation, Isabella, whose preferences were all for notorieties or mediocrities who followed her "poesies" obediently, would have none of Sandro. Had she taken her agent's hint, we might have found the old Botticelli renewing in the Camerino at Mantua his early triumphs at Castello. A late Botticelli painted upon a poesy of Isabella d'Este — the fancy likes to play with such a theme. We do better perhaps to note how typical this frustrated hope of distinguished patronage was of those later years.

Botticelli, who, with the Roman commission of 1481, seemed to be on the way to Italian fame, had become the taste of a few Florentines. That he worked at Volterra we know, and there is record also of an unsuccessful competition at Pisa. But in the main his story is purely Florentine. I can hardly think of a contemporary of similar repute who was so little besought from outside. He had deliberately withdrawn himself from the popular current, he had invented a baffling and disquieting sort of beauty, all his own, and he paid the penalty in the neglect of those who like their beauty new and fashionable.

When, in the middle of May, 1510, his body was taken round the corner from the house he had occupied from childhood, and laid in the cloister of Ognissanti, Fra Bartolommeo was the acknowledged master of the new manner, Andrea del Sarto was just rising into popularity, and the portentous young Raphael, grown too great for Florence, had already gone on to Rome. A discontented old figure that used to hobble along the sunny side of the Arno on two sticks, disappeared, a shop that had been a centre of mild sedition was closed. That is probably about all that the average Florentine made of the death of Sandro Botticelli.

It is easy to berate a city that had small zeal for lost causes, yet it may be doubted if our enthusiasm for Botticelli is much more intelligent than was the neglect of his immediate followers. We constantly speak and write of his genius, so personal in its quality, so detached from the normality of the greatest painting, in terms that befit a Giotto, a Masaccio, or a Titian.

Artists may roughly be divided into two classes, as their faith in natural appearances is large or small. The first class is in a constant expectancy of finding the needful beautiful forms in nature, as in a kind of great reservoir. In art of this sort the strangeness of individual fancy is constantly tempered, as it were normalized, by reference to daily experience, receiving a kind of objective confirmation. The greatest genius will, I think, always show this hopefulness. It is perhaps the supreme value of Greek art to have proved how the vision of the artist and that of the common man need vary but by hair's breadths, and yet give sufficient play to genius. The heirs-royal of art are at home in their world. But we find also a type of artists whose attitude toward the phenomenal world is one of distrust. It does not afford them precisely, or even approximately, the materials of expression which they crave. They glimpse a remote beauty, a sort of Platonic model, which is never realized in daily experience, indeed seems rather blunted or destroyed in the forms that strike the eye. These lovers of a recondite beauty must set themselves to inventing a world — a whole repertory

of visible forms, which may have little relation to those constituting the world of the average man. In fact, as the mystagogue withdraws more privately within the sanctuary of his own emotions and surmises, his concern for the witness of the outer eye necessarily diminishes. His world becomes difficult to verify, and explicable only as the emotions it shadows forth are shared by the beholder.

Botticelli's realm, however, is familiar enough to all persons in all lands who seek a direct expression of highly intellectualized emotion with a minimum of means. All artists who regard the visible world as consisting mostly of superfluities are akin to him. Thus his real artistic affinities, particularly in his mature phase, are not among the painters of Italy, but among those Buddhist painters who invented concise abstract symbols for all stages of spiritual self-perfection; or better, among those Japanese interpreters of sea and sky who dissected the appearance down to its ultimate pattern.

Such artists do nothing to endear our everyday world to us, they lend no glory to common wholesome things. But they enlarge our perceptions, refine our emotions, and increase our imaginative expectancy. If they do little to make our universe seem splendid, and in fact reckon too little themselves of its freely offered splendors, they make it more mysterious, more varied, and more inexhaustible. They do good service, somewhat at the sacrifice of wide and durable fame, in kindling the naturally stolid texture of the human spirit.

THE SEA FROM HARBORS

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

Do we most feel the sea from harbors? On the high seas imagination sleeps. We are lulled by motion and the soft rustling hushing sound of wind and wave and cordage. It is as if the watch of our life had stopped for a few days. We neither plan nor arrange, neither shoulder our old worries, which have somehow slipped away, nor suffer anything (barring a too-often unappreciativeness of our fate, which leads us to turn from food and friend!) save over the daily presentation of the same faces, the same figures, reeling around the rising deck.

But from roadsteads whence we can scan the trim sea-line, ruled between island and snug headland, we gasp over magnitude and possibility. When the rocking buoy cries like a child not quite calmed, and a long banshee moan from the lighthouse seems to reach to the Banks themselves, we lie on the bayberry downs with the boys their mothers call idle. All together dreaming of soft airs, pirates, balancing palms, and brown men putting off with cocoanuts, alluring fruits, and parroquets, we are full of the real sea savor and its gifts.

From a busy cosmopolitan harbor before a great city, I have felt the sea-power deeper than that of the land. As into a broad piazza, the ships come freighted, like diligences from diverging roads. Into the harbor they draw — trawlers, merchantmen, navies, and liners. From harbor quiet, once more laden, they pass out to the sea-blurred line and mystery of chance again, and our eyes look after.

Off the changing water-front of varied craft, among great ferry-boats wallowing like armadillos, I watch for the great ocean liner. The city is lit by morning sun. Some child of the new world seems

to have built his block-houses along the shore of dingy wharves, docks, and slips. They shoot up into the sky, and catch pale cloud-colors on their windowed faces, brilliant, giving light themselves. Between their luminous heights points the dark spire of a little old church, precise, overshadowed, not overwhelmed, the finger of Christ. Open-work signs cut across the clouds, gigantic, gayly vulgar. Clock-faces loom above sheds and docks, for the harbor has need to be on time. Lackawanna barges paddle along. Tugs, brown and yellow-barred, olive-green of New York Central, deep red, all advance and swim away, creaming at their bows. Some sidle with alarmed comic cries, others pass like an arrow, the gold eagle screaming, poised over a weathered impassive man at the wheel.

Scows of freight cars, the line of four, six, or eight cars curving gently, scuttle westward, eastward. Three-masters, tandem, in tow, press forward. An odd foreign boat, with stained red and orange sails, passes fine steam yachts at anchor. The displeased nostril finds hops of breweries and acrid-odored dump-scows. Under bridges flying in the air from great pier to pier, through cobweb of their girders, I look to the stupendous city towers, each fretted with puffing smoke, gray or gleaming, every streamer blowing eastward to-day, barring the wonderful buildings as with blowing snow.

As my boat passes, I look down streets under webbing of the elevated, clean across the city, as in that dear old wind-milled map of Nieuwe Amsterdam with its beacon, flag-pole, and belching welcoming cannon. Great elevators, water-towers, obtrusive gas-tanks, block the sky. Flames burst from foundries. Alphabetic

shapes of dredgers with dwindling ladders, stout-forked derrick arms, keep placing new designs on the delicate subtle sky, a sky sea-blown, cut by a few white birds.

Man's works are so vast, so high, they overpower him. He is invisible. Everywhere I hear mallets, hear screaming whistles, signals, staccato, tremendously occupied. Yet a white-chested, brawny black-faced fellow, yellow-shirted, stands with folded arms on a coal-barge. He is the type visible.

Suddenly a deep note rises steadily, slowly, out of the harbor mouth. Like booming breakers, it brings the sea's breadth and mystery far inshore. Like a rote it calls. No other sound can give this tremor. The sustained *bourdon* hums above and below harbor sounds, quiet, unperturbed. After her long following the needle, her lookout has made port. She is drenched with a freedom of high seas which means strictest law. She wears a dignity connected with places lying across the chart in another hemisphere: places to which we must take days to go, which we cannot face without being slowly purged of our haste and suspicion toward ample living. The wonder of these harbors from which she has come, stained by no land air meanwhile, troubled by no threatened bartering, hangs about her. Her arrival is like seeing the magician on his carpet drop before us.

Hundreds of little black heads may dot her rail, looking at a great symbol called Liberty, holding out to them, if

they will and if we will, the beauty of good and orderly living, knowledge, and a home. Suddenly their roar of cheering strikes above the tug whistles. I remember their deserted homes, — the little gold harbors they had left, filled to the brim by setting sun. How the pomegranate and primrose houses climbed above the busy sociable shipyards, where a man might have time to tell yarns about coral-fishing or catching turtles in the tideway between Sicily and Africa! How laughter must have died for a time when these folk put to sea!

If I could I would put in words the barbaric color about Genoa's docks and mole, or sing the sea-spell Venice weaves while the lagoon wind steals by the Dogana, bearing gay Istrian boats along. I remember velvet limpid blackness when I steamed on a Lloyd freighter under the stars down Dalmatia's islands, or the pale mornings when marsh birds flew over a misty river beyond the Adriatic, past white-robed Herzegovinians striking the guzla as they walked through the corn.

Slav and Morlak, as well as Italian, the great ship brings to us. To-day they are remembering their own harbors while ours welcomes them. I cannot think of the North to-day. I have seen the liner that came from little gold harbors filled with western sun — the west that drew these men until they came. Because she drew to us over the south trade, I cannot think of the dear dim North, too often brown in scud and hurling rain. The South calls.

NIGHT ON THE ROAD

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

LET us go slow, for the horse is worn
And still there are miles to make.
It is an hour from midnight, now,
And only ourselves awake —
We and the stars, and they are pale,
Blinking across the blue,
As if for a little they'd shut their eyes
And fall a-napping too.
We and the stars, and a whip-poor-will
Making some strange complaint
Down in the hidden hold of a wood,
Dolorous, far, and faint.
The road is a ribbon of glimmering gray
Unwound along the dark,
Following far a misty way
Too dim for eye to mark.
Here it stretches a level mile
Belting a dusky field;
Here it narrows, a cloistered lane
That steadfast hedges shield;
Now it dips in an easy slope
Where a velvet gloom is shed
From shouldering branches that touch and clasp
Dark hands high overhead.
Down we follow, and down and down,
Slow on the dimming track,
And the shadow deepens from dun to brown,
From brown to limpid black,
Till we lose the stars and we lose the road,
And we hear on either hand
Only the muffled monotone
Of wheels in the yielding sand:
Then, splash and ripple and tinkling tune
Of water over rock —
Robin's knee-deep in a running stream
With the buggy on the lock!

Loosen the rein and let him drink,
A long, steep pull 's ahead.
Hear how the water slips and croons
Along its fretted bed;
Hear how the current halts and swerves
Around us in its sweep, —
And listen, beyond, to the broken laugh
Where it takes a sudden leap.
The hour is still as a House of Sleep,
And heavy upon our eyes
With shadowy forms and folded wings
And tender mysteries:
The wordless talk of the wakeful brook,
The kiss of the cool-lipped gloom,
Soft on the senses the witchery
Of the wild grape's faint perfume.
What has become of the one-time world
With all its questionings?
Surely we nevermore need know,
Here at the foot of things, —
Here in the deep of the summer dark,
Hidden from hail and sight,
Hovered above by the brooding peace
Of the tranquil-minded night.
Out and onward, and up and up
To the crest of the looming hill,
Back to the ribbon of road again,
The dim trail waiting still;
On through the midst of the gentle fields,
Nodding a bit, at last, —
Lower and lower, with half a dream
For every milestone passed.
The plodding hoofs are a lullaby,
Sure as an old refrain,
Till we halt at last by a white-barred gate
At the end of a curving lane.

And lo, we have drawn to the heart of Home,
Weary and glad and blest; —
Ah, safe and sweet was the way to come,
But the journey's end is best!

THE CLEARER SIGHT

BY ERNEST STARR

NOAKES leaned over a stand in one of the Maxineff laboratories and looked intently into a crucible, while he advanced the lever of a control-switch regulating the furnace beneath it. He held a steady hand on the lever, so that he might push it back instantly if he saw in the crucible too sudden a transformation. As he watched, the dull saffron powder took on a deeper hue about the edge, the body of it remaining unchanged. For several minutes he peered with keen intentness at the evil, inert little mass. No further change appeared. He leaned closer over it, regardless of the thin choking haze that spread about his face. In his attitude there was a rigidity of controlled excitement out of keeping with the seeming harmlessness of the experiment. He was as a man attuned to a tremendous hazard, anticipation and mental endurance taut, all his force focused on one throbbing desire. He bent closer, and the hand on the lever trembled in nervous premonition. The deepened hue touched only the edge, following regularly the contour of the vessel; it made no advance toward the centre of the substance.

"It shall!" Noakes breathed; and as if conning an oft-repeated formula, he said, "The entire mass should deepen in color, regularly and evenly. Heat! Heat!"

His glance shifted to the control-switch under his hand. Its metal knobs, marking the degrees of intensity of the current it controlled, caught the light and blinked like so many small, baleful eyes. Particularly one, that which would be capped next in the orbit of the lever, held him fascinated; the winking potentiality of it thrall'd him, as the troubled crystal devours the gaze of the Hindu magi.

He jerked back his head decisively; he would increase the current. The thought burned before him like a live thing; and in the light of it he saw many pictures, — heliographs of happenings in and about the laboratories: flame, smoke dense and turgid, splintered wood, metal hurtling through air, bleeding hands, lacerated breasts, sightless eyes.

"That's the trouble with high explosives," he half groaned.

He turned away from the stand and went to the single window that lit the room. Through it he saw shops, storehouses, and small buildings similar to his own, all a part of the plant of Maxineff. He thought of each small laboratory as a potential inferno, each experimenter a bondman to ecstasy, the whole frenzied, gasping scheme a furtherance of the fame and power of Henry Maxineff, already world-known, inventor of the deadliest high explosives. One of the buildings had been turned into a temporary hospital. He thought of the pitiful occupant — his face scarred, one socket eyeless — and shivered.

"It is n't that I want to hedge," he said. "I shall take the chance; but having risked everything, I will go to her able and whole, offering it all without an apology."

His gaze was drawn back to the crucible. In the thin haze above it a face seemed to shine. Avidly he gave himself to the spell his tight-strung imagination had conjured, — a face oval and delicately tinted; lips joyously curved; gray eyes not large, but brimming with enthusiasm, fearlessness, and truth; a white brow beneath simply-arranged light hair.

"Let me bring with an avowal all that you have now, more! — for in your life

there can't be anything bigger than my love. And it's that which makes the deal right. Don't judge me yet! Wait until I've finished, and grant me that it's worth while."

He whispered to the face, and his breath made little swirls and eddies in the haze about it. The filmy curves wafted toward him, bringing it close to his lips. The lids fluttered. Then an acrid odor filled his throat and nostrils. The face vanished. He started back, distraught.

A rushing recollection of Maxineff's tragedies came to him, more vivid even than the face. Halsey, who jarred the nitro, had been annihilated. Ewell was mad from the violent termination of an experiment similar to that now in development.

"A year ago!" Noakes said, "and still Ewell lives and raves!"

How alike the cases were! The difference lay in the crucible. If the mixture there were properly prepared, added heat would metamorphose it calmly from its present harmlessness into something new, wonderful, deadly. It would become imbued with marvelous possibility, a thing for which royal military bureaus, imperial navies, would pay a great price.

A twist of the lever would do it. Yet how alike — And Ewell was mad, injured gruesomely, living dead.

Again the blinking switch caught him, but he shrugged away its evil suggestiveness. He sought to flee the strain of the moment, to make it seem natural and like the smaller risks of his daily occupation. He assumed a tottering bravado, and as he put his hand to the lever, he smiled crookedly.

A light, quick tread sounded on the walk outside, on the double step; as the knob turned, a voice said, "May I come, Mr. Alchemist?"

His hand left the lever as if it pricked him.

"You!"

"Am I a wraith?"

Noakes looked at her silently. In

the moment's abstraction her presence seemed a manifestation of some psychic conduction which he tried lamely to understand, — here, now, in a moment of danger of which she unknowingly was the moving force.

"Then exorcise me quickly, but don't sprinkle me with acid; it would be fatal to my clothes."

Noakes warmed to the aura of light and cheer about her.

"There is n't an alkali in the shop; I won't endanger you," he replied easily.

She moved into the room and paused a moment near the stand.

"Mrs. Max says you are confining yourself too closely. I've been with her all morning."

While she spoke she took off her hat and smoothed her hair.

"I'm blown to pieces. I drove Cornish this morning; he got by everything on the way. He acted like a *première danseuse* when I passed the cooper's shop."

His joy at seeing her was discounted by his fear for her; and he was afraid of her. Her insinuated trust in him threw into murky relief the affair that occupied him. When she turned to him a flushed, joyful face, and gray eyes clear and unsullied, it flashed into his soul, as formerly as a *Mene Tekel*, that she would unhesitatingly brush out of her life-path the dust of doubt; that equivocation and willingness to balance motives were no part of her. He knew that in her were no dim angles of cross-grained purpose, no shadowy intersections of the lines of good and evil.

"I say I'm blown to wisps; could n't you find me a mirror, please?"

"What would I do with a mirror here? But see —"

He lifted the window sash, pulled in one shutter, and with a gesture of presentation, said, "As others see us!"

She turned her back while she arranged her hair before the makeshift mirror. Relieved from her direct gaze, he stepped quickly to the stand, and looked into the crucible. There was no change. He had

expected none, but he could not be sure. Maxineff himself could not be sure of this new mixture. A run of the same temperature might bring about the change he looked for as readily as an increase. The suspense was unbearable.

"Well, Cagliostro!" she called. "You alchemists are capable of the utterest abstraction, are n't you?"

"Why have you come?" he said quickly, frowning at her.

"To take you driving," with an enticing smile.

"Will you not go? Please, at once?"

Her manner lost something of its verve.

"It is n't safe, you know, really," he added.

"And won't you come?"

"I cannot; not this morning."

"Well," she said, with a little sigh, as she thrust in her hat-pins, "Mrs. Max will be disappointed. On her command I came to break up this seclusion of yours. None of us have seen you for —"

"A week, seven days!"

"What are you doing?"

"Oh — I've been working out some ideas."

"But you are so quiet about it! What are the ideas?"

Noakes hesitated, and she laughed merrily as she went toward the door.

"We laity are hopeless, are n't we? You are thinking that I could n't possibly understand?"

"No, I was n't, because I scarcely understand myself."

"Of course, some secret formula Mr. Max has you on."

"Indeed, no," he said. "Mr. Max knows nothing about it — that is," he continued hurriedly, "it's the sort of thing — At any rate, I'll soon be through."

She stood in the doorway, outlined against the bright incoming mid-daylight, her face turned back to him.

"And then you will come out into the world again? Mrs. Max and Cornish and I shall be honored."

"Then I shall be free." He spoke the words with singular feeling.

"Truly, though, Mr. Noakes," she said in a straightforward manner, "you are too busy. Mrs. Max says you are to break out, break out with the measles if nothing else will interrupt you, and you are to have tea with her this afternoon."

Noakes looked doubtful. She went down the steps and turned again.

"Oh, I almost forgot, — here's a letter for you."

"Where —"

"It came in the Maxineffs' mail this morning. Mrs. Max suggested my bringing it to you."

Noakes took the long, foreign-stamped envelope. The typed superscription was noncommittal, but at the Berlin postmark his eyes narrowed and the knuckles of the hand by his side whitened. He drew a quick breath and looked keenly at the girl.

"Was Mr. Maxineff at home this morning?" he asked quietly.

"No; I believe he is in the city."

"Oh!" he breathed. "Thank you very much."

He slipped the letter into his pocket.

"Well, I can't stay any longer."

Noakes pressed her hand.

"And, Cagliostro, when the puzzle's solved, come to see me. I'll sing away the worries. Good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Becky. Excuse my untractableness, won't you?"

With a pat to her hat and a smile to Noakes, she was gone.

He watched her a moment, then strode rapidly to the stand. Looking through the faint haze, he saw her pass down the straight path which led to the great gate of the Maxineff work-yard. When she was close to it he grasped the switch-lever with cramped fingers. His face was colorless. He moved the lever forward with a jerk, and lifting his eyes, saw her pass out of the gate.

Beyond reach of time he waited. Evenly, insistently, a dull brown suffused the mass. Still he waited, fearfully wondering at the stability of this new thing. It kept

its even coloring. He pushed back the lever, watched again, and waited.

He was afire with joy. He had succeeded; he had created a thing new to the world, an explosive which would be more powerful than the deadliest in existence; he had perfected the work of a week's exquisite danger; he had won.

"I am glad, glad!" he said faintly.

As he straightened up he found himself suddenly weak. The strain had been galling, and the madness of gratification consumed his strength. He moved toward the door, stepping very gently, for he knew not how slight a vibration might shatter the delicate affinity in his discovery.

He remembered the foreign letter, and taking it from his pocket, tore open the envelope.

He looked through the open door, conscious for the first time of the perfectness of the day. It was good to be alive, he thought, free, something accomplished, with leave to tell a girl —

A tall man entered the gate and took the walk toward the laboratory. Noakes looked at him in a moment of amazement, almost of stupefaction. The necessity of instant action startled him to movement. As quickly as he thought, he pushed the door three-quarters shut, replaced the jars from which he had taken his materials, filled a second crucible with a harmless haphazard mixture, and placed it over a dead furnace in a stand in the corner behind the door. He lifted the window-sash. With all his strength he hurled his priceless crucible. By a marvel of speed he had the sash lowered, and was behind the door, when the building was shaken by an explosion.

"What is that, Mr. Noakes?" came in deep, calm tones from the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Maxineff," said Noakes, turning slowly. "The racket? Some half-baked fulminate I put in the ditch out there an hour ago."

"So long since?" said the older man, advancing toward the window.

"Yes, sir. I think the jarring of the

wagon you see leaving the chemical house caused it."

A hole several feet in diameter marked the spot where the crucible fell. The stuff had delayed not an instant in working its havoc. Noakes was glad there was too little of it to cause a suspicious deal of damage.

Maxineff looked reflectively about the yard, while Noakes nervously eyed his chief's expressive profile. His eyes wandered to the fine gray head of this tall, straight man. He could not fail to be impressed afresh by the forceful exterior, significant of the inner attitude which had won for Henry Maxineff a name honored among nations.

"What of your work?" he said.

Noakes was glad those seeing eyes were not on him.

"I'm beat," he said. "I've gone at it every way I know, and I have been consistently and finally unsuccessful."

In the ensuing pause Noakes realized that this was the first admission of failure he had ever made to his chief. The surprise it called forth was grateful to him.

"What's the trouble? But I think the trouble with you is that you have overreached yourself, Noakes."

"Oh, no; the idea is a fine, tremendous one. Sheer stupidity is my trouble, I think."

His humility seemed real, and perhaps the unusualness of it brought a curious expression to Maxineff's face, and into his eyes a contemplative light that Noakes did not care to meet.

"I met Miss Hallam as I entered," Maxineff said carelessly.

The remark may have meant much, or it may have had merely an intentional indication of the intimacy accorded Noakes above the other assistants in the laboratories.

"Yes? She came to tell me that Mrs. Max will permit me to have tea with her this afternoon."

"You are coming, I hope?"

"Indeed, yes. I confess I am tired out.

I gave up the experiment early this morning. I understood the fulminate was running low, and spent my morning blundering over making some. I could n't do that even, familiar as I am with the process."

"Well, leave it all and come with me over the yard. I am inspecting this morning. Be my secretary for a while."

Five o'clock had passed when they emerged upon the New England town's stolid main street. They walked beneath the venerable flanking trees toward the Maxineff villa, which surmounted a wooded continuation of the street.

In a high gray-and-white room they found Mrs. Maxineff. She touched a bell as she said in an odd manner of inflecting, "But you are late!"

Moving to one end of the spindle-legged sofa, she made place at her side for Maxineff, and motioned Noakes to a chair near them.

"Ah, I see it; you will be a second Max — all science, all absence, and a woman waiting at home!

"Immolation, you call it?" she continued, her hands moving quickly among the appurtenances of the tea-table. "That is what you prefer, my young Mr. Noakes."

"I am under orders, you know, Mrs. Max," said Noakes, with a deferential inclination of the head toward Maxineff.

A servant brought in buttered rusks, and served the men with tea.

"Orders! For orders do you permit circles about your eyes as dark as they themselves are? Then you are easily immolate!"

Over his cup Maxineff smiled encouragement to his wife.

"You are practical, my friend. Confess now, there is a reason for your — your application?"

Noakes's attitude was uncompromising. He placed his cup on the table before he spoke.

"The reason you are thinking of, Mrs. Max, is not for a poor man."

Mrs. Maxineff lifted her shoulders and

displayed her palms in a manner that marked her nationality.

"So! Science has made your dark skin white; love for this business of killing men has kept you hid a week."

"Of saving men," Maxineff corrected, while his wife smiled as at the recurrence of a customary witticism.

"And you gave the orders, Max! You are to be blamed for this display of energy."

"Don't scold, dear. It will be a wonderful thing!"

"A new explosive?" she interrupted.

"Do you remember the day we motored from Stoneham? I first thought of it then. I have been too busy to work on it, so I turned the idea over to Noakes."

"And I have made application to a home for the feeble-minded, Mrs. Max," Noakes said. "Mr. Max will never commission me again."

"I'll be with you to-morrow, and we shall see wherein is the difficulty."

"But, Max, another? Now I see your scheme of universal peace quite puffed away!"

"This will bring it nearer!" Maxineff said enthusiastically.

Mrs. Maxineff shrugged her shoulders as she walked toward the long windows.

"Stay to dinner, will you?" she said to Noakes.

"Thanks, but I could n't with propriety. I forgot to have luncheon to-day, and your tea has given me a keen anticipation for dinner; my zest would be embarrassing to you, and past my control. Besides, I shall take a half-mile walk to-night."

"Lucky Becky! Then come again soon. Max, dear," she said, turning to her husband, "I cannot hear that again. I shall be on the porch."

When she passed through the window, Noakes seated himself to listen to a new exposition of the subject which chiefly aroused Maxineff's interest and loosed his speech. Frequently he bent his head in acquiescence, and occasionally inter-

jected a pertinent question under the guidance of his secondary mind; but his thoughts moved in a circle of smaller radius.

What to him was a policy of world-peace? He cared not a jot what scheme of universal pacification men dreamed over. Maxineff's argument was not new to him; when he gave it serious attention he doubted its practicability.

The older man's voice seemed far away, as it said, "Each new explosive deals a blow at war, war!"

Noakes had heard the same thing when his chief concluded with the government an agreement which secured to it the exclusive use of his latest product.

"This new thing will make war too dreadful a course for the least humanitarian nation to pursue. That the variance of nations tends toward equilibrium is incontrovertible. Granted then —"

Noakes was practical. He placed before himself a definite goal. He exerted every power to attain it, and used the means at his disposal. If he encompassed it, he put it to the use for which it was intended. He gave no thought to the extraneous influence it exerted on other phases upon which his life touched. He had made a great discovery, — not a fortunate accident like that of the man who discovered nitro. With great danger to himself, he had followed a line of reasoning to its proximate end; the resulting discovery he would use to his individual advantage. He did not accord to himself the godlike privilege of casting discord among the nations, and he did not care what peaceful zoo the lion, the bear, and the various species of eagle, found as common refuge.

"On the other hand, if to each is given coextensive power —" The voice slipped away, as Noakes humorously wondered why Maxineff had never been a delegate to a Peace conference.

The great man's argument was advanced step by step. The light faded. Secure in the dusk, Noakes no longer maintained a semblance of attention. He

weighed the chances of the present and actualized his long-time dreams.

A servant clicked soft light from the wall, and removed the tea-table.

Noakes rose, uttered a commonplace, and bade his chief good-by.

Soon he was descending the village street, keeping pace with his rapid thoughts.

From the exchange he despatched a messenger to the house a half-mile away.

He dressed quickly, the while reading repeatedly his foreign letter. When dressed, he sat on the bed, chin in his palms, and looked at the blank bedroom wall. A frown hung between his brows. Later he sat before the shelves in his study, absently scanning the backs of the books.

"When? When?" he said aloud.

In the morning Maxineff would come to search for that which he had found. He might be there for weeks, from morning till night. In that case the work must be delayed and misguided. The proportions were finely calculated; the method could not be bettered. He could duplicate it in an hour. If only he could repeat the experiment before —

"To-night!" he said, and left the room with a firm step.

He dined well, though with few words for the kindly lady in whose home he lived.

He took the path by the side of the road which led in the opposite direction from the Maxineff place. He lit his first pipe since morning. How good life was! The town, the plant, Maxineff, were all behind him. Ahead was a goal toward which he bore with increasing lightness of heart. Clearly defined decisions, unregretted, faded into the brightness of anticipation. His pack of problems dropped from him. One day more and he could speak, — one evening of companionable friendship.

Her yard was a gnomish alternation of unsullied light and alluring shade. The moon utilized impartially natural and artificial features of landscape as detail for the picture of gray, black, and silver.

Noakes traversed less rapidly the curved driveway, pausing where it was cut by a paved way to the door.

Through a window he saw her seated on the piano-bench, her head bent forward, her mellow-tinted hair coiled low. She was singing softly.

She came to the door to meet him.

"Will duty call you back before you have been with me just a little while?" she asked as they entered the room.

"No, duty has lost her voice at present."

She dropped into a big arm-chair. He turned his back to the light, and sat facing her.

"What have you been doing this week?"

"Singing mostly."

"Sing now, please."

"No, let's talk first."

"Well, how did Cornish behave on your way back?"

"Quite as well as if you had been with us, Noakes."

He leaned forward quickly.

"Do you know, that's the first time you've called me 'Noakes'?"

"It slipped. Mrs. Max says it, you know; I am weak about taking on colloquialisms."

"And you are sorry you have been so easily influenced?" Noakes asked in ponderous aggrievement.

"You do not seem to be overjoyed."

"I am," he said gently.

"Don't be hilarious over it."

"I will; I wish —"

"Well, certainly; 'Noakes' it shall be."

"Thanks, Miss Beck."

"Have n't you done anything but work these days?"

"I have thought more or less"

"Strange; what about?"

"You, of course."

"Steady! Spring has passed."

"And to-night I heard a queer thing about you."

"What?" she asked in an engaging manner of invitation to confidence.

"That you are to be married. I have it on the word of my landlady."

"I?"

"So it is rumored in the village."

"I am glad my family is not so anxious to thrust me off as my friends are."

"And you are unwilling to be thrust off, as you put it?"

"Married? No, not unwilling; unprepared. It is so very final, you know. A woman gives up everything."

"Not necessarily."

"Oh, yes she does: freedom, family, associations."

"And in return?"

"From the right man she gets — a sort of compensation."

"Not a high valuation."

"A true one; she knows she cares more than he does."

"No, no!" Noakes spoke from a full heart.

"She does; and knowing it, she need not expect equal return, — only part compensation. But how good he ought to be!"

"Good?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, everything she thinks he is."

"No man loved of woman is that."

"Noakes, you are disillusioning, and incorrect, and moreover traitorous to your kind."

"Not a bit of it; you overpraise my kind."

"But — let's be definite — you know he may be all —"

"And may not always have been; in which connection he may not be expected to enlighten the dreaming lady, may he?"

"I think he may."

"But he may possess a certain masculine trait, a kind of secretiveness."

"Secretive," she mused. "Then he is a bit of a coward, I think."

"He would be a cad," Noakes said quickly, "to tell her things that would pain her."

"Understanding will come sooner or later," she said oracularly. "It is better to become accustomed to a thing than have it come as a revelation."

"I see," Noakes said; "like taking a tonic in midwinter to fend off spring fever. You forget," he continued in a different tone, looking at her speculatively, "that understanding may never come."

"Then he has put her on a lower intellectual plane; he has withheld from her, as he might from a child."

"No, he has loved her too well to hurt her."

"Loved her so ill that he has deceived her from the beginning."

"To my mind, there is something active in deception; this would be rather an omission."

"An omission that is an insult to her."

"Not at all!" Noakes spoke somewhat vehemently.

"Don't think I mean," she said, "that there should be a detailed interchange of trivial confidence. That would be tiresome. If, however, there were one big thing in his life that might influence her feeling toward him, he should tell it, and let her judge."

"Not smooth over a disagreeable occurrence?"

"Never! It would be cruel."

Noakes sat very still.

"If I were the girl, —" she began, and checked the speech with a faint laugh. "But we will not be dramatic, nor personal."

Noakes told himself he had always known that this was her thought; she was too clear-hearted to feel anything else. The understanding of which she had half-seriously spoken must never come, and the only means of avoiding it was tonight's silence, the silence of all the days to follow. He foresaw the revelation which might come, and realized that any abnegation was worthless except the sacrifice of his love. Alive, aware of its possible fulfillment, he could not condemn himself to the sacrifice. She had not asked it of him, and he would not face that which she might ask if he obeyed the weak voice which counseled a surrender to her judgment. To the last in-

toxicating drop he would drink, in reverent loving-thankfulness for the draught vouchsafed him. He would care, not in fearful accumulation of credit against a day of reckoning, but in surrender to the brimming abundance of their store. He would secure to her freedom from that possible pain by following the inevitable trend.

His regard was a compelling force with which he had lived and grown since he had known Becky. He had not spoken of it to her, silenced by the piteous bane of insufficient income; but now almost he was free. When he spoke, the breadth and depth of the thing it was would induce her assent. Of this he was so sure that he did not consider the possibility of refusal. His failure to anticipate such a chance was by no means due to an underestimation of her powers of will, determination, or selection; rather to the feeling which, with the beat of his heart, knocked for freedom to go out, out, about the world, and with its sweeping lines converged again, to enter and permeate a heart attuned to reception and response.

He sat beside her on the piano-bench, and placed before her the songs he liked best.

Her voice was a pure soprano, of an expressive sweetness that affected Noakes as nothing else he had known. It seemed to him that her clarity of soul found expression in her exquisitely pure singing tones.

With hands tight-clasped between his knees, fearing to look at her, Noakes listened while she sang him into a half-visualized dream, obsessing as it was imminent, which he clung to and enjoyed to the full in order that he might ignore the longing then to speak his thought. His dream keyed him to a responsiveness that made his throat throb in sympathy with the vibration of her tones.

Presently he went away.

Alone in the silver-splotched yard, the spell yet held him; but when the white road pointed a way back to what he had left behind, a fog of uncertainty encircled

him, dissipating the glow of his dream, checking his anticipation, crushing his problem close to him in the narrow circle of his vision, so close that, although a thing solved and set aside, it loomed ominous and insistent.

He followed the road back to what he had left behind him.

In the laboratory Noakes bent over a crucible. The room was still. Not even the night-sounds penetrated the shut door and closed window. The light from a single bulb played upon the set lines of his jaw, and upon the still hand which lay on the switch-lever. He drew a deep breath that quivered through the room with startling distinctness. He bent closer to the tiny quantity of powder in the bottom of the vessel.

Suddenly he stood erect and looked about him. His glance slowly circled the room, and fell to the hand on the switch-lever. Then he advanced the lever.

It came as a burst of light taken up and radiated by clouds of fume and gas with which the air was instantly impregnated. Around Noakes was a white-hot brilliance which he could not face, and could not escape. His eyes pained horribly. He heard a crescendo roaring as of a billow breaking on the shore; as suddenly as it had come, the light went out. He was in darkness. He trained his gaze into the void and succeeded only in augmenting the pain back of his eyes. The darkness was impenetrable. He began to realize what had happened. With a low moan he crumpled and sank to the floor.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, behind a livery horse, two men were covering the roadway between town and the Hallam place. To one the way seemed long. He leaned back wearily and pulled a soft hat down over his bandaged eyes.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"At the gate," the driver replied.

Noakes stiffened. The gate closed behind them, and the wheels rumbled on the driveway.

"Is — is any one in front?"

"Miss Hallam is on the porch, sir."

The vehicle came to a stop.

"Afternoon, Miss Beck," Noakes called. He tried to make it sound pleasant and commonplace, and knew that he failed.

Grasping the side of the vehicle, he descended clumsily.

Becky took his hand and pressed it warmly. She turned and took a step toward the house, still holding his hand. He withdrew it.

"I — don't, please; I know the way."

With the shuffling tread of the blind he ascended the walk, stopping uncertainly at the foot of the steps. He heard Becky, at his side, draw a quick breath, as if about to speak. He half-turned to her, and hearing nothing more, mounted the steps heavily.

"Do you know," he said, as he paused at the top, "I've never counted these steps before. I did n't know there were so many. Let's sit inside, if you don't mind."

He went a little way, and Becky put her hand on his arm.

"It's this way, Noakes," she said gently, as she guided him into the room in which they were the night before.

"Thank you. It's a bit hard to be led," Noakes said huskily.

They sat on a deep couch.

"Noakes, was it wise to come? I am glad you are here, but won't it hurt you, retard your recovery?" Becky asked anxiously.

"I had to come."

"Mr. Max told me — both he and the doctor telephoned me early this morning — that in spite of all they said to you, you insisted on coming."

"I am fit, sound except for my eyes; that's the shame of it," he said bitterly. "They could n't persuade me that I should rest now, rest to recover from a shock that will last a lifetime."

"I thought — I was afraid you might add fresh danger by coming out so soon."

"I tell you I had to come!" he said with level forcefulness. "As for my eyes, the harm is done."

"Is it irremediable?"

"I am blind."

"But soon — some day, surely —"

"No. The doctor gives me banalities for answers. I suppose he thinks I would go to pieces if he told me the truth."

"Yes, perhaps he thinks you could not bear the truth," Becky assented very gently.

Her low, feeling tones brought a lump to Noakes's throat. He felt the sympathy that quivered in her voice, and it nearly unmanned him; but he misunderstood her meaning. He thought she felt with him the sting of being deprived of full knowledge of his condition, the hurt of their doubting his strength. That Becky meant something far different, he might have known from her humble acquiescence, and the sudden touch of her hand on his arm.

"I've been trying to think it out," Noakes said, his voice low at first, roughening and increasing in volume as he spoke, "but here I am, unweakened in mind and body, and put aside — Not to see, never to see for myself the beautiful things about me; shut out from everything; with power to do, and ability to appreciate, yet put out in darkness; never to — O Becky, you, I can't ever see you again!"

"Don't! You must n't, please!"

"I did n't intend to speak so to you. I have n't the right. You must pardon me." He was silent a moment. "I came to say something else."

He turned his head about impatiently, calling upon his bandaged eyes to perform their function.

"Is it dark yet?" he asked.

"We are in the gloaming," Becky answered softly.

Noakes shut his lips, taking counsel of his powers of control before he spoke.

"Becky," he began, and gave a tired little sigh. "Let me call you 'Becky' to-day."

"Yes," she acquiesced quietly.

"Becky," he continued, lingering over the word, thinking of the privilege of its use as an accolade conferred by her, "you need not speak when I have finished; I'll go away then."

"What is it?" Becky asked. "Tell me."

Noakes leaned forward, pressing his temples; then sat erect and turned his face toward her.

"I love you," he said. "I think it has been through more lifetimes than this; I know I shall always love you. I could no more grow away from it than I could add a cubit to my stature by taking thought. I kept silent because I was poor. Don't think of this as a bit of sordidness creeping in. My love would not ask of you any sacrifice. I could not give you the things you are accustomed to, so I said nothing. I planned and worked for a time when I would be privileged to speak."

He heard an inarticulate sound at his side, and quickly continued: —

"Last night I thought the time was close at hand. I thought in a few days I could come to you, and ask you for your love. Success of a certain kind was about to crown an effort of a despicable kind. Of that I must tell you. To-night I am confessing a wrong I have done you. That's what it is. O, Becky, the explosion last night took away my sight, made me a useless blind man, but it opened my eyes too! It is as if a scroll were outspread before me, on which is a record of all my tendencies and crucial acts. I can see my failures at the crises of my life, and I can trace them back to causes, can see wherein a lightly taken determination has later borne bitter fruit. Last night I thought I had reached the pinnacle of attainment; in reality I had fallen lower than ever before. The success which was to be the beginning of all good things was stolen. I robbed Maxineff of it. He gave me an idea to work out. I followed his instructions to a point where I knew a different treatment might bring about a fine result. I saw

great possibilities in the experiment and determined to keep for myself the benefits of it. From that point I followed my own ideas, and called the thing mine. I opened correspondence with the representatives of a foreign government. They agreed to buy the secret in case of a successful test. It was an excellent bargain I made, — I put a high price on the betrayal of my benefactor! The experiment was successful. I was forced to destroy the result, why it is needless to say. Last night, when I left you, I went back to repeat the experiment, intending to make a small quantity to be used in the test which would have taken place tomorrow. Something went wrong with the unstable stuff, — and you know the rest."

In relief from the tension of his confession, his voice dropped lower as he said, "Now you know me!"

He shifted his position, stretching out his hands toward her. He touched her face, started, and drew back.

"And Becky, do you realize that it was after I left you last night that I went back? After what you told me? O Becky, I am glad I cannot see you now!"

His voice quivered off to a whisper.

"It is poor consolation that I know myself for what you judge me. I know bitterly well; I see much now. I could not come to the weakest agreement with the self I want to be, until I had told you of the wrong I have done you. And let me think my love is not distasteful to you. I know I am past your caring for, and I'll never ask it of you, but let me keep on loving you. Won't you, Becky?"

He paused and listened. He heard Becky's uneven breathing.

"I don't offer any excuse; there is none to offer. I want only the comparative peace of the assurance that those I have wronged understand now. I have talked with Mr. Maxineff. He was with me afterwards, when the pain — He hushed me far too gently, but he will not forget. You will not forget either. Becky, and you will not excuse. If, though, you

should ask me 'why,' I would say again, I love you. It is the only reason. I was thinking of you while I was making myself unfit for you to think of me."

"Do you care so much?" Becky asked softly.

"Yes. May I keep on caring?"

"To what good?"

"For the sake of the little good in me, which love of you will keep alive and growing."

"You ask nothing of me. What will you find in caring for me?"

"There will be a constant joy in knowing that you permit me to care."

Becky was silent.

"If you won't let me, I am afraid it will make no difference, because I cannot help it, you know. I don't want to help it; you don't mind my saying so?"

For a moment neither of them spoke. Noakes rose. "I — Becky, I thank you for hearing me out."

He went a step away from her.

"I'm going."

She did not rise.

"I am glad you have not spoken of my — my mistake; and somehow I am sorry. I know what you —"

"How do you know what I think?"

"I know; that's all."

"Don't go, please," Becky said.

"Had n't I better? I'm tired, and the doctor — A last acknowledgment: I am afraid to hear you."

"But I don't want you to go," she said softly.

Something in her tone made Noakes turn sharply.

"Becky!"

"Yes, Noakes?"

"You don't —"

"Yes!"

"You love me, and blind?"

"You are brave!"

Her hands were in his when he sat by her side.

"I talked with the doctor this morning," she said.

"As I did."

"No. He gave me a message for you."

"A message from the doctor?"

"It was Mr. Max's notion that I should tell you."

"What is it?" Noakes asked quickly.

"Your eyes — they will be well in time, if you are very careful."

As Noakes breathed deep in relief and gratitude, one of his hands engaged two of Becky's, and he found a different use for the other.

"Noakes," Becky said, "I'll take care of the eyes."

AMELIA SIMMONS: AN AMERICAN ORPHAN

BY THEODORA TAYLOR

DR. JOHNSON said, or at any rate the saying is attributed to him, that there is no more interesting and instructive reading than that contained in the pages of a dictionary; and only the other day, I read with the liveliest interest wonderful little anecdotes and excellent philosophy culled by Mr. E. V. Lucas from the unpromising pages of a Chinese Biographical Dictionary, — a volume in which one would hardly expect to find the Short Story in perfect form, and wisdom in a nut-shell.

Now I happen to possess an old book, or rather pamphlet, whose contents have served to pass away many an idle moment, and I am minded to see whether others will agree with me in saying and maintaining that there is good reading in a Cook Book. Not an ordinary Cook Book, by any means. Its title, which occupies no less than nineteen neatly spaced lines, printed in various large and ornamental letters, is as follows, —

AMERICAN COOKERY.

or, the Art of Dressing
Viands, Fish, Poultry and Vegetables,
and the best modes of making
Puff-pastes, Pies, Tarts, Puddings,
and all kinds of

CAKES

From the Imperial Plumb to plain Cake
Adapted to this Country
And all grades of life.

by AMELIA SIMMONS

AN AMERICAN ORPHAN.

The Second Edition

Published according to Act of Congress

Albany.

Printed by Charles R. & George Webster
at their printing office and Book Shop
in the White House

Corner of State and Pearl Streets

FOR THE AUTHORESS.

In the Preface the "Authoress" remarks: "As this treatise is calculated for the improvement of the rising generation of *Females* in America, the Lady of Fashion and Fortune will not be displeased if many hints are suggested for the more general and universal knowledge of those females in this country, who, by the loss of their parents, or other unfortunate circumstances, are reduced to the necessity of going into families in the line of domestics, or taking refuge with their friends or relations, and doing those things which are really essential to the perfecting them as good wives, and useful members to society." Now, which of you, O hard-hearted Ladies of Fashion and Fortune, would be cruel enough to object to any poor female perfecting herself in such essential arts? And yet it is evident that poor Amelia Simmons had many difficulties to encounter. Listen to this: "The orphan, tho' left to the care

of virtuous guardians, will find it essentially necessary to have an opinion and determination of her own." There's modernism for you. We seem to recognize the embryo Suffragette; but Amelia modifies this over-bold statement almost immediately. "The world, and the fashion thereof, is so variable, that old people cannot accommodate themselves to the various changes and fashions which daily occur; *they* will adhere to the fashions of *their* day, and will not surrender their attachment to the *good old way* — while the young and gay conform readily to the taste of the times and fancy of the hour. By having an opinion and determination, I would not be understood to mean an obstinate perseverance in trifles, which borders on obstinacy — by no means, but only an adherence to those rules and maxims which have stood the test of ages, and will forever establish the *Female character*, a virtuous character — altho' they conform to the ruling taste of the age in cookery, dress, manners, etc." It is very cheering to know that our Orphan was only going to have an opinion on such settled maxims as those which have stood the test of ages; and that, to her mind, a virtuous female may still conform to the ordinary ways of cooking, dressing, and behaving, customary in the times.

But indeed our Amelia feels that she must be very circumspect. "It must ever remain a check upon the poor solitary Orphan, that while those females that have parents, or brothers, or riches (mark her worldly wisdom) to defend their indiscretions, that the Orphan must depend solely upon *character*. How immensely important, therefore, that every action, every word, every thought, be regulated by the strictest purity, and that every movement meet the approbation of the good and wise." This excellent homily is the preface of a *cook book*, I pray you to remember, gentle reader.

It is gratifying to discover from the preface to the second edition that the Orphan's exertions were not un-appre-

ciated. "The Authoress of the American Cook Book, feels herself under peculiar obligations, publicly to acknowledge the kind patronage of so many reputable characters, in her attempts, to improve the minds of her own sex, and others in a line of business, which is not only necessary; but applies from day to day." Note the individuality of the punctuation — it is all her own. How extremely gratifying it must be to an Authoress to feel that she possesses "the patronage of many reputable characters!" I wonder if there were any of the Ladies of Fortune and Fashion amongst them. Amelia successful is decidedly not so humble and pathetic as Amelia trembling on the brink of Publicity. She hopes that "This second edition will appear, in a great measure, free from those egregious blunders, and inaccuracies, which attended the first; which were occasioned either by the ignorance, or evil intention of the Transcriber for the Press." What a wicked world it was for a poor Orphan to find herself in where such things were possible! Will you believe it? this naughty Transcriber, without her knowledge, filled no less than seventeen pages of the first edition with rules and directions for choosing meats, fowls, fish and vegetables; which vulgar occupation our refined Authoress "does not consider in any way connected with that branch which she has undertaken, which is, simply to point out the most eligible method of preparing these various articles for the table when procured." In this opinion we must own that she falls somewhat short of the dictum of the immortal Mrs. Glass, whose concise instructions were worded thus: "First catch your hare, then cook it." But let us not criticise this great Work too severely; in fact the Authoress, as she is fond of calling herself, finally makes an appeal calculated to melt a heart of stone, and almost worthy of the Admirable Whur himself.

"Undoubtedly objections will be made and exceptions taken to many things in this work. In every instance where this

may be the case, she has only to request, that they would remember, that it is the performance of, and effected under all those disadvantages, which usually attend, an Orphan."

I wish I knew when my treasure was written, but it is undated. It must have been after the reign of Queen Anne (1702-14) I think, for it contains a recipe for "Marlborough Pudding;" the *s* is always the long old-fashioned one; plum is spelled with a final *b*; flour is variously written, sometimes with *ou*, sometimes *flower*; steak becomes *stake*, and cranberries masquerade as *cramberries*,—could this have been the original form?—and in cooking them we are told to "add spices till grateful, sweeten, and roll in Paste No. 9." The sixty-four pages which the pamphlet contains are brown with age, but the paper is still strong and of good texture. My copy was given to me by a friend who found it in her attic, where it had doubtless lain for years, and the whole style of the work forms an amusing contrast to the *Twentieth Century Cook Book*, or Mrs. Rorer's latest compendiums, with their minute lists of the chemical properties of all kinds of foods, and their clear and logical directions for cooking, as well as the absolute precision as regards quantities and heat which we now consider necessary in order to obtain a desired result.

In Amelia's time the American family must have been large, as a rule, for the quantities are heroic. What would a modern housekeeper think of starting a pie with *six* chickens? or of a mince pie that contains four pounds of boiled beef, six pounds of apples, one pound of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of raisins (that makes fifteen pounds in all), and to these are added one quart of wine or rich cyder, and—a nutmeg? It is with distinct relief that after this one reads, "as people differ in their tastes, they may alter to their wishes."

Here is the Orphan's recipe for "Plain Cake." "Nine pounds of flour,

3 pounds of sugar, 3 pounds of butter, 1 pint emptins, 3 pints milk, 9 eggs, 1 ounce of spice, 1 gill of rose water, 1 gill of wine."

That is all. Imagine yourself surrounded by these articles, carefully weighed and measured, and there left, without further directions, to evolve a cake from chaos. And what, oh, what, are emptins? I was in despair till I discovered a little foot-note on the very last page which tells us how to make them, or it.

"Take a handful of hops, and about three quarts of water, let it boil about 15 minutes, then make a thickening *as you do for starch* [the italics are mine, I don't make a thickening for starch, and I do not know what the Orphan means], which add when hot. Strain the liquor, when cold put a little emptins to work it [this sounds cabalistic]; it will keep in bottles well corked five or six weeks."

On the whole I do not think that I shall begin by trying that Plain Cake; but here is another, simply fascinating. It is called "Election Cake." If some of my readers will try it and let me know the result, I shall be truly grateful. This cake will need a fairly large cake-tin, and a good oven. It begins with,—

"Thirty quarts flour, 10 pound butter, 14 pound sugar, 12 pound raisins, 3 doz. eggs, 1 pint wine [this seems a small quantity], 1 quart brandy, 4 ounces cinnamon, 4 ounces fine colander seed, 3 ounces ground alspice, one quart yeast. When it has rise [sic] light, work in every ingredient except the plumbs, which work in when going into the oven."

Now, here are directions, but they appear to involve an entry into the oven on the cook's part; she is not however to do this idly, she is to "work in the plumbs when going into the oven." I do wish some one would try it.

Let us turn now to "How to preserve Plumbs." "Take your plumbs before they have stones in them, which you may know by putting a pin through them, then codle them in many waters

till they are as green as grass, peel them and codle them again; you must take two weight of them in sugar, a pint of water, then put them in [in what, or in where? and how many plums?]. Set them on the fire to boil slowly till they are clear, skimming [sic] them often, and they will be very green; put them up in glasses and keep them for use."

This is fascinating. I can imagine no more agreeable pastime than taking my plumbs and codling them in many waters till they are as green as grass, if I but knew what it meant.

Here is another recipe equally appealing to the imagination. "To preserve Plumbs and Cherries six months or a year, retaining all that bloom and agreeable flavor, during the whole of that period, of which they are possessed when taken from the tree.

"Take any quantity of plumbs or cherries a little while before they are ripe, with the stems on; take them directly from the tree, when perfectly dry, and with the greatest care, so that they are not in the least bruised — put them with great care into a large stone jug, which must be dry, fill it full, and immediately make it proof against air and water, then sink it to the bottom of a living spring of water, there let it remain for a year if you like, and when opened they will exhibit every beauty and charm, both as to the appearance and taste, as they did when taken from the tree."

The idea of sinking a large stone jug filled with cherries to the bottom of a "living spring" is poetic and fascinating in the extreme; but the Orphan neglects this time to give any directions for the simple operation she mentions when she says, "immediately make it proof against air and water," and uncertainty on that point might prove fatal to the success of the preserve.

Nothing, however, except the want of physical strength and the present prices of eggs and butter, prevents me from trying to make "Puff Paste No. 2."

"Rub six pound of butter to four-

teen pound of flour, eight whites of eggs, add cold water, make a stiff paste." I am sure that sounds quite simple, only there is a great deal of preliminary rubbing necessary — one might however obtain the services of a masseuse. I fear after all that No. 1 must content me: it requires only two pounds of butter, two of flour, and a few eggs, and Amelia says slightly of it, "This is good for any small things."

None of us need try to preserve damsons, for they must be put up in "snuff bottles;" but any way it does n't sound at all pleasant. The grapes are sour. I will spare you three whole pages of directions as to how to dress a Turtle, and finally present to you, O Gentle Reader, the gem of the collection, a recipe, so far as I know, perfectly unique.

"How to dress a beef-stake, Sufficient for two Gentlemen, with a fire made of two newspapers."

"Let the beef be cut in slices, and laid in a pewter platter, pour on water just sufficient to cover them, salt and pepper well, cover with another platter inverted; then place your dish upon a stool bottom upwards [after careful consideration I am almost sure that the Orphan means the *stool*, not the dish, to be placed bottom upwards], the legs of such length as to raise the platter three inches from the board; cut your newspapers into small strips, light with a candle, and apply them gradually, so as to keep a live fire under the whole dish, till the whole are expended, when the stake will be done; butter may then be applied, so as to render it grateful."

Indeed, dear Amelia, no butter is needed to render me grateful for your admirable Work. It must have been a valuable companion to those Females who were reduced to the necessity of going into families "in the line of domestics," and I fervently hope that the two Gentlemen for whose benefit you evolved this original method of cooking a Beef-Stake appreciated your genius as it deserves.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SPEAKING PIECES

I HAD a sore disappointment the other day: I went to a Grammar School "Commencement." Though it was hot, so hot that my coat clove to the varnished back of my chair; though I could ill spare that particular afternoon; though I had forgotten to provide a graduation present — unheard-of in my own era — for the young friend who had honored me with a card, yet I went joyfully, for — be it frankly confessed — I expected to hear the boys "speak pieces."

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,

that a certain freckled urchin in a front seat would wait in breathless ecstasy while one big fellow after another strode, sauntered, or shambled to the platform, according to the degree of his courage, and there bowed, bobbed, or ducked, according to the measure of his grace.

Then — oh, then! How the conscious globe in the geography corner would shake with the thunderous reminder: —

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

Or perhaps the young declaimer, his eye fixed on the upper corner of the blackboard, breaks into blood-curdling apostrophe: —

"Speak, speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!"

Of course, at this modern solemnity, I heard nothing of the kind. The children marched up and down and across the platform in a labyrinthine design, as if they had set out to weave a spider's web. Then they arranged themselves into a front row of hair-plastered boys, who sat, and a back row of white-frocked girls,

who stood. Such were not the manners of my generation. Thus disposed, they sang a patriotic song or two, beating time with small flags which were passed around on a tray, like refreshments. One very plump and very flaxen boy, perspiring freely, inadvertently wiped his face on his. Then we had a staid salutatory and several depressing recitations of commonplace, didactic prose. The reciters did not remember their paragraphs over well, — but why should they? And who could? Who can learn "by heart" what does not speak to the heart?

A spiritless youngster obliged us with an extract — apparently from some school history of France — relative to Henry IV and his changes of faith. How the lad would have waked up had he been set to shouting, —

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom
all glories are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry
of Navarre!"

I would rather have heard — should I blush to own it? —

"Woodman! spare that tree,"

than the instructive fragment from a *Popular Science Monthly* article on the gypsy-moth; and as for the description of an up-to-date battleship, I escaped from the monotony of that recital in surging memories of John Maynard, the undaunted helmsman, who was my earliest hero.

Am I the only man alive who, when solitude gives consent, mouths those simple, stirring stanzas through from start to finish?

'T was on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.

I will spare you the rest, Mr. Editor, though you would love it, too, if you had learned it, as I did, simply from hearing

the big boys declaim it of a Friday afternoon. Perhaps you say it is not poetry. How can I tell? I know that it made poetry in the heart of a child. But if you do not care for my old-fashioned "pieces," are there no present-day poems to set young blood dancing and nerve young hearts to glorious resolves? Has the be-thumbed, betattered *Speaker* gone forever out of commission?

THE REAL AND THE IMAGINARY

I HAVE lately become a member of a class in English Composition at a near-by university. Each week, for our edification and criticism, a story or poem, or an essay, the work of one of our members, is read aloud by the professor. At our last meeting, it was a story that he chose. The plot was of the slightest; a few words will tell all. A discontented princess and a pseudo shepherd — the prince of the dénouement — meet and discuss love, or rather the absence of it, as the princess declares that there is no such thing. The period is not specified, though probably somewhat modern, as we say about art, since the young lady refers to the king, her father, as "dad." As for the place, I think it must have been somewhere near the fields of Arcady, as the shepherd and the princess meet with charming informality, chaperoned only by the silly sheep. The end of the story is not hard to guess.

These few words have served for the plot, but they have not served to indicate the charm with which the little tale was told, the lightness of the writer's touch, or the pretty wit of the prince and princess. Altogether, it was quite delightful.

"But," commented the professor, "the writer says that the story has been rejected by many publishers. What do you think is the trouble?"

Many of us thought that the trouble probably lay with the publishers. Not liking to say this, we ventured some vague criticism which, as one says in blind-man's-buff, was not even "warm." At

last, thanks to the guiding prods of the professor, we began to see wherein the story's weakness lay.

"Would any of you" — the class is co-educational — "fall in love with the prince? I'm speaking now for the girls; or do any of you men think you would ever fall in love with the princess? I'm sure I should n't."

These were heart-searching questions. A girl gave it as her opinion that she would n't; the men, apparently not caring to go on record, kept silent.

"And why not? Now speak up, somebody. Does he interest you? No! Then why not?"

"He does n't seem exactly real;" again from the feminine portion of the class.

"That's just it, he *is n't* real — he is n't vital. How are you going to fall in love with anybody who is neither real nor vital?"

Real or vital! Into my mind flashed a little newspaper incident, which I had read but the day before.

"Many young friends of Miss Mary Stone, the plaintiff, came into court this morning to hear John Barr, the defendant, answer to the charge of having struck Miss Stone the night before, when calling on her. The defendant frankly admitted the charge, when on the witness-stand, but said, in his own defense, that he did it because every time he called on the plaintiff, she tried to stick hat-pins into him, and it was this that made him strike her the night before.

"'Why then,' demanded the court, 'don't you stay away?'

"'I can't stay away. I — I — I'm in love with her!'

"'He never told me that,' said Miss Stone, very audibly.

"The judge charged the defendant twenty-five dollars and dismissed the case."

Here was a hero real and vital. My mind came back to the class-room and to the imaginary prince of the story. No, I should never fall in love with him, for all his graceful speeches, of this I am quite

sure. Nor should I fall in love with the tepid dukes and exalted personages who have figured so much in recent fiction. But to the incensed lover who strikes but will not confess his love until driven to bay in open court, my heart goes out mightily. Why this is so, I hope some psychologist will answer, for I cannot, though I remember reading a story once of a haughty princess who spurned the addresses of a certain Norman knight, nor would she consent to marry him until her irritated lover had knocked her down, and rolled her in the dust; and the name of the lover, so history tells us, was William the Conqueror.

A PLEA FOR SPECIALISTS

WE have read with appreciation and sympathy the protest in the Contributors' Club against bird-fiends, and the plaint of one who is made to feel that she is in outer darkness because she refuses to cultivate a scientific spirit.

The long-suffering person who wrote the protest is evidently frankly bored by the obtrusive ardor of so-called bird-lovers, and the author of "Outer Darkness" enjoys too much in her self-chosen exile to need our sympathy. How we should like to climb with her to that hilltop on a June morning! But there is a tone of veiled pity for the specialist in both of these contributions, an assumption that the desire to know necessarily gets in the way of the eyes and the ears of one's soul, that leads me to suggest that there is something to be said on the other side of the question.

I admit at the start that the specialists are in the wrong. With our notebooks and our specimens and our thirst for information, we have made ourselves a nuisance. We must learn to be more sophisticated, to hide our crude joys. This is not always easy. And remember, if we bore you with our enthusiasm for facts and our zeal for collecting, you can easily put us out of countenance. There is something in your atmosphere — in

the gentle, amused tolerance with which you regard us — that is at times disconcerting, and makes us feel young and self-conscious in your presence. After all, our fault is that of the youthful spirit. The desire to share one's good things with others, to take the world into one's confidence, springs from a childlike attitude of mind. Certainly the passion for collecting — which lies at the back of all zeal for knowledge — is a primitive instinct. Whether it be marbles or butterflies, postage-stamps or only bits of broken china, no normal child is without it. Probably this is the reason why specialists are the youngest people in the world; and their eagerness to exchange specimens and experiences is equaled only by their spontaneous joy in their own collections.

I call to mind the youngest person I ever met, — a gray-haired lady whose name is not unknown to fame, — who once spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with me, in early May. More than seventy summers had passed over her head — it is impossible to reckon her age in winters — and she was no longer able to wander far afield; but she sat in a rocking-chair on the edge of a wooded ravine, and we watched birds, talked birds, dreamed birds together from morning till night.

The next youngest person I have known was a botanist, who once took me with childish glee by secret ways, to see his latest find, a bed of linnæa, blossoming far from its native home in northern woods, near a great city. To exchange confidences with these two scientific children of nature was to hazard a guess at the secret of perpetual youth.

"But these are real scientists," I hear you exclaim, "not the people who sit on piazzas of summer hotels and assort mushrooms."

But even these people, I claim, are tasting joys unknown to the generalist — the sophisticated spectator to whom their excitement seems so absurd. It is exciting to find that the handsome yellow

mushroom flecked with white, that we have met so often in the woods, is the Fly Amanita that once killed the Emperor Alexis. It says so in the book. No wonder we lose our heads over facts like these.

And is it not too much to assume, that because we pore over microscopes and notebooks, we are quite unconscious that the sky is blue and that birds are singing? The fact that we know that the singer is a thrush, and not a pelican, does not seem to detract from our pleasure in the music.

"Can't you catch the call of the meadow lark back of it all?" a friend once asked me, as we stood together at sunset and listened to the tangle of bird-songs that came up from the marshes. To me it was divine, but a medley. He was like the trained musician at the orchestral concert, who knows the 'cello from the oboe, the violin from the clarinet, whose joy in the symphony is twofold. I speak with conviction, for the time has come when I too can catch the call of the meadow lark back of it all, can even identify the lark by his flight and his markings, and know something of his nesting habits; yet I still worship with the birds at their vesper service.

Perhaps no one ever enjoyed nature more intensely — through the pores, as it were — than Thoreau; and yet he was twelve years on the trail of a bird he called the night warbler. "You seek in vain half your life," he says philosophically, "and one day you come full upon the whole family at dinner." When that event occurs and we, who have despaired of ever identifying our *rara avis*, "come full upon the whole family at dinner," there is joy in the heart of the bird-fiend that the uninitiated will never know.

We would-be scientists have two strings to our bow. We start out to follow the rare bird, or to find the walking fern;

every bush by the roadside, every nook and cranny in the woods, may hold a secret for us; voices lure us on, hands are stretched out to detain us. We do not reach that hilltop nearest heaven as quickly as you do, but we arrive in our own good time, and we share your joy in the view from the summit. The boulder by the bridge is beautiful to us as to you, even though we insist upon knowing whether it was deposited there by a glacier or a dump-cart; the gray lichens on its side are no less lovely, for all this geological information. We even confess a desire to know the name of the lichen, and its habits.

There are joys within joys, and we would share them with you if we could. We come back to the inn laden with treasure, — polypody, mushrooms, long lists of birds, — or we bring nothing. We specialize when we may, and we generalize when we must, and either way, we are royally content. The shy fern and the rare bird that elude us to-day still wait our coming. There is always a to-morrow, and a day after, and a day after that. We too have felt "the sun on our faces, the wind in our eyes," and we have not failed of our heart's desire.

The old palmers, when they went on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, set out with a definite quest — an excuse, as it were, for the journey over land and sea. They often came back without reaching the goal, but never with empty hands; and we may be very sure they did not fail of strange adventures by the way.

We crave your tolerance, nay more, your sympathy, O friend, who walk for the joy of the morning, if we still persist in our pursuit of a twofold pleasure. Our quest may be different from yours, but all roads lead to the same country for those who are in love with the world. We both come home content, for we have traveled in Holy Land.